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The background of the page is filled with faint, light-colored pencil sketches. These sketches depict a series of footprints, some of which are larger and more detailed than others, suggesting a path or a journey. The footprints are scattered across the page, with some appearing to lead towards the center where the title is located. The overall style is minimalist and artistic, using simple lines and shading to create a sense of movement and direction.

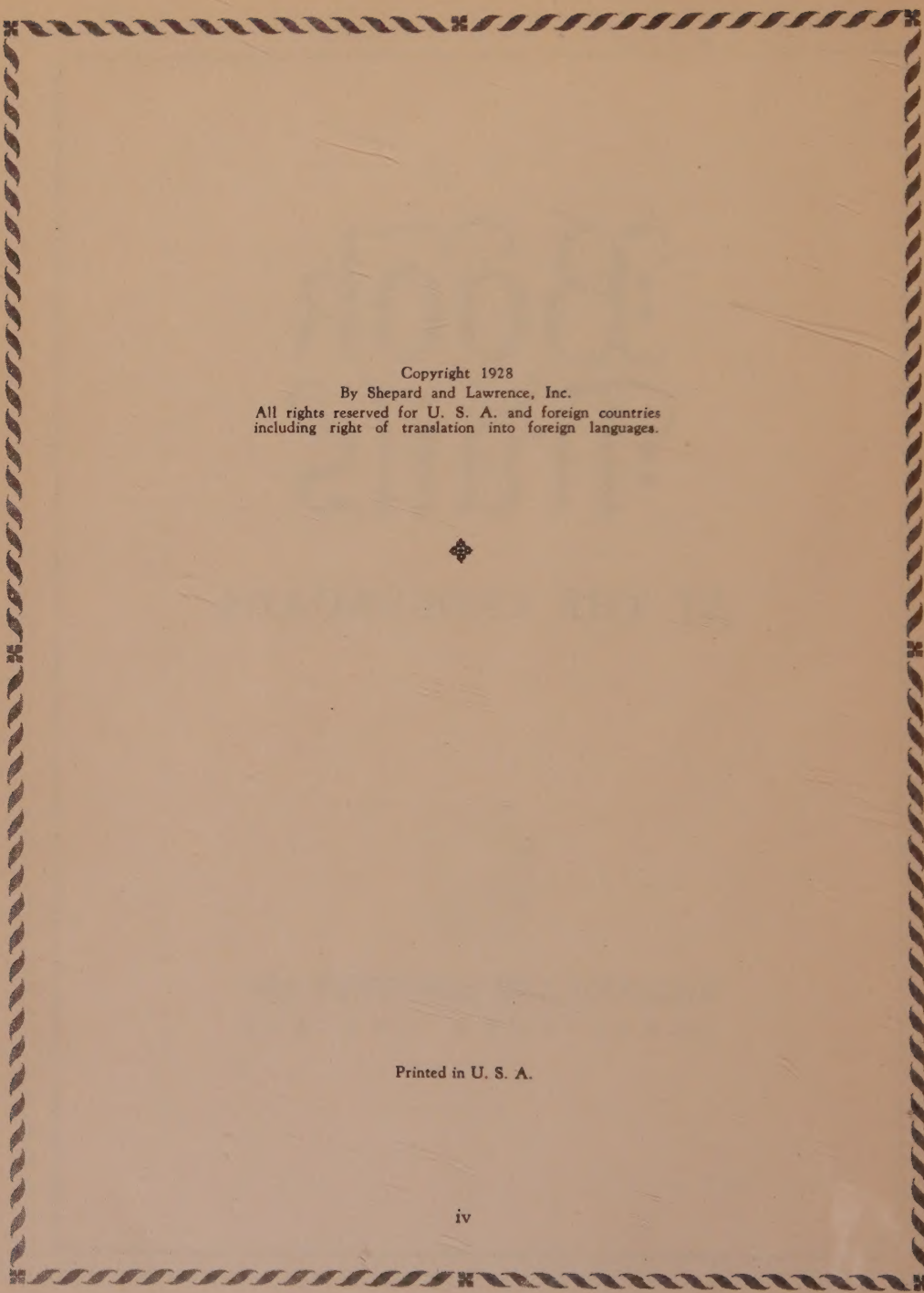
AT THE CROSSROADS

Book Trails

AT THE CROSSROADS



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PUBLISHERS • CHICAGO



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Printed in U. S. A.

◆ EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT ◆

The publishers are indebted to Renée B. Stern, editor, and O. Muiriel Fuller, associate editor, for their work in obtaining source materials, and in selecting and editing all the text used in BOOK TRAILS.

They are indebted also to the following consulting editors: Rose Waldo, editor of *Child Life*, who gave special attention to the pre-school material; Ella Young, author of *Celtic Wonder Tales*, *The Wonder Smith*, etc., who aided in the selection of folklore and fairy-tale material; Philip Schuyler Allen, Professor of German Literature, The University of Chicago, and translator of *King Arthur and His Knights*, *The Adventures of Remi*, etc., who supervised the epic and heroic material; Franklin K. Mathiews, Director, Library Department, Boy Scouts of America, adviser on ethical tales in later volumes; Hamlin Garland, author of *Main Traveled Roads*, *Trails of the Middle Border*, etc., who directed the American volume of BOOK TRAILS.

Adah F. Whitcomb, Supervisor of the Schools Department and Young Peoples' Room, Chicago Public Library, and Marjorie Barrows, associate editor of *Child Life*, have rendered invaluable assistance in the selection of material used. We have also benefited by many excellent suggestions from officers of women's clubs and parent-teacher associations throughout the country.

The publishers and editors wish to express their thanks to the publishing houses and authors whose copyrighted stories and poems have been reprinted with their permission, as acknowledged on the pages where they appear.





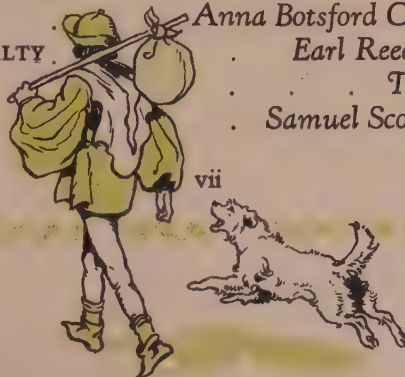
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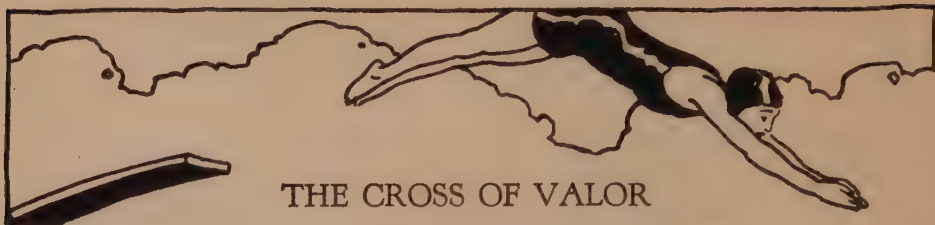


THE CROSSROADS

ALL the year we travel
 A thousand different trails:
 Down a blue highway
 Where a tall ship sails—
 Down a sun-swept country lane—
 Down a crowded street—
 Oh, the magic and the beauty
 Where the crossroads meet!

CATHERINE PARMENTER

By permission of *The Delineator* and the author.



THE CROSS OF VALOR

MILDRED AUGUSTINE

“AND Bob, I tried out for the Swimmers’ Club, but I didn’t make it!” The slim girl in the plain black wool bathing suit who sat listlessly at the edge of the boat landing looked up at the life guard and ended her tale of woe with a discouraged grin. It was like Marian Andrews to smile when she was the most hurt, the most disappointed.

“What was the matter, Midget?” asked “Big Bob” Brenton, addressing her by the nickname by which she was popularly known at Coronado Beach.

“My fancy diving was terrible,” Midget explained. “I flopped on my back dive; and my swan—” The girl made a hopeless gesture. “The Swimmers’ Club is so exclusive, too, and they won’t take in any one who isn’t a good diver.”

“I’m sorry you didn’t make it,” the life guard said slowly. He knew how she had worked to make the club. He had watched her practice morning after morning at the beach, and he had noticed with approval that she held herself steadily to her task.

Bob looked thoughtfully out across the stretch of sand which formed a natural beach along the Kelno River.

“What you need,” he said at last, “is supervised practice. You can’t hope to make much improvement in diving unless you have someone to criticize your work.”

“I never had much help,” Midget admitted.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you want to come down here when I’m off duty, I’ll see what I can do for you.”

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.

❖ ❖ ❖ At the Crossroads ❖ ❖ ❖

"Oh, Bob!" Midget's eyes were shining. "I was hoping you'd help me, but I never would have had nerve enough to ask you!"

"And I've been wanting to help you for a long time," the life guard smiled, "and didn't have nerve enough to offer."

"When do I take the first lesson?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," Bob said, smiling at the enthusiasm of his young pupil. "And while we're about it, why don't you learn Red Cross life-saving and earn a badge?"

"Oh, could I? Aren't the tests dreadfully hard?"

"They aren't easy," Bob admitted; "but they're worth working for. Fancy diving is very nice, but a knowledge of how to save lives is more important."

"What do I have to do in order to get a badge?" Midget wanted to know.

"Well, first you must bring up a heavy sandbag from at least ten feet of water; then you must be able to remove heavy articles of clothing in deep water, and you must understand the principles of resuscitation. Another requirement, the most important of all, is that you shall be able to break a strangle-hold in deep water and then carry the person to shore."

"But could I ever learn that?"

"Of course, if you work hard. And perhaps some day you will be called upon to rescue a drowning person. Then you'll thank your lucky stars that you learned the scientific way to go about it."

"I'll be here tomorrow without fail," Midget smiled, without a trace of her former gloom.

Promptly at two o'clock the next afternoon, Marian appeared on the scene for her first lesson.

"We'll start with the diving," Bob said, and then watched the girl as she executed a plain dive from the board.

"First of all," he said, "you need more spring. Go up, up—until you can't get another inch. And keep your chin up! Most people don't



know it, but as long as your head is up, your feet can't flop over when you strike the water!"

The lesson progressed, the life guard pointing out many things about diving that Midget had never known before. He taught her how to jump straight on the board instead of in a leaning-forward position, and Midget was surprised to discover what a difference it made in the appearance of her dive. Then, beginning on the life-saving tests, Bob showed her how to do a surface dive and how to approach drowning persons so that they would not be able to get their hands upon her.

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After that, Midget came regularly to the beach and practiced faithfully. In learning new dives, many times she struck the water flat and bruised her skin, but always she came to the surface ready to try again. It was her determination to improve, her ability to smile at fear, as much as it was the instruction she received, that made her rapid improvement possible.

Then she came to the lesson which involved strangle-holds, and it was there that she met her defeat. One of her friends, Ruth Ward, had willingly come with her to the beach to act as "dummy." In the water together, Ruth would grab Midget about the neck, and the latter would then try to free herself. Bob showed Midget the scientific way to break each hold, and on dry land she had mastered them perfectly.

But in the water it was different. In spite of her determination, in spite of faithful practice, Midget could not seem to apply her knowledge. As soon as Ruth clutched her and the water went over her head, she was filled with terror—she could think of nothing except to fight herself free. She struggled this way and that, but until her friend willingly released her, she was held a prisoner.

"You've got to think," Bob said for perhaps the tenth time. "If you could just forget to be afraid and think of the scientific way to go about it, you would get it easy."

"Do you know," Midget said thoughtfully, "a month ago, before I started to work on these tests, I wouldn't have been afraid to try to rescue a drowning person. Now I know just enough to realize that it would take a lot of nerve to go in after someone."

"Yes," Bob agreed, "many good swimmers lose their lives in attempting to rescue other persons. The more you learn about rescue work, the more you find you should know. But if you ever wear the life-saving badge, you must always be willing to risk your life for another. That little red cross is an emblem of honor and courage."

"I know," Midget admitted. "I'll never be satisfied until I earn one—and yet I don't believe the time will come when I'd have the courage."

"I'm sorry," Bob said after a pause, "because a Red Cross life-saving examiner is coming to the beach the early part of next week. I thought if you worked hard on the breaks, you could pass the test then."

"I guess I'm just a coward," Midget said. "I haven't a bit of confidence."

"No, I wouldn't say that. I know how I felt the first time I was called upon to rescue a man. Well, keep on working, and maybe you'll be able to pass them, anyway."

After she had dressed, Midget walked slowly home. Deciding to take a short cut, she followed the river-bank until she came to the park bridge. Pausing for a moment on the bridge, she leaned over the iron railing in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the boat-house, far down the river. Her attention was attracted to a canoe near by which two girls were paddling down the river. Their movements were awkward and their inexperience was very evident.

"And they have a very narrow canoe, too," Midget observed. "I suppose they're good swimmers, though, and know what they're doing."

The two girls were trying to turn the canoe around and go back upstream, but they seemed to have no idea how to bring the craft about. They were paddling on the same side and the canoe tilted dangerously. Seeing this, one of them screamed, and in her excitement leaned in the wrong direction. The canoe balanced, then gently turned over.

Almost instinctively, Midget ran to the other end of the bridge, for she knew that the Coronado life-saving corps had equipped every city bridge with a life preserver. Quickly untying the rope which bound the preserver to the rail, she darted back with it to a position almost directly above the spot where the canoe had overturned.

One girl had come to the surface and was clinging to the bottom of the canoe. At first, Midget could see no trace of the other; but as she watched she saw a second form appear.

"She can't swim a stroke!" Midget thought in fright, and taking deliberate aim, she tossed the life preserver down as near as she could

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to the struggling girl. The latter clutched at it, missed it, and the current carried it completely out of reach.

"I've got to do it," Midget thought, and a nervous chill passed over her, leaving her weak with fear. "Even if I drown. I must attempt to save her!"

Kicking off her shoes and slipping out of her sweater, she scrambled on the rail and stood ready to dive. In the instant that she poised, a thousand questions flashed through her mind. Could she reach the girl? And if she did, what would she do if the girl clutched her? Would she be able to break her hold?

"Keep cool, keep cool!" Midget warned herself, and dived. She was not afraid of the dive, for she had often practiced from high boards. Nevertheless, she struck the water with a force which drove her down deep into the river. She turned her face and hands upward and came back to the surface gasping for breath.

Shaking her eyes free, she saw the girl a scant dozen yards away from her. Swimming forward with long, sure, crawling strokes, approaching from the rear, Midget saw the girl throw up her hands and start to go down again.

"I must get her now or never," she thought, and promptly threw caution to the winds. She did not try a surface dive, as she should have done, but, with one powerful stroke forward, reached the girl and caught her by the clothing just in time.

Quick as a flash and before Midget could secure a safe hold, the other had clutched her about the shoulders and neck and was forcing her down.

Midget gave way to unreasoning terror—she fought like a mad person. She kicked, she twisted—anything to rid herself of those clinging hands that were dragging her down to certain death.

"I'm drowning!" she thought. And then in a flash her mind cleared and she was again mistress of herself.

"I can break it, if I'll just think," Midget reminded herself. Catching

hold of one of the hands which was clinging tightly about her neck, she pried two fingers loose and pushed back as hard as she could on them. As she did so, she thrust her other hand under the girl's chin. Scarcely able to hold her breath longer, yet doing so by sheer force of will, she pushed against the girl's face with all her remaining strength, and at the same time twisted the fingers and the wrist of the one hand from which she had already set herself free.

The girl maintained her hold for a moment and then relaxed. Keeping the wrist-hold which she had secured, Midget, with a quick movement, turned the girl about and then brought her into a position for a cross-chest carry.

The girl struggled and attempted to free herself, but as Midget held her in a safe and scientific way, she could do nothing but thrash about. Shaking the water again from her eyes, Midget took a deep breath and considered the situation.

Although she had practiced swimming in her street clothing, she found it very fatiguing, with this handicap, to hold up another person. The water, soaking her clothing, held her down like a load of lead, and she realized that she could not continue to support for any great length of time a person much heavier than herself.

The overturned canoe, with the other girl still clinging to it, had drifted some distance downstream. Midget scarcely knew whether to overtake it and attempt to tow it ashore with both girls clinging to it, or to swim ashore with one girl and come back for the other. Either method would be difficult, she knew.

As though in answer to her question, Midget heard the steady chug of a motor boat. Down the river, with the little Red Cross flag waving in the wind, came the life-saving launch that had been equipped by the life-saving corps at the beach. Midget had no available arm to wave, but she shouted with all her might.

As the boat came nearer in answer to her cry, Midget saw that Big Bob was operating it, and, with his approach, all her worries vanished.

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To haul Midget and the girl she had rescued aboard was not a difficult task for the life guard. Almost before Midget fully comprehended what was happening, Bob had overtaken the drifting canoe, had dragged the other girl into the launch, and was making for shore with the canoe in tow.

"I never was so glad to see any one in all my life!" Midget confided to him after they had reached shore and made sure that neither of the girls were the worse for their mishap.

"Well, Midget, that was a pretty piece of work. Not many girls would have jumped in after a girl twice their size."

"I didn't notice that," Midget said. "And, Bob, I was just scared to death. I didn't do it right—I let her get a strangle-hold on me."

"You broke it, didn't you?"

"Yes," Midget admitted. "I had to. And do you know, I don't believe I'm going to be afraid again. I think I can break anything now."

"Of course," the life guard smiled. "All you needed was confidence. And when the Red Cross examiner comes, this experience will be a strong recommendation. For of course you will take the tests."

"Yes, I think I shall. Yesterday I was sure I couldn't pass them, but today I know I can!"

"Good!" Bob exclaimed.

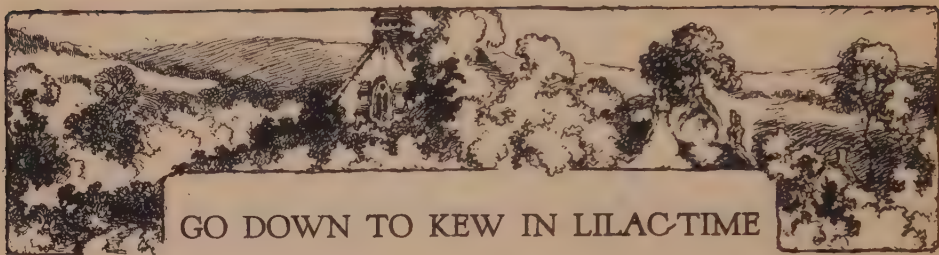
It was two weeks later that Bob looked up to see Midget running across the beach toward him. She was waving something in her hand.

"Bob, I did pass those tests! And my badge came this morning."

With shining eyes, the girl held up the coveted prize for inspection.

"And look at this." She held up a second badge—a gold-and-black one in shape of the letter S. "The Swimmers' Club has invited me to join!"

Midget gave the Red Cross emblem one last affectionate glance and then tenderly replaced it in its envelop. Looking over the almost deserted beach and across the river to the opposite shore, she drew herself up very straight and took a deep breath. Bob, who was watching her, smiled. He had once felt the same way.



GO DOWN TO KEW IN LILAC-TIME

GO DOWN to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
 The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
 And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
 The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

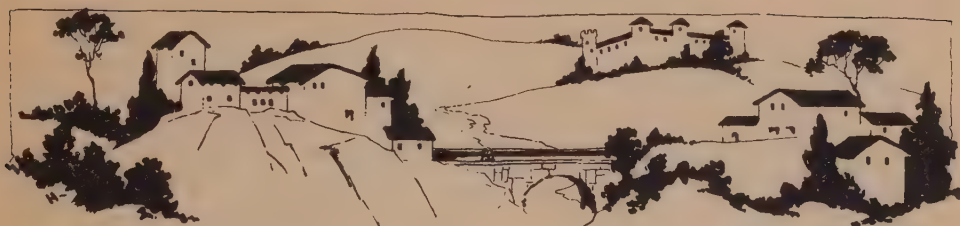
The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
 The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
 And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
 And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
 You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

ALFRED NOYES

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THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

IN THE little Italian village of Possagno there lived a jolly stonecutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, or he would not have been a stonecutter; but he was full of good humor, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy, especially, who loved old Pisano, and whom old Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him, because his father was dead and his mother had married a harsh man, who treated the little Antonio roughly.

Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stonecutting, little Canova played at it and at other things, such as modeling in clay, drawing, etc. The old grandfather, plain, uneducated man as he was, soon discovered that the pale-faced little fellow at his side had something more than an ordinary child's dexterity at such things.

The boy knew nothing of art or of its laws, but he fashioned his lumps of clay into forms of real beauty. His wise grandfather, seeing what this indicated, hired a teacher to give him some simple lessons in drawing, so that he might improve himself if he really had the artistic ability which the old man suspected. Pisano was much too poor, as he knew, ever to give the boy an art education and make an artist of him,

From Strange Stories from History for Young People. New York: Harper & Brothers.

but he thought that Antonio might at least learn to be a better stone-cutter than common.

As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sang or recited poetry to him. All these things were educating him, though without his knowing it, for they were awakening his taste and stimulating his imagination, which found expression in the clay models that he loved to make in his leisure hours.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, the head of a noble Venetian family and a man of rare understanding in art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain seasons the nobleman entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and the boy Canova, when he was twelve years old, sometimes did scullion's work there, also, for a day, when some great feast was given.

On one of these occasions, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Canova was at work over the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant made his appearance, just before the dinner hour, in great distress.

The man who had been engaged to furnish the great central ornament for the table had, at the last moment, sent word that he had spoiled the piece. It was now too late to secure another, and there was nothing to take its place. The great vacant space in the center of the table spoiled the effect of all that had been done to make the feast artistic in appearance, and it was certain that Signor Faliero would be sorely displeased.

But what was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to arrange the table was at his wits' end.

While every one stood dismayed and wondering, the begrimed scullion boy timidly approached the distressed head servant, and said:

"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" exclaimed the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson," answered the boy.



"And what can you do, pray?" asked the man, in astonishment at the conceit of the lad.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you'll let me try."

The servant had little faith in the boy's ability, but not knowing what else to do, he at last consented that Canova should try.

Calling for a large quantity of butter, little Antonio quickly modeled a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen pronounced beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

The company that day consisted of the most cultivated men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, artists, and lovers of art—and among

them were many who, like Faliero himself, were skilled critics of art.

When these people were ushered in to dinner their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot for what purpose they had entered the dining room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They scanned the butter lion critically, and then broke forth in a torrent of praises, insisting that Faliero should tell them at once what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero was as ignorant as they, and he had, in his turn, to make inquiry of the chief servant.

When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero summoned the boy, and the banquet became a sort of celebration in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise a lad so gifted. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and it was their pleasure to bring it to perfection by educating the boy in art. Signor Faliero himself claimed the right to provide for young Antonio, and at once declared his purpose to defray the lad's expenses, and to place him under the tuition of the best masters.

The boy whose highest ambition had been to become a village stonecutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having everything that money could buy at his command, and daily receiving instruction from the best sculptors of Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his fortunes. He remained simple, earnest, and unaffected. He worked as hard to acquire knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a dexterous stonecutter.

Antonio Canova's career from the day on which he molded the butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died, in 1822, he was not only one of the most celebrated sculptors of his time, but one of the greatest, indeed, of all time.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE
"An Officer and a Gentleman"



RUDYARD KIPLING

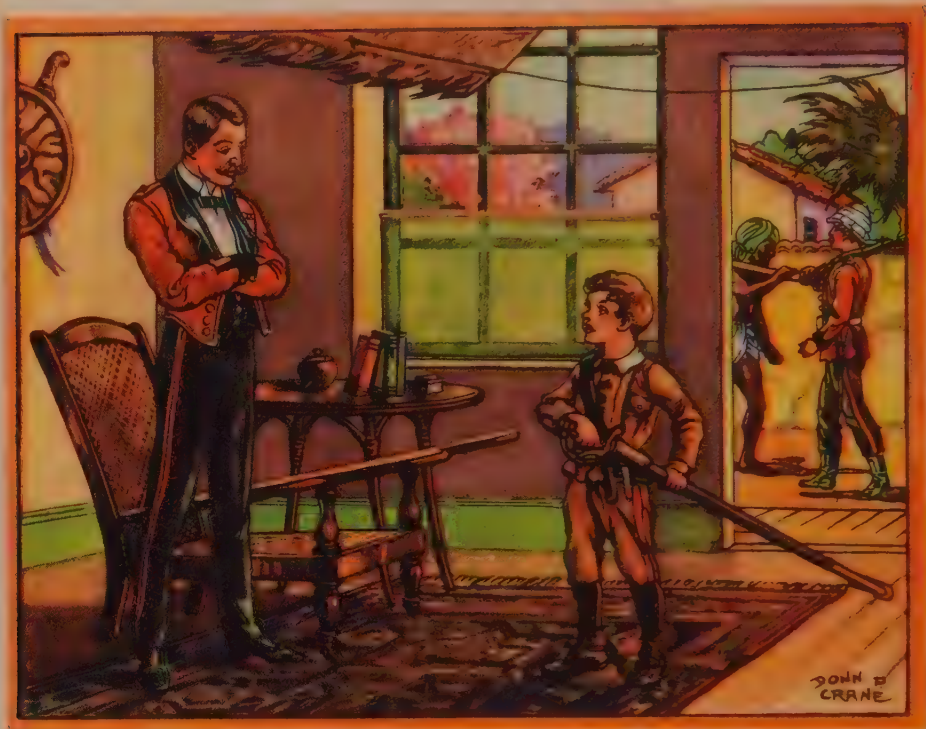
HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him *Willie-Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers many chances of going wrong to little six-year-olds.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of *ve* hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name



stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of his habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppo," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted

upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppo" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppo returned his liking with interest. Coppo had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppo had promised him a terrier puppy, and Coppo had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppo had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his own father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppo with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppo be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce, to wit? In the course of a morning ride Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppo so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppo ought first to be consulted.

"Coppo," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppo!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppo, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.



Book Trails



"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morn-ing, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small mar-plot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve sais didn't see. I said, '*Hut jao!*' "

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says

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it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I din't fink you'd do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* do vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the Regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding—"You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

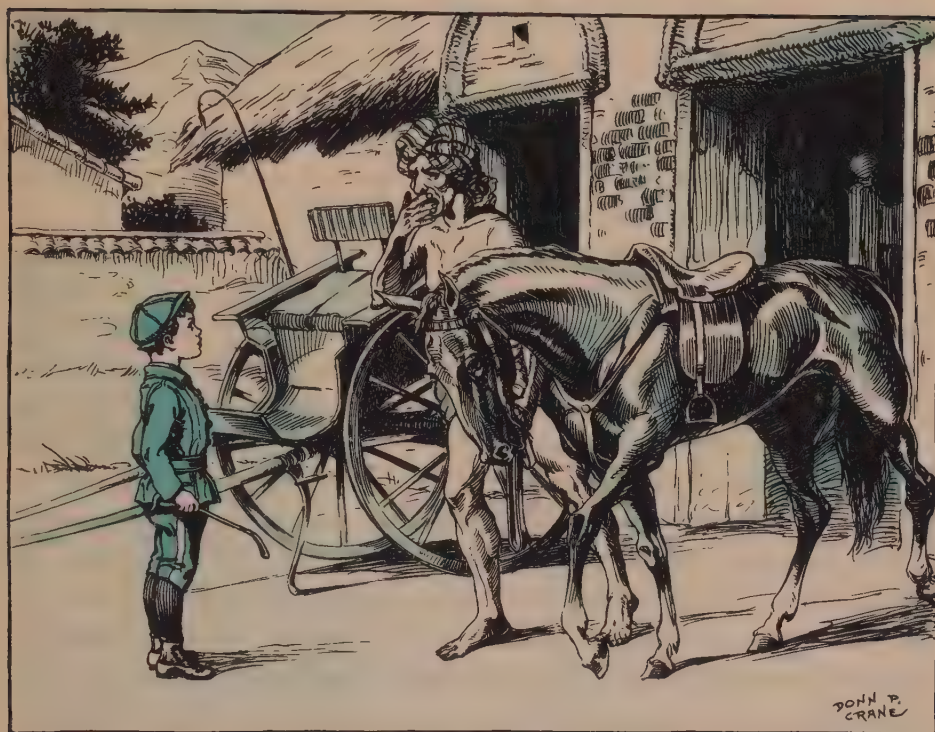
"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed onto the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable



bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie

Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy *sais* gave him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-posts, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having fully shown her spirit, she wept, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be

angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoke my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle, the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoke my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep anew, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man, but two or three, had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's

soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden (he had seen the picture), and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, "Jao!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The man laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*,



would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanced and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly—"And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying, "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

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The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color-Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S' help me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet

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faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a look-out fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The *wegiment* is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwyl!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve *wegiment* would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what *vat* means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.



THE WORKER IN SANDAL-WOOD

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

I LIKE to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves, siding either with the curé, who says Hyacinthe dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Hyacinthe thinks it true, and so does Madame, but then she has the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. Monsieur le curé shrugs his patient shoulders; but then he is tainted with the infidelities of cities, good man, having been three times to Montreal, and once in an electric car to Sainte Anne. He and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago, and each leaves the other forever unconvinced.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small, heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings and unwrapped it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal-wood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive, "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, *imbécile*. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, and I, Pierre the cabinet-maker, shall

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render it beautiful." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things like flowers and birds and beasts to perfection.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange, sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, *gros escargot*," said he, cuffing Hyacinthe's ears furiously; "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, *ourson*?² I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, *gacheur*! See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, *orvet*, great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain; and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with

¹Big snail. ²Bear's cub. ³Bungler.

slow, exquisite skill; but on the eve of Noel he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandal-wood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed, until even the scent of the sandal-wood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands. "In all the world, nothing!" said he, staring at the dull flame; "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I cannot endure to think of Hyacinthe, poor lad, shut up despairing in the work-shop with his loneliness, his cold, and his hunger, on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And for unhappy children no aid, at this season, seems too divine for faith. So Madame says, and she is very old and very wise.

Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch. "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" said a strange voice.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. As the stranger

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turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in his palm.

"*Pauvrette!*" said the dull Hyacinthe. "*Pauvrette!* Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, near the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandal-wood had deepened, and the lamp burned clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry—"

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children, he says they cost too much money. "But if you have come far you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you; and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noel."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told—of sunshine and dust; of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks, of the olive, the myrtle and almond; until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was the work done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandal-wood.

Hyacinthe lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandal-wood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy, of the flowers on the hills, of the laughing leaves of aspen and poplar, of the golden-flowering anise, and the golden



sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandal-wood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe, "and soon it will be morning and the

corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired, and the music and the sweetness seem to wrap me and fold me close, so that I may not move."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked growing hard and reddish brown and settling back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and splendor were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, on the foam of shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.



THE GLORIOUS WISH

FRANCES CAVANAH



MISTRESS BETSY ROSS, a beautiful young woman with powdered hair. The skirts of her becoming gown are full and her sleeves ruffled, and her fichu is of lace.

PRUDENCE and MARTHA wear simpler frocks of flowered material, with white fichus and aprons.

RICHARD, HAL, and STUART wear long black silk stockings and the knee breeches and three-cornered hats of the period. They also wear bright-buckled slippers and long coats over white vests, with ruffles of lace. They wear wigs, tied with a plain, black ribbon at the back.

CITIZENS, as many as you wish. They wear knee breeches, three-cornered hats, and similar coats and vests. Some are dressed much more elaborately than others, with lace ruffles on their vests and sleeves. The dresses of the women are less pretentious than the gown worn by Betsy Ross. Wigs may be made for the men by stitching wool crepe inside the hatbands, unraveling it and tying the loose strands together at back.

LADS and MAIDS, similarly but less elaborately dressed than Richard and his friends.

MINUTE MEN, three or more, wearing knee boots and rough shirts open at the throat. Over these they have sleeveless, vest-like garments of leather.

SCENE: The upholstery shop of Betsy Ross in Arch Street, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. The room serves as both shop and living room. There are several pieces of heavy upholstered furniture, a spinning wheel, and a counter to the right with bolts of upholstering goods and materials for draperies lying loose upon it. At back are large double doors, with windows on the side. A portrait of George Washington hangs in a conspicuous place upon the wall. When the curtain rises, Prudence and Martha are discovered, diligently working their samplers.

RICHARD (*outside*): I vow that Mistress Ross will know, if any do.

[[*They enter.*]] Forsooth, Stuart, our sisters have hastened here before us.

PRUDENCE: Aye, that we have.

STUART (*as the boys find chairs*): Tell us, Prudence, doth Mistress Ross think the Declaration will be signed today?

PRUDENCE: Aye, that she does.

The actual date on which the Liberty Bell rang out the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was July 8, although here given as July 4, 1776, for dramatic purposes.



MARTHA: Alack! My father says the delegates will never dare to sign.

PRUDENCE: Thy father, then, is no true Yankee, Martha.

STUART: 'Twas sharply spoken, Prudence, albeit 'twas spoken truly. Our father hath scant sympathy for those who oppose his king.

HAL: My father is as staunch a patriot as General Washington himself. Yet 'tis his belief that the delegates will be frightened to have their names writ to the Declaration.

PRUDENCE: Forsooth, Hal, they needs *must* sign. Mistress Betsy says—

BETSY ROSS (*entering from the street with her market basket on her arm*): Good morning to thee. Pray, what is it Mistress Betsy says?

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[The boys bow and the girls curtsey and then hasten to relieve BETSY of her shawl and market basket. There are greetings of "Good morning to thee, Mistress Ross," "How fare thee, Mistress Ross?" and "Good day, Mistress Ross."]

RICHARD: We are sore perplexed, Mistress Ross. Some tell us that the delegates assembled here today are frightened to sign the Declaration. Others, speaking in just as solemn a fashion, say that ere nightfall the colonies will have declared their freedom of the English crown.

HAL: I vow, Mistress Ross, it is hard to wait. Whereat we came to thee as soon as might be. Perchance thou canst tell us if the delegates will sign.

BETSY ROSS: I must confess to no great liking for the delegates if they fail *now* to sign the Declaration writ with such care by our good Thomas Jefferson.

MARTHA: I heard my father say that the Declaration is a daring move and that if the colonies meet with defeat—

BETSY ROSS: I vow, Martha, what strange conceit is this? 'Tis a daring move to sign the Declaration, aye, a dangerous move, but is not Mr. Franklin a daring man? Thomas Jefferson and John Hancock, too? Be of good courage, all of ye, my dears. They do not fear the British soldiery.

RICHARD: Then they can scarce keep from signing, can they, Mistress Ross?

BETSY ROSS: Aye, Richard, so I hope.

PRUDENCE: A dismal business, this waiting, Mistress Ross.

HAL (*looking anxiously out of the window*): My heart is heavy within me, aye, and will be, until we hear the old bell in the State House ring.

RICHARD: We can scarce bear the waiting.

BETSY ROSS: Forsooth, my dears, you're over young to make such a pother about politics. Be of good courage, if you would hear a glorious secret.

MARTHA: About the Declaration?

MISTRESS ROSS: Nay, Martha. 'Twas but a few weeks past that I had three distinguished callers. One of them was Colonel Ross, my late

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husband's uncle, another the Honorable Robert Morris. Canst thou guess the third?

STUART: Nay. Prithee, who might it have been?

BETSY ROSS: The third was General Washington.

[*There is a chorus of long-drawn "Ohs."*]

HAL (*returning from the window*): Good lack! I can scarce believe my ears.

RICHARD: General Washington was in this very shop?

MISTRESS ROSS: Aye, that he was; he sat in that chair yonder by the spinning wheel. [*The boys make a dash for the chair, but RICHARD reaches it first. The others laugh good-humoredly.*] And canst thou guess what General Washington asked of Betsy Ross? [*Chorus of "Nay, Mistress Ross," "We can scarce guess" and "Prithee, tell us."*] He asked if I might make a flag for these United States.

STUART (*as the boys throw their hats into the air*): Bravo! A flag that all the colonies may use?

PRUDENCE: Prithee, what manner of flag is it?

BETSY ROSS (*opening a cabinet*): I'll fetch the design, my dears, made by an artist from General Washington's rough sketch. [*They crowd around her eagerly.*] See thou the seven red stripes and the six of white—a stripe for each of our thirteen colonies. General Washington hath said the red is for our mother country, while the white stripes in between prove that we have separated from her. The thirteen stars in this field of blue stand also for the thirteen states.

RICHARD: Prithee, when will you make the flag?

BETSY ROSS: It is made already, lad, save for a few stars that needs must be stitched securely. [*Holding up the flag.*] See, I have basted the stars in a circle—one for each colony.

HAL: Which star is for Pennsylvania, Mistress Ross?

BETSY ROSS: Forsooth, Hal, I cannot tell thee. General Washington hath said to arrange the stars in the form of a circle, so that the states may be equal, none greater than the other.

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MARTHA (*admiringly, as she examines the stars*): I vow, your stars are neatly cut, Mistress Ross, and five-pointed, too.

BETSY ROSS: General Washington's first design called for six-pointed stars. He was of the belief that stars of five points would be too difficult.

PRUDENCE: Pray, Mistress, how *didst* thou make a five-pointed star of such perfection?

BETSY ROSS (*laughing*): Fie upon thee, Prudence. Must I show a maid of such housewifely ways as thou how a five-pointed star is cut? Forsooth, lass, thou knowest as little of such matters as the great General Washington himself.

PRUDENCE (*astonished*): And did you show General Washington how a five-pointed star may be cut?

BETSY ROSS: Aye, that I did, and he laughed mightily. And now I'll show thee, too.

[*They crowd around her eagerly, as she folds a piece of paper, gives a single snip of her scissors and holds up a star.*]

STUART (*as the others laugh*): 'Tis a star of such perfection, Mistress Ross, I'll warrant it *must* be Pennsylvania.

RICHARD: Prithee, Mistress Ross, may we fly the flag?

[*BETSY ROSS begins work on the flag, while the girls turn their attention again to their samplers.*]

HAL: Aye, Mistress Ross. Pray, let us be the first to hoist the new flag of the Americas.

BETSY ROSS: Nay, lads, albeit I refuse thee not of my own desire. The flag hath not yet been approved by the Continental Congress. 'Tis the glorious secret I but promised thee and to fly the flag where all might see—

RICHARD (*eagerly*): Mistress Ross, we need not fly the flag in a public place. We can hoist it here in your little shop and none need know.

STUART: And, Mistress Ross, we needs must celebrate the signing of the Declaration.

MARTHA: Pray, consider, when the old bell in the State House rings, it portends that a new nation has been born.

BETSY ROSS: Aye, Martha, thou hath spoken truly. I promise thee that if the old bell in the State House rings, thou mayst hoist the flag. But only in the shop, remember thou.

[*Shouts of "Bravo, bravo!" and "Hurrah for Mistress Ross."*]

HAL (*at the window again*): I confess I like not waiting for the bell. Alack, I wish I were the old bell ringer's grandson.

BETSY ROSS: Prithee, Hal, why wouldst thou be the grandson of old Andrew McNair?

HAL: 'Tis because he will tell the sexton when to ring the bell. He loiters near the delegates and when their names are writ to the Declaration he will give a signal to his grandfather. I'd be right glad had I been chosen for that task.

RICHARD (*unable to take his eyes from the flag*): Aye, but I'd rather be the first lad to hoist the new flag of the Americas.

MARTHA: So say I, too.

PRUDENCE: Forsooth, Mistress Ross, thou must choose one of our number for that task. We needs must know before the old bell in the State House rings.

BETSY ROSS: I am sore perplexed, my dears, and must confess to no great liking for the task ye set me of deciding. It were seemly that the one among ye with the noblest liking for the Americas should be chosen.

HAL: All of us are patriots, Mistress Ross. Eve' though Martha's and Stuart's father is a Loyalist, they love the Cause no less than I.

BETSY ROSS: Aye, and 'tis high time that I make a choice. [*After a silence.*] Perchance, thou art acquaint with stories of the fairies.

PRUDENCE (*laying her sampler aside to listen more closely*): Aye, that we are.

MARTHA: Master Brunnel of the Whitney school has read us several tales of the tiny folk.

BETSY ROSS: Then thou knowest that they are wont to gather at the christening of a princess and make pleasant wishes for her future.

STUART: Aye, that we do.

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BETSY ROSS: Perchance, a princess among nations will be born today. Each of ye shall make a wish for *her* future, as were the fairies wont to do. The one among ye, maid or lad, whose wish is wisest may be the first to hoist the flag.

HAL (*with a shout*): I vow, *that* is not hard to do. I wish that these United States grow rich and powerful.

PRUDENCE: I wish that she grow larger, expand, my father calls it. I wish that she expand—as far west as the Mississippi even.

STUART: I wish that she shall ever conquer on the battlefield.

MARTHA: I wish that her people shall be good.

BETSY ROSS (*after a silence*): Hath Master Richard no wish for the new nation?

RICHARD: Aye, that I have, Mistress Ross, a wish so big that I scarce know how best to tell it. 'Tis that I want the new nation to be helpful.

BETSY ROSS: Aye, Richard. Helpful in what manner?

RICHARD: 'Tis because the Americas have such wonder and such greatness that I would have all the peoples in the world to know and love her.

STUART: Nay, Richard, all the peoples in the world cannot cross the waters.

RICHARD: 'Twas truly spoken, but many of them can. I wish that these United States be helpful and friendly to the peoples of the world who cross the waters and to the peoples who remain at home.

MARTHA: 'Tis not for the peoples of the world we make our wishes but for the colonies.

RICHARD (*appealing to MISTRESS ROSS*): Forsooth, Mistress Ross, it would need the eloquence of Patrick Henry to tell them of my meaning. But the text in church last Sunday set me a-thinking about the Americas when we no longer live.

BETSY ROSS (*kindly*): Perchance, thy meaning is "He who loseth his life shall find it."

RICHARD (*brightening*): Aye, Mistress Ross. And 'tis my belief that through her helpfulness these United States will prove most glorious.

[*The bell in the old State House begins ringing out the glad news that the Declaration has been signed. There is a moment's reverent silence in the little shop as the children stand and BETSY ROSS rises, the flag clasped to her breast. Then in the distance, but coming gradually nearer, may be heard the shouts of the people.*]

HAL: Hurrah! The Declaration has been signed.

MARTHA: There will be speeches before the old State House within the hour and parades that pass this way.

PRUDENCE: At last! At last, we shall be free of the English crown.

STUART: Aye, aye, we are a nation now.

BETSY ROSS (*holding up the flag which she has tied to a staff by means of dainty ribbons*): Aye, and the nation's flag is finished.

RICHARD: Hast thou chosen one to hoist the flag?

MARTHA: Prithee, whose wish was wisest?

BETSY ROSS (*thoughtfully*): The new nation, like any little princess, must needs give her strength for a long time just to growing.

PRUDENCE (*trying to hide her impatience*): Aye, Mistress Ross, but who shall hoist the flag?

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BETSY ROSS: All of ye, my dears, for all of ye are patriots; albeit the honor of raising the flag of the new nation for the first time needs go to Richard. 'Tis my belief that he hath forseen the true glory of these United States.

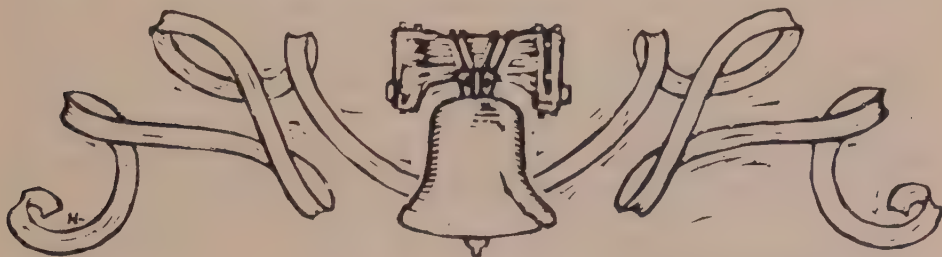
[There are shouts of "Bravo!" "Mistress Ross is right," and "Hurrah for Richard." Reverently but eagerly RICHARD takes the flag from the hands of MISTRESS ROSS, climbs on a chair and fastens its staff behind a picture of General Washington. The boys give a military salute.]

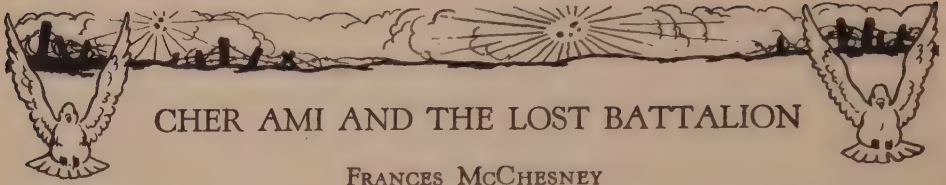
BETSY ROSS: Be of good courage, my dears. It but needs time for all your wishes to come true. Perchance, Richard's shall come true the last of all, but its glory shall be the greatest.

[The roll of drums is heard in the distance, and BETSY ROSS throws back the double doors at back that the children may see the people of Philadelphia passing on their way to the meeting in the old State House. The first to come are several Minute Men beating drums, and then follows a group of citizens, singing, "Ode to the Fourth of July." The next to come is a group of half-grown boys, singing "Yankee Doodle" and playing leap frog and tag in their excitement, and then several lassies singing "Ballad of the Boston Tea Party." The children in the room grow more excited and join in the singing. Another group of citizens passes, singing the final song, "Liberty Bell, Ring On."]

BETSY ROSS: Let us repair to the old State House for the speech-making.

[The girls and BETSY ROSS draw on their gloves and hats and the boys take their hats in their hands. They follow the last of the citizens down the street, after BETSY ROSS has taken a huge bunch of keys from her bag and closed the door behind them. The grating of the key in the lock is heard and the roll of the drums and the ringing of the Liberty Bell gradually die away. The Liberty Bell rings constantly from the time it first proclaims the signing of the Declaration. During the singing and dialogue its ring is softened, at times becoming scarcely audible. But at all other moments its ring is clear and true and vibrant.]





CHER AMI AND THE LOST BATTALION

FRANCES MCCHESENEY

A CARRIER pigeon lived with its mates in a pigeon house in Chicago. When the great war came and the men of the United States went to help their brothers across the sea, they took the pigeons with them. Each little pigeon had its own number, and the one I am going to tell you about was No. 43,678. Its name was Cher Ami,¹ which means "dear friend."

All the pigeons were put into baskets and Cher Ami was put into one that was so small he could hardly stretch his wings. There he stayed until, after many days, the baskets were opened and the little pigeons found themselves in a strange country. They were put on the roof of a house and strange birds came to see them. One, a little gray bird, Cher Ami chose for his own. They flew together up into the blue sky. Then they flew down into the courtyard where there was a trough with cool water to drink and food to eat.

One day a beautiful bowl was found in their new home, and Cher Ami and his little wife built a nest for themselves in this bowl. Nobody disturbed them there and soon there were eggs in the nest. The little gray pigeon sat upon them and kept them warm. Sometimes the soldiers came and carried Cher Ami away, but he always flew back to the nest.

Cher Ami brought food to his mate and watched her so that she would not stay away from her nest too long. Then there came a day when there were wee birdies in the nest, and Cher Ami and his little gray mate were very busy caring for the baby birds. The dreadful noises in the air, the whirl of airplanes, and the crackle of shrapnel did not seem to trouble them in the least.

Adapted from a World War narrative.

¹Pronounced Shair-ah-mēē.



On the morning of October 2nd, 1918, orders came for the soldiers to march to battle. Cher Ami and four of his companions were again put into their tiny baskets. That night the roar of cannon filled the air and the blackness was shot through with flashes of light. Into the Argonne woods under the fire of German guns, thousands of men were marching, and with them, still in their little baskets, were Cher Ami and his feathered friends.

All the next day the battle raged. At night the Americans went down a slope, crossed a little stream, and stopped on the side of a steep hill. Word was sent back to headquarters, "The objective has been reached," and the four hundred and eighty men dropped where they were and rested.

When morning came the officers could hear commands given in the

German language. While the boys slept, the foe had closed in behind them and they were completely surrounded. Naturally, the Americans were greatly alarmed. They dug themselves in on the steep bank, which had hidden the advancing enemy from them and they looked after their ammunition, prepared to hold the hill until help came.

But help could not come. Five times the Americans attacked, but each time they were driven back. The second day found the men with no food and little ammunition. Cher Ami saw his four companions fly away, one by one. They rose in the smoke-darkened air, circled, and disappeared.

Meantime at headquarters no word came from the Lost Battalion. Airplanes went in search of it, and two were shot down. The fourth day found the men eating berries, leaves, and bark. Airplanes circled overhead and dropped packages of food, but they fell in the woods where the Germans were encamped. That day, an American searching for one of the packages was captured by the Germans. He was sent back to the little group of Americans with a letter asking them to surrender.

Major Whittlesey, who was in command, read the letter slowly. Then he turned to Sergeant Major Baldwin and said, "Take in the airplane signals." The signals were white and the Germans might think the Americans meant to surrender. Upon this scene then, there began to fall the steady even rapid shell fire from beyond the German lines. The guns of the French were trained on this hill, for they did not know the Americans were there.

For five days no word had come from the Lost Battalion. All attempts to reach it had failed. The French, sure that it had been wiped out or had surrendered, were shelling its position, and our brave men were being killed by the guns of their allies.

Then it was that a blackened hand reached into Cher Ami's basket and took him out. For five days he had been without food or water, so that he was glad to be free even though he was flung upward into the

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smoke and fire and shrieking things. Hardly had his wings taken hold of the air when something struck him. He fluttered and fell, but caught the air again. At last the strong wings steadied and held and Cher Ami rose above the smoke. Without knowing how he knew which way to go, his wings carried him over green fields and curling moving lines of tan. There was water below him but he did not stop. There would have been grain there too, but he did not think of it.

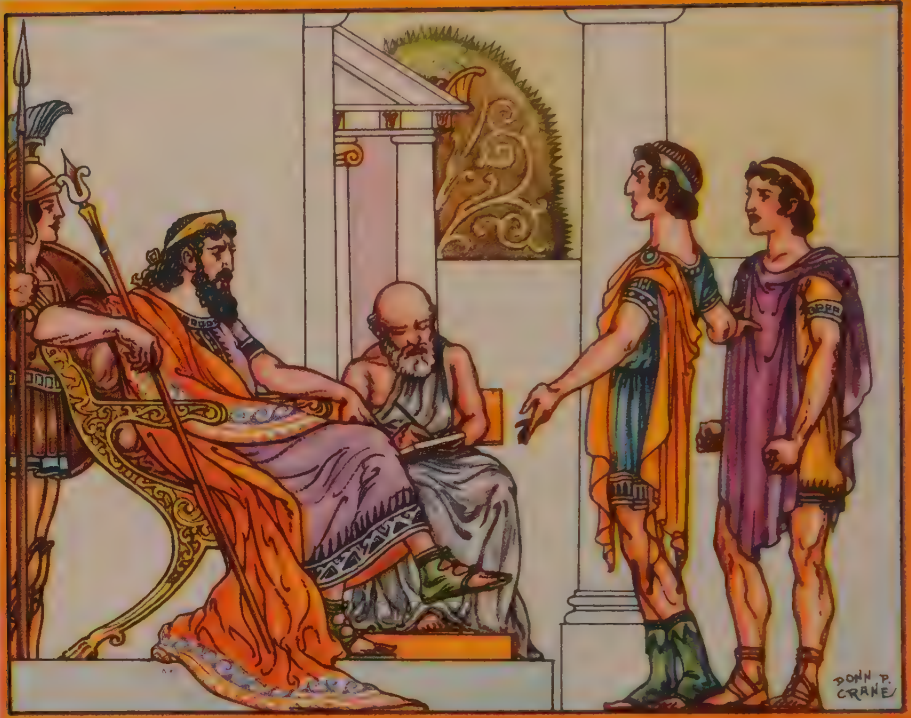
Forty miles from the spot where the Lost Battalion was dying under the guns of friend and foe, Sergeant Kochler at headquarters saw a handful of bloody feathers drop from the sky. The Sergeant lifted the quivering little body in his hands. Dangling from the stump of a leg that had been shot away was the aluminum message carrier. Inside was the first word from the Lost Battalion. It told where and how it was, and said, "Your barrage is falling on us. For God's sake, stop it!"

It was stopped. That night the 307th Infantry broke through the German lines and one hundred ninety-four men, all that were left of the Lost Battalion, were carried to safety.

Cher Ami lay in his basket bandaged and helpless. Kind friends fed and cared for him, and it was not long before the injured leg healed, but never again would he stand on two feet.

Sometimes Cher Ami was carried in a cage, and on the cage something sparkled. It was the Distinguished Service Cross, because, though he was wounded, Cher Ami had saved the lives of one hundred ninety-four American soldiers. And Cher Ami, with his little gray mate, went home again to Chicago, where they lived long and happily.





DAMON AND PYTHIAS

THOMAS BULFINCH

NEARLY four hundred years before the Christian Era began, there lived two youths in Syracuse named Damon and Pythias, and they were constant companions and friends. Now it came to pass that in some manner Pythias managed to rouse the enmity of the ruler of all that land, the tyrant Dionysius, so that the latter condemned the lad to death.

Knowing that there was no escape from this verdict, Pythias asked that he be given time in which to go home and bid farewell to his par-

Retold from *The Age of Fable*.

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ents who lived in a distant province, and also to put his affairs in order. The ruler laughed at this request, saying, "And I did give thee freedom to go hence, little chance is there that thou wouldst return to thy death."

Before Pythias could answer, Damon stepped forward. "I, his friend, will stay imprisoned for him until his return, and die for him should he not be able to return at the appointed time."

Surprised, Dionysius granted this unusual request, and Pythias was permitted to depart, while Damon was cast into prison in his stead. Weeks went by, and Pythias did not return. At last the day of execution came, and Damon was led forth to be put to death.

"What sayest thou now of thy friend?" asked Dionysius.

"Some mishap hath delayed him overlong," answered Damon steadfastly. "He will come if he still be alive."

Barely had he spoken when a soldier cried out, "Yonder comes Pythias, running towards us," and a moment later Pythias fell panting at the feet of the ruler. Shipwreck had cast him on a lonely shore many miles from Syracuse, and he had walked without rest to get back in time.

Dionysius, touched at last by the friendship between these two that made life itself of less worth than their love for each other, bent to raise the prostrate Pythias, saying, "Such friendship as that between ye twain is too great for any man to sunder. All that I have would I give for one such friend. Go ye both free, but if ye can, let me count a third in the friendship there lies between ye."





BETSY GOES TO THE FAIR

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

BETSY'S birthday was the ninth day of September, and the Necronsett Valley Fair is always held from the eighth to the twelfth. So it was decided that Betsy should celebrate her birthday by going up to Woodford, where the Fair was held. The Putneys weren't going that year, but the people on the next farm, the Wendells, said they could make room in their surrey for the two little girls; for, of course, Molly was going, too. In fact, she said the Fair was held partly to celebrate her being six years old. This would happen on the seventeenth of October. Molly insisted that that was *plenty* close enough to the ninth of September to be celebrated then. This made Betsy feel like laughing out, but observing that the Putneys only looked at each other with the faintest possible quirk in the corners of their serious mouths, she understood that they were afraid that Molly's feelings might be hurt if they laughed out loud. So Betsy tried to curve her young lips to the same kind and secret mirth.

And, I can't tell you why, this effort not to hurt Molly's feelings made her have a perfect spasm of love for Molly. She threw herself on her and gave her a great hug that tipped them both over on the couch on top of Shep, who stopped snoring with his great gurgling snort, wriggled out from under them, and stood with laughing eyes and wagging tail, looking at them as they rolled and giggled among the pillows.

"What dress are you going to wear to the Fair, Betsy?" asked Cousin Ann. "And we must decide about Molly's, too."

From Understood Betsy. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

This stopped their rough-and-tumble fun in short order, and they applied themselves to the serious question of a toilet.

When the great day arrived and the surrey drove away from the Wendells' gate, Betsy was in a fresh pink-and-white gingham which she had helped Cousin Ann make, and plump Molly looked like something good to eat in a crisp white little dimity, one of Betsy's old dresses, with a deep hem taken in to make it short enough for the little butter-ball. Because it was Betsy's birthday, she sat on the front seat with Mr. Wendell, and part of the time, when there were not too many teams on the road, she drove, herself. Mrs. Wendell and her sister filled the back seat solidly full from side to side and made one continuous soft lap on which Molly happily perched, her eyes shining, her round cheeks red with joyful excitement. Betsy looked back at her several times and thought how very nice Molly looked. She had, of course, little idea how she herself looked, because the mirrors at Putney Farm were all small and high up, and anyhow they were so old and greenish that they made everybody look very queer colored. You looked in them to see if your hair was smooth, and that was about all you could stand.

So it was a great surprise to Betsy later in the morning, as she and Molly wandered hand in hand through the wonders of Industrial Hall, to catch sight of Molly in a full-length mirror as clear as water. She was almost startled to see how faithfully reflected were the yellow of the little girl's curls, the clear pink and white of her face, and the blue of her soft eyes. An older girl was reflected there also, near Molly, a dark-eyed, red-cheeked, sturdy little girl, standing very straight on two strong legs, holding her head high and free, her dark eyes looking out brightly from her tanned face. For an instant Betsy gazed into those clear eyes and then. . . . why, gracious goodness! That was herself she was looking at! How changed she was! How very, very different she looked from the last time she had seen herself in a big mirror! She remembered it well—out shopping with Aunt Frances in a department store, she had caught sight of a pale little girl, with a thin neck, and spindling legs

half hidden in the folds of Aunt Frances' skirts. But she didn't look even like the sister of this browned, muscular, upstanding child who held Molly's hand so firmly.

All this came into her mind and went out again in a moment, for Molly caught sight of a big doll in the next aisle and they hurried over to inspect her clothing. The mirror was forgotten in the many exciting sights and sounds and smells of their first county fair.

The two little girls were to wander about as they pleased until noon, when they were to meet the Wendells in the shadow of Industrial Hall and eat their picnic lunch together. The two parties arrived together from different directions, having seen very different sides of the Fair. The children were full of the merry-go-rounds, the balloon-seller, the toy-venders, and the pop-corn stands, while the Wendells exchanged views on the shortness of a hog's legs, the dip in a cow's back, and the thickness of a sheep's wool. The Wendells, it seemed, had met some cousins they didn't expect to see, who, not knowing about Betsy and Molly, had hoped that they might ride home with the Wendells.

"Don't you suppose," Mrs. Wendell asked Betsy, "that you and Molly could go home with the Vaughans? They're here in their big wagon. You could sit on the floor with the Vaughan children."

Betsy and Molly thought this would be great fun, and agreed enthusiastically.

"All right then," said Mrs. Wendell. She called to a young man who stood inside the building, near an open window: "Oh, Frank, Will Vaughan is going to be in your booth this afternoon, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the young man. "His turn is from two to four."

"Well, you tell him, will you, that the two little girls who live at Putney Farm are going to go home with them. They can sit on the bottom of the wagon with the Vaughan young ones."

"Yes, ma'am," said the young man, with a noticeable lack of interest in how Betsy and Molly got home.

"Now, Betsy," said Mrs. Wendell, "you go round to that booth at



two and ask Will Vaughan what time they're going to start and where their wagon is, and then you be sure not to keep them waiting a minute."

"No, I won't" said Betsy. "I'll be sure to be there on time."

She and Molly still had twenty cents to spend out of the forty they had brought with them, twenty-five earned by berry-picking and fifteen a present from Uncle Henry. They now put their heads together to see how they could make the best possible use of their four nickels. Cousin Ann had put no restrictions whatever on them, saying they could buy any sort of truck or rubbish they could find, except the pink lemonade. She said she had been told the venders washed their glasses in that, and their hands, and for all she knew their faces. Betsy was for merry-go-rounds, but Molly yearned for a big red balloon; and while they were buying that a man came by with toy dogs, little brown dogs with curled-wire tails. He called out that they would bark when you pulled their tails, and seeing the little girls looking at him he pulled the tail of the one he held. It gave forth a fine loud yelp, just like Shep

when his tail got stepped on. Betsy bought one, all done up neatly in a box tied with blue string. She thought it a great bargain to get a dog who would bark for five cents. Later on, when they undid the string and opened the box, they found the dog had one leg broken off and wouldn't make the faintest squeak when his tail was pulled; but that is the sort of thing you must expect to have happen to you at a county fair.

Now they had ten cents left and they decided to have a ride apiece on the merry-go-round. But, glancing up at the clock-face in the tower over Agricultural Hall, Betsy noticed it was half-past two and she decided to go first to the booth where Will Vaughan was to be and find out what time they would start for home. She found the booth with no difficulty, but William Vaughan was not in it. Nor was the young man she had seen before. There was a new one, a strange one, a careless, whistling young man, with very bright socks, very yellow shoes and very striped cuffs. He said, in answer to Betsy's inquiry: "Vaughan? Will Vaughan? Never heard the name," and immediately went on whistling and looking up and down the aisle over the heads of the little girls, who stood gazing up at him with very wide, startled eyes. An older man leaned over from the next booth and said: "Will Vaughan? He from Hillsboro? Well, I heard somebody say those Hillsboro Vaughans had word one of their cows was awful sick, and they had to start right home that minute."

Betsy came to herself out of her momentary daze and snatched Molly's hand. "Hurry! quick! We must find the Wendells before they get away!"

In her agitation (for she was really very much frightened) she forgot how easily terrified little Molly was. Her alarm instantly sent the child into a panic. "Oh, Betsy! Betsy! What will we do!" she gasped, as Betsy pulled her along the aisle and out of the door.

"Oh, the Wendells can't be gone yet," said Betsy reassuringly, though she was not at all sure she was telling the truth. She ran as fast as she

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could drag Molly's fat legs, to the horseshed where Mr. Wendell had tied his horses and left the surrey. The horseshed was empty, quite empty.

Betsy stopped short and stood still, her heart seeming to be up in her throat so that she could hardly breathe. After all, she was only ten that day, you must remember. Molly began to cry loudly, hiding her weeping face in Betsy's dress. "What will we do, Betsy! What can we do!" she wailed.

Betsy did not answer. She did not know what they *would* do! They were eight miles from Putney Farm, far too much for Molly to walk, and anyhow neither of them knew the way. They had only ten cents left, and nothing to eat. And the only people they knew in all that throng of strangers had gone back to Hillsboro.

"What will we do, Betsy?" Molly kept on crying out, horrified by Betsy's silence and evident consternation.

The other child's head swam. She tried again the formula which had helped her when Molly fell into the Wolf Pit, and asked herself, desperately, "What would Cousin Ann do if she were here?" But that did not help her much now, because she could not possibly imagine what Cousin Ann would do under such appalling circumstances. Yes, one thing Cousin Ann would be sure to do, of course; she would quiet Molly first of all.

At this thought Betsy sat down on the ground and took the panic-stricken little girl into her lap, wiping away the tears and saying, stoutly, "Now, Molly, stop crying this minute. I'll take care of you, of course. I'll get you home all right."

"How'll you ever do it?" sobbed Molly. "Everybody's gone and left us. We can't walk!"

"Never you mind how," said Betsy, trying to be facetious and mock-mysterious, though her own under lip was quivering a little. "That's my surprise party for you. Just you wait. Now come on back to that booth. Maybe Will Vaughan didn't go home with his folks."

She had very little hope of this, and only went back there because it seemed to her a little less dauntingly strange than every other spot in the howling wilderness about her; for all at once the Fair, which had seemed so lively and cheerful and gay before, seemed now a horrible, frightening, noisy place, full of hurried strangers who came and went their own ways, with not a glance out of their hard eyes for two little girls stranded far from home.

The bright-colored young man was no better when they found him again. He stopped his whistling only long enough to say, "Nope, no Will Vaughan anywhere around these diggings yet."

"We were going home with the Vaughans," murmured Betsy, in a low tone, hoping for some help from him.

"Looks as though you'd better go home on the cars," advised the young man casually. He smoothed his black hair back straighter than ever from his forehead and looked over their heads.

"How much does it cost to go to Hillsboro on the cars?" asked Betsy with a sinking heart.

"You'll have to ask somebody else about that," said the young man. "What I don't know about this Rube state! I never was in it before." He spoke as though he were very proud of the fact.

Betsy turned and went over to the older man who had told them about the Vaughans.

Molly trotted at her heels, quite comforted, now that Betsy was talking so competently to grown-ups. She did not hear what they said, nor try to. Now that Betsy's voice sounded all right she had no more fears. Betsy would manage somehow. She heard Betsy's voice again talking to the other man, but she was busy looking at an exhibit of beautiful jelly glasses, and paid no attention. Then Betsy led her away again out of doors, where everybody was walking back and forth under the bright September sky, blowing on horns, waving plumes of brilliant tissue paper, tickling each other with peacock feathers, and eating popcorn and candy out of paper bags.



That reminded Molly that they had ten cents yet. "Oh, Betsy," she proposed, "let's take a nickel of our money for some popcorn."

She was startled by Betsy's fierce sudden clutch at their little purse and by the quaver in her voice as she answered: "No, no, Molly. We've got to save every cent of that. I've found out it costs thirty cents for us both to go home to Hillsboro on the train. The last one goes at six o'clock."

"We haven't got but ten," said Molly.

Betsy looked at her silently for a moment and then burst out, "I'll earn the rest! I'll earn it somehow! I'll have to! There isn't any other way!"

"All right," said Molly quaintly, not seeing anything unusual in this. "You can, if you want to. I'll wait for you here."

"No, you won't!" cried Betsy, who had quite enough of trying to meet people in a crowd. "No, you won't! You just follow me every minute! I don't want you out of my sight!"

They began to move forward now, Betsy's eyes wildly roving from one place to another. How *could* a little girl earn money at a county fair! She was horribly afraid to go up and speak to a stranger, and yet how else could she begin?

"Here, Molly, you wait here," she said. "Don't you budge till I come back."

But alas! Molly had only a moment to wait that time, for the man who was selling lemonade answered Betsy's shy question with a stare and a curt, "Lord, no! What could a young one like you do for me?"

The little girls wandered on, Molly calm and expectant, confident in Betsy; Betsy with a very dry mouth and a very gone feeling. They were passing by a big shedlike building now, where a large sign proclaimed that the Woodford Ladies' Aid Society would serve a hot chicken dinner for thirty-five cents. Of course the sign was not accurate, for at half-past three, almost four, the chicken dinner had long ago been all eaten and in place of the diners was a group of weary women moving languidly about or standing saggingly by a great table piled with dirty dishes. Betsy paused here, meditated a moment, and went in rapidly so that her courage would not evaporate.

The woman with gray hair looked down at her a little impatiently and said, "Dinner's all over."

"I didn't come for dinner," said Betsy, swallowing hard. "I came to see if you wouldn't hire me to wash your dishes. I'll do them for twenty-five cents."

The woman laughed, looked from little Betsy to the great pile of dishes, and said, turning away, "Mercy, child, if you washed from now till morning, you wouldn't make a hole in what we've got to do."

Betsy heard her say to the other woman, "Some young one wanting more money for the side-shows."

Now, now was the moment to remember what Cousin Ann would have done. She would certainly not have shaken all over with hurt feelings nor have allowed the tears to come stingingly to her eyes. So

Betsy sternly made herself stop doing these things. And Cousin Ann wouldn't have given way to the dreadful sinking feeling of utter discouragement, but would have gone right on to the next place. So, although Betsy felt like nothing so much as crooking her elbow over her face and crying as hard as she could cry, she stiffened her back, took Molly's hand again, and stepped out, heartsick within but very steady (although rather pale) without.

She and Molly walked along in the crowd again, Molly laughing and pointing out the pranks and antics of the young people, who were feeling livelier than ever as the afternoon wore on. Betsy looked at them grimly with unseeing eyes. It was four o'clock. The last train for Hillsboro left in two hours and she was no nearer having the price of the tickets. She stopped for a moment to get her breath; for, although they were walking slowly, she kept feeling breathless and choked. It occurred to her that if ever a little girl had had a more horrible birthday she never heard of one!

"Oh, I wish I could, Dan!" said a young voice near her. "But honest! Momma'd just eat me up alive if I left the booth for a minute!"

Betsy turned quickly. A very pretty girl with yellow hair and blue eyes (she looked as Molly might when she was grown up) was leaning over the edge of a little canvas-covered booth, the sign of which announced that home-made doughnuts and soft drinks were for sale there. A young man, very flushed and gay, was pulling at the girl's blue gingham sleeve. "Oh, come on, Annie. Just one turn! The floor's elegant. You can keep an eye on the booth from the hall! Nobody's going to run away with the old thing anyhow!"

"Honest, I'd love to! But I got a great lot of dishes to wash, too! You know Momma!" She looked longingly toward the open-air dancing floor, out from which just then floated a burst of brazen music.

"Oh, please!" said a small voice. "I'll do it for twenty cents."

Betsy stood by the girl's elbow, all quivering earnestness.

"Do what, kiddie?" asked the girl in a good-natured surprise.

"Everything!" said Betsy, compendiously. "Everything! Wash the dishes, tend the booth; *you* can go dance! I'll do it for twenty cents."

The eyes of the girl and the man met in high amusement. "My! Aren't we up and coming!" said the man. "You're most as big as a pint-cup, aren't you?" he said to Betsy.

The little girl flushed—she detested being laughed at—but she looked straight into the laughing eyes. "I'm ten years old today," she said, "and I can wash dishes as well as anybody." She spoke with dignity.

The young man burst out into a great laugh.

"Great kid, what?" he said to the girl, and then, "Say, Annie, why not? Your mother won't be here for an hour. The kid can keep folks from walking off with the dope. . . ."

"I'll do the dishes, too," repeated Betsy, trying hard not to mind being laughed at, and keeping her eyes fixed steadily on the tickets to Hillsboro.

"Well, by gosh," said the young man, laughing. "Here's our chance, Annie, for fair! Come along!"

The girl laughed, too, out of high spirits. "Wouldn't Momma be crazy!" she said hilariously. "But she'll never know. Here, you cute kid, here's my apron." She took off her long apron and tied it around Betsy's neck. "There's the soap, there's the table. You stack the dishes up on that counter."

She was out of the little gate in the counter in a twinkling, just as Molly, in answer to a beckoning gesture from Betsy, came in. "Hello, there's another one!" said the gay young man, gayer and gayer. "Hello, button! What are you going to do? I suppose when they try to crack the safe you'll run at them and bark and drive them away!"

Molly opened her sweet, blue eyes very wide, not understanding a single word. The girl laughed, swooped back, gave Molly a kiss, and disappeared, running side by side with the young man toward the dance hall.

Betsy mounted on a soap box and began joyfully to wash the dishes.



She had never thought that ever in her life would she simply love to wash dishes beyond anything else! But it was so. Her relief was so great that she could have kissed the coarse, thick plates and glasses as she washed them.

"It's all right, Molly; it's all right!" she quavered exultantly to Molly over her shoulder. But as Molly had not (from the moment Betsy took command) suspected that it was not all right, she only nodded and asked if she might sit up on a barrel where she could watch the crowd go by.

"I guess you could. I don't know why *not*," said Betsy doubtfully. She lifted her up and went back to her dishes. Never were dishes washed better!

"Two doughnuts, please," said a man's voice behind her.

Oh, mercy, there was somebody come to buy! Whatever should she do? She came forward intending to say that the owner of the booth was away and she didn't know anything about. . . . but the man laid down a nickel, took two doughnuts, and turned away. Betsy gasped and looked at the homemade sign stuck into the big pan of doughnuts.

Sure enough, it read "2 for 5." She put the nickel upon a shelf and went back to her dishwashing. Selling things wasn't so hard, she reflected.

As her hunted feeling of desperation relaxed she began to find some fun in her new situation, and when a woman with two little boys approached, she came forward to wait on her, elated, important. "Two for five," she said in a businesslike tone. The woman put down a dime, took up four doughnuts, divided them between her sons, and departed.

"My!" said Molly, looking admiringly at Betsy's coolness over this transaction. Betsy went back to her dishes, stepping high.

"Oh, Betsy, see! The pig! The big ox!" cried Molly now, looking from her coign of vantage down the wide, grass-grown lane between the booths.

Betsy craned her head around over her shoulder, continuing conscientiously to wash and wipe the dishes. The prize stock was being paraded around the Fair; the great prize ox, his shining horns tipped with blue rosettes; the prize cows, with wreaths around their necks; the prize horses, four or five of them as glossy as satin, curving their bright, strong necks and stepping as though on eggs, their manes and tails braided with bright ribbon; and then, "Oh, Betsy, look at the pig!" screamed Molly again—the smaller animals, the sheep, the calves, the colts, and the pig, which waddled along with portly dignity.

Betsy looked as well as she could over her shoulder. . . . and in years to come she can shut her eyes and see again in every detail that rustic procession under the golden, September light.

But she looked anxiously at the clock. It was nearing five. Oh, suppose the girl forgot and danced too long!

"Two bottles of ginger ale and half a dozen doughnuts," said a man with a woman and three children.

Betsy looked feverishly among the bottles ranged on the counter, selected two marked ginger ale, and glared at their corrugated tin stoppers. How did you get them open?

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"Here's your opener," said the man, "if that's what you're looking for. Here, you get the glasses and I'll open the bottles. We're in kind of a hurry. Got to catch a train."

Well, they were not the only people who had to catch a train, Betsy thought sadly. They drank in gulps and departed, cramming doughnuts into their mouths. Betsy wished ardently that the girl would come back. She was now almost sure that she had forgotten and would dance there till nightfall. But there, there she came, running along, as light-footed after an hour's dancing as when she had left the booth.

"Here you are, kid," said the young man, producing a quarter. "We've had the time of our young lives, thanks to you."

Betsy gave him back one of the nickels that remained to her, but he refused it.

"No, keep the change," he said royally. "It was worth it."

"Then I'll buy two doughnuts with my extra nickel," said Betsy.

"No, you won't," said the girl. "You'll take all you want for nothing . . . Momma'll never miss 'em. And what you sell here has got to be fresh every day. Here, hold out your hands, both of you."

"Some people came and bought things," said Betsy, happening to remember as she and Molly turned away. "The money is up there on the shelf."

"Well, *now!*" said the girl, "if she didn't take hold and sell things! Say. . . ."—she ran after Betsy and gave her a hug—"you smart young one, I wish't I had a little sister just like you!"

Molly and Betsy hurried along out of the gate into the main street of the town and down to the station. Molly was eating doughnuts as she went. They were both quite hungry by this time, but Betsy could not think of eating till she had those tickets in her hand.

She pushed her quarter and a nickel into the ticket-seller's window and said "Hillsboro" in as confident a tone as she could; but when the precious bits of paper were pushed out at her and she actually held them, her knees shook under her and she had to go and sit down.

"My! Aren't these doughnuts good?" said Molly. "I never in my life had *enough* doughnuts before!"

Betsy drew a long breath and began rather languidly to eat one herself; she felt, all of a sudden, very, very tired.

She was tireder still when they got out of the train at Hillsboro Station and started wearily up the road toward Putney Farm. Two miles lay before them, two miles which they had often walked before, but never after such a day as now lay back of them. Molly dragged her feet as she walked and hung heavily on Betsy's hand. Betsy plodded along, her head hanging, her eyes all gritty with fatigue and sleepiness. A light buggy spun round the turn of the road behind them, the single horse trotting fast as though the driver were in a hurry, the wheels rattling smartly on the hard road. The little girls drew out to one side and stood waiting till the road should be free again. When he saw them the driver pulled the horse back so quickly it stood almost straight up. He peered at them through the twilight and then with a loud shout sprang over the side of the buggy.

It was Uncle Henry—oh, goody, it was Uncle Henry come to meet them! They wouldn't have to walk any further!

But what was the matter with Uncle Henry? He ran up to them, exclaiming, "Are ye all right! Are ye all right?" He stooped over and felt of them desperately as though he expected them to be broken somewhere. And Betsy could feel that his old hands were shaking, that he was trembling all over. When she said, "Why, yes, Uncle Henry, we're all right. We came home on the cars," Uncle Henry leaned up against the fence as though he couldn't stand up. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead and he said—it didn't seem as though it could be Uncle Henry talking, he sounded so excited—"Well, well—well, by gosh! My, well, by thunder! Now! And so here ye are! And you're all right! Well!"

He couldn't seem to stop exclaiming, and you can't imagine anything stranger than an Uncle Henry who couldn't stop exclaiming.



After they all got into the buggy he quieted down a little and said, "Thunderation! But we've had a scare! When the Wendells come back with their cousins early this afternoon, they said you were coming with the Vaughans. And then when you didn't come and *didn't* come, we telephoned to the Vaughans, and they said they hadn't seen hide nor hair of ye, and didn't even know you were to the Fair at all! I tell you, your Aunt Abigail and I had an awful turn! Ann and I hitched up quicker'n scat and she put right out with Prince up toward Woodford and I took Jessie down this way; thought maybe I'd get trace of ye somewhere here. Well, land!" He wiped his forehead again. "Wa'n't I glad to see you standin' there. . . . get along, Jess! I want to get the news to Abigail soon as I can!

"Now tell me what in thunder did happen to you!"

Betsy began at the beginning and told straight through, interrupted at first by indignant comments from Uncle Henry, who was outraged by the Wendells' loose wearing of their responsibility for the children. But as she went on he quieted down to a closely attentive silence, interrupting only to keep Jess at her top speed.

Now that it was all safely over, Betsy thought her story quite an interesting one, and she omitted no detail, although she wondered once or twice if perhaps Uncle Henry were listening to her, he kept so still. "And so I bought the tickets and we got home," she ended, adding, "Oh, Uncle Henry, you ought to have seen the prize pig! He was *too* funny!"

They turned into the Putney yard now and saw Aunt Abigail's bulky form on the porch.

"Got 'em, Abby! All right! No harm done!" shouted Uncle Henry.

Aunt Abigail turned without a word and went back into the house. When the little girls dragged their weary legs in they found her quietly setting out some supper for them on the table, but she was wiping away with her apron the joyful tears which ran down her cheeks, such white cheeks! It seemed so strange to see rosy Aunt Abigail with a face like paper.

"Well, I'm glad to see ye," she told them soberly. "Sit right down and have some hot milk. I had some all ready."

The telephone rang, she went into the next room, and they heard her saying, in an unsteady voice: "All right, Ann. They're here. Your father just brought them in. I haven't had time to hear about what happened yet. But they're all right. You'd better come home.

"That's your Cousin Ann telephoning from the Marshalls'."

She herself went and sat down heavily, and when Uncle Henry came in a few minutes later she asked him in a rather weak voice for the ammonia bottle. He rushed for it, got her a fan and a drink of cold water, and hung over her anxiously till the color began to come back

into her pale face. "I know just how you feel, Mother," he said sympathetically. "When I saw 'em standin' there by the roadside I felt as though somebody had hit me a clip right in the pit of the stomach."

The little girls ate their supper in a tired daze, not paying any attention to what the grown-ups were saying, until rapid hoofs clicked on the stones outside and Cousin Ann came in quickly, her black eyes snapping.

"Now, for mercy's sake, tell me what happened," she said, adding hotly, "and if I don't give that Maria Wendell a piece of my mind!"

Uncle Henry broke in: "I'm going to tell what happened. I *want* to do it. You and Mother just listen, just sit right down and listen." His voice was shaking with feeling, and as he went on and told of Betsy's afternoon, her fright, her confusion, her forming the plan of coming home on the train and of earning the money for the tickets, he made, for once, no Putney pretense of casual coolness. His old eyes flashed fire as he talked.

Betsy, watching him, felt her heart swell and beat fast in incredulous joy. Why, he was proud of her! She had done something to make the Putney cousins proud of her!

When Uncle Henry came to the part where she went on asking for employment after one and then another refusal, Cousin Ann reached out her long arms and quickly, almost roughly, gathered Betsy up on her lap, holding her close as she listened. Betsy had never before sat on Cousin Ann's lap.

And when Uncle Henry finished—he had not forgotten a single thing Betsy had told him—and asked, "What do you think of *that* for a little girl ten years old today?" Cousin Ann opened the flood-gates wide and burst out, "I think I never heard of a child's doing a smarter, grittier thing. . . . *and I don't care if she does hear me say so!*"

It was a great, a momentous, an historic moment!

Betsy, enthroned on those strong knees, wondered if any little girl had ever had such a beautiful birthday.



THE SNOW FORT ON SLATTER'S HILL

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE memory of man, even that of the Oldest Inhabitant, runneth not back to the time when there did not exist a feud between the North End and the South End boys of Rivermouth. This winter both parties were unusually lively and antagonistic. Great was the wrath of the South-Enders when they discovered that the North-Enders had thrown up a fort on the crown of Slatter's Hill.

From *The Story of a Bad Boy*. Used by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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Slatter's Hill, or No Man's Land as it was generally called, was a rise of ground, covering perhaps an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line, marking the boundary between the two districts. An immense mass of granite, which here and there thrust out a wrinkled boulder, prevented the site from being used for building purposes. The street ran on either side of the hill, from one part of which a quantity of rock had been removed to form the foundations of the new jail. This excavation made the approach from that point all but impossible, especially when the ragged ledges were a-glitter with ice. You see what a spot it was for a snow fort.

One evening twenty or thirty of the North-Enders quietly took possession of Slatter's Hill, and threw up a line of breastworks.

The rear of the intrenchment, being protected by the quarry, was left open. The walls were four feet high and twenty-two inches thick, strengthened at the angles by stakes driven firmly into the ground.

Imagine the rage of the South-Enders on the next day when they spied our snowy citadel, with Jack Harris's red silk pocket-handkerchief floating defiantly from the flagstaff.

In less than an hour it was known all over town that the "Puddle-Dockers" and the "River-Rats" (these were the derisive subtitles bestowed on our South-End foes) intended to attack the fort that very Saturday afternoon.

At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the Temple Grammar School, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred compact snowballs piled up in pyramids, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach—fifty strong, headed by one Mat Ames. Our forces were under the command of General J. Harris.

Before the action commenced, a meeting was arranged between the rival commanders, who drew up and signed certain rules and regulations respecting the conduct of the battle. As it was impossible for the North-Enders to occupy the fort permanently, it was agreed the South-Enders

should assault it only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and between the hours of two and six. For them to take possession of the place at any other time was not to constitute a capture, but on the contrary was to be considered a dishonorable and cowardly act.

The North-Enders, on the other hand, agreed to give up the fort whenever ten of the storming party succeeded in obtaining at one time a footing on the parapet, and were able to hold the same for the space of two minutes.

Both sides were to abstain from putting pebbles into their snowballs, nor was it permissible to use frozen ammunition. A snowball soaked in water was a projectile which in previous years had been resorted to with disastrous results.

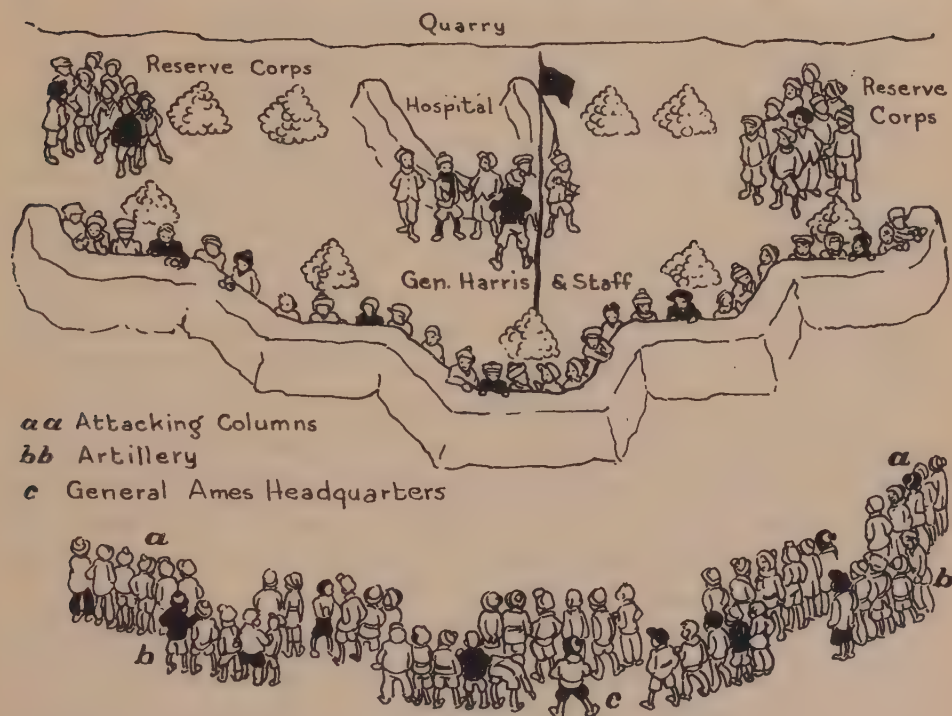
These preliminaries settled, the commanders retired to their respective corps. The interview had taken place on the hillside between the opposing lines.

General Harris divided his men into two bodies. The first comprised the most skillful marksmen, or gunners; the second, the reserve force, was composed of the strongest boys, whose duty it was to repel the scaling parties, and to make occasional sallies for the purpose of capturing prisoners, who were bound by the articles of treaty to serve faithfully under our flag until they were exchanged at the close of the day.

The repellers were called light infantry; but when they carried on operations beyond the fort they became cavalry. It was also their duty, when not otherwise engaged, to manufacture snowballs. The General's staff consisted of five Templars (I among the number, with the rank of Major), who carried the General's orders and looked after the wounded.

General Mat Ames, a veteran commander, was no less wide-awake in the disposition of his army. Five companies, each numbering but six men, in order not to present too big a target to our sharpshooters, were to charge the fort from different points, their advance being covered by a heavy fire from the gunners posted in the rear. Each scaler was

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provided with only two rounds of ammunition, which were not to be used until he had mounted the breastwork and could deliver his shots on our heads.

The thrilling moment had now arrived. The fort opened fire first—a single ball from the dexterous hand of General Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slat-ter. In an instant the air was thick with flying missiles, in the midst of which we dimly saw the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder. The shouts of the leaders, and the snowballs bursting like shells about our ears, made it very lively.

Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these climbed upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabbed by the legs and jerked into the fort. The rest retired

confused and almost blinded by our well-directed fire.

When General Harris (with his right eye bunged up) said, "Soldiers, I am proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

The victory, however, had not been without its price. Six North-Enders, having rushed out to harass the discomfited enemy, were gallantly cut off by General Ames and captured. Among these latter were Lieutenant Whitcomb (who had no business to join the charge, being weak in the knees), and Captain Fred Langdon, of General Harris's staff. Pepper Whitcomb was one of the best shots on our side, though he was not much to boast of in a rough-and-tumble fight, owing to the weakness before mentioned. General Ames put him among the gunners, and we were quickly made aware of the loss we had sustained, by receiving a frequent artful ball which seemed to light with unerring instinct on any nose that was the least bit exposed. I have known one of Pepper's snowballs, fired point-blank, to turn a corner and hit a boy who considered himself absolutely safe.

But we had no time for vain regrets. The battle raged. Already there were two bad cases of black eye and one of nosebleed in the hospital.

It was glorious excitement, those pell-mell onslaughts and hand-to-hand struggles. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our stronghold, when General Harris and his staff leaped recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down the hill.

At sunset, the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and the South-Enders, in a solid phalanx, marched off whistling "Yankee Doodle," while we cheered and jeered them until they were out of hearing.

General Ames remained behind to effect an exchange of prisoners. We held thirteen of his men, and he eleven of ours. General Ames proposed to call it an even thing, since many of his eleven prisoners were officers, while nearly all our thirteen captives were privates. A dispute arising on this point, the two noble generals came to fisticuffs, and in the fracas our brave commander got his remaining well eye badly damaged.

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This didn't prevent him from writing a general order the next day, on a slate, in which he complimented the troops on their heroic behavior.

On the following Wednesday the siege was renewed. I forget whether it was on that afternoon or the next that we lost Fort Slatter; but lose it we did, with much valuable ammunition and several men. After a series of desperate assaults, we forced General Ames to surrender; and he, in turn, made the place too hot to hold us. So from day to day the tide of battle surged to and fro, sometimes favoring our arms and sometimes those of the enemy.

General Ames handled his men with great skill; his deadliest foe could not deny that. Once he out-generaled our commander in the following manner: He massed his gunners on our left and opened a brisk fire, under cover of which a single company (six men) advanced on that angle of the fort. Our reserves on the right hand rushed over to defend the threatened point. Meanwhile, four companies of the enemy's scalers made a detour round the foot of the hill, and dashed into Fort Slatter without opposition. At the same moment General Ames's gunners closed in on our left, and there we were between two fires. Of course we had to vacate the fort. A cloud rested on General Harris's military reputation until his superior tactics enabled him to dispossess the enemy.

As the winter wore on, the war spirit waxed fiercer and fiercer. At length the provision against using heavy substances in the snowballs was disregarded. A ball stuck full of sand bird-shot came tearing into Fort Slatter. In retaliation, General Harris ordered a broadside of shells; i.e., snowballs containing marbles. After this, both sides never failed to freeze their ammunition.

It was no longer child's play to march up to the walls of Fort Slatter, nor was the position of the besieged less perilous. At every assault three or four boys on each side were disabled. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the combatants to hold up a flag of truce while they removed some insensible comrade.

Matters grew worse and worse. Seven North-Enders had been

seriously wounded, and a dozen South-Enders were reported on the sick list. The selectmen of the town awoke to the fact of what was going on, and detailed a *posse* of police to prevent further disturbance. The boys at the foot of the hill, South-Enders as it happened, finding themselves assailed in the rear and on the flank, turned round and attempted to beat off the watchmen. In this they were sustained by numerous volunteers from the fort, who looked upon the interference as tyrannical.

The watchmen were determined fellows, and charged the boys valiantly, driving them all into the fort, where we made common cause, fighting side by side like the best of friends. In vain the four guardians of the peace rushed up the hill, flourishing their clubs and calling upon us to surrender. They could not get within ten yards of the fort, our fire was so destructive. In one of the onsets, a man named Mugridge, more valorous than his peers, threw himself upon the parapet, when he was seized by twenty pairs of hands and dragged inside the breastwork, where fifteen boys sat down on him to keep him quiet.

Perceiving that it was impossible with their small number to dislodge us, the men sent for reinforcements. Their call was responded to, not only by the whole constabulary force (eight men), but by a numerous body of citizens, who had become alarmed at the prospect of a riot.

This formidable array brought us to our senses. We began to think that maybe discretion was the better part of valor. General Harris and General Ames, with their respective staffs, held a council of war in the hospital, and a backward movement was decided on. So, after one grand farewell volley, we fled, sliding, jumping, rolling, tumbling down the quarry at the rear of the fort, and escaped without losing a man.

But we lost Fort Slatter forever. Those battle-scarred ramparts were razed to the ground, and humiliating ashes sprinkled over the historic spot, near which a solitary lynx-eyed policeman was often seen.

The event passed into a legend, and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say, "By golly! you ought to have been at the fights on Slatter's Hill!"



A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
 Touch of manner, hint of mood;
 And my heart is like a rhyme,
 With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
 Of bugles going by.
 And my lonely spirit thrills
 To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
 We must rise and follow her,
 When from every hill of flame
 She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

BLISS CARMAN

From *More Songs from Vagabondia*. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York.



CAUGHT IN MOUNTAIN SNOWS

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

The situation was serious. Here was I, Tom Fox, caught by storm in the mountains and unable to get back to my uncle at Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone. Yet even more dangerous than trying to get through the snows that had trapped us was to make escape to the other side of the mountains, for there the hostile Kootenays lay in wait for us. There was nothing to do but find means of existing through that winter of 1856 up there in the snows.

Luckily my companion was a Blackfoot Indian boy of my own age, Pitamakan, a relative of my uncle's Indian wife, and as good a friend and fine a woodsman as one could desire. We were in light hunting costume and had no provisions with us. Pitamakan found a cave for temporary shelter, but we knew it was the home of bears and that we would have to find another abode. Also, we must make bows and arrows, that we might obtain food and the furry skins of animals that would protect us from the cold. Most of all we needed fire, and at last Pitamakan, after many failures, managed to get us fire by turning a drill rapidly in dry wood.

THE sun was setting. In the gathering dusk we collected a huge pile of dead wood, every piece in the vicinity that we had strength to lift and carry, some of them fallen saplings twenty and thirty feet long. I was for putting a pile of them on the fire and having a big blaze. I did throw on three or four large chunks, but Pitamakan promptly lifted them off.

"That is the way of white people!" he said. "They waste wood and stand, half freezing, away back from the big blaze. Now we will have this in the way we Lone People do it, and so will we get dry and warm."

While I broke off boughs of feathery balsam fir and brought in huge armfuls of them, he set up the frame of a small shelter close to the fire. First, he placed a triangle of heavy sticks, so that the stubs of branches at their tops interlocked, and then he laid up numerous sticks side by side, and all slanting together at the top, so as to fill two sides of the

From *With the Indians in the Rockies*, by James Willard Schultz. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



triangle. These we shingled with the fir boughs, layer after layer, to a thickness of several feet. With the boughs, also, we made a soft bed within.

We now had a fairly comfortable shelter. In shape it was roughly like the half of a hollow cone, and the open part faced the fire. Creeping into it, we sat on the bed, close to the little blaze. Some cold air filtered through the bough thatching and chilled our backs. Pitamakan pulled off his capote and told me to do the same. Spreading them out, he fastened them to the sticks of the slanting roof and shut off the draft. The heat radiating from the fire struck them, and reflecting, warmed our backs. The ice dropped from our clothes and they began to steam; we were actually comfortable.

But now that the anxieties and excitement of the day were over, and

I had time to think about other things than fire, back came my hunger with greater insistence than ever. I could not believe it possible for us to go without eating as long as Pitamakan said his people were able to fast. Worse still, I saw no possible way for us to get food. When I said as much to Pitamakan, he laughed.

"Take courage; don't be an afraid person," he said. "Say to yourself, 'I am not hungry,' and keep saying it, and soon it will be the truth to you. But we will not fast very long. Why, if it were necessary, I would get meat for us this very night."

I stared at him. The expression of his eyes was sane enough. I fancied that there was even a twinkle of amusement in them. If he was making a joke, although a sorry one, I could stand it; but if he really meant what he said, then there could be no doubt but that his mind wandered.

"Lie down and sleep," I said. "You have worked harder than I, and sleep will do you good. I will keep the fire going."

At that he laughed, a clear, low laugh of amusement that was good to hear. "Oh, I meant what I said. I am not crazy. Now think hard. Is there any possible way for us to get food this night?"

"Of course there isn't" I replied, after a moment's reflection. "Don't joke about the bad fix we are in; that may make it all the worse for us."

He looked at me pityingly. "Ah, you are no different from the rest of the whites. True, they are far wiser than we Lone People. But take away from them the things their powerful medicine has taught them how to make, guns and powder and ball, fire steels and sticks, knives and clothes and blankets of hair, take from them these things and they perish. Yes, they die where we should live, and live comfortably."

I felt that there was much truth in what he said. I doubted if any of the company's men, even the most experienced of them, would have been able to make a fire had they been stripped of everything they possessed. But his other statement, that if necessary he could get food for us at once.

"Where could you find something for us to eat now?" I asked.

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"Out there anywhere," he replied, with a wave of the hand. "Haven't you noticed the trails of the rabbits, hard-packed little paths in the snow, where they travel round through the brush? Yes, of course you have. Well, after the middle of the night, when the moon rises and gives some light, I could go out there and set some snares in those paths, using our moccasin strings for loops, and in a short time we could have a rabbit; maybe two or three of them."

How easy a thing seems, once you know how to do it! I realized instantly that the plan was perfectly feasible, and wondered at my own dullness in not having thought of it. I had been sitting up stiffly enough before the fire, anxiety over our situation keeping my nerves all aquiver. Now a pleasant sense of security came to me. I felt only tired and sleepy, and dropped back on the boughs.

"Pitamakan, you are very wise," I said, and in a moment was sound asleep. If he answered I never heard him.

Every time the fire died down the cold awoke one or both of us to put on fresh fuel; and then we slept again, and under the circumstances, passed a very restful night.

Soon after daylight snow began to fall again, not so heavily as in the previous storm, but with a steadiness that promised a long period of bad weather. We did not mind going out into it, now that we could come back to a fire at any time and dry ourselves.

Before setting forth, however, we spent some time in making two rude willow arrows. We mashed off the proper lengths with our "anvil" and cutting-stone, smoothed the ends by burning them, and then scraped the shafts and notched them with our obsidian knives. I proposed that we sharpen the points, but Pitamakan said no; that the blunt ones were better for bird shooting, because they smashed the wing bones. Pitamakan had worked somewhat on the bow during the evening, scraping it thinner and drying it before the fire, so that now it had more spring; enough to get us meat, he thought. The great difficulty would be to shoot the unfeathered, clumsy arrows true to the mark.



Burying some coals deep in the ashes to make sure that they would be alive upon our return, we started out. Close to camp, Pitamakan set two rabbit snares, using a part of our moccasin strings for the purpose. His manner of doing this was simple. He bent a small, springy sapling over the rabbit path, and stuck the tip of it under a low branch of another tree. Next he tied the buckskin string to the sapling, so that the noose end of it hung crosswise in the rabbit path, a couple of inches above the surface of it. Then he stuck several feathery balsam tips on each side of the path, to hide the sides of the noose and prevent its being blown out of place by the wind. When a passing rabbit felt the loop tighten on its neck, its struggles would release the tip of the spring-pole from under the bough, and it would be jerked up in the air.

From camp, we went down the valley, looking for grouse in all the thickest clumps of young pines. Several rabbits jumped up ahead of us, snow-white, big-footed, and black-eyed. Pitamakan let fly an arrow at one of them, but it fell short of the mark.

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There were game trails everywhere. The falling snow was fast filling them, so that we could not distinguish new tracks from old; but after traveling a half-mile or so, we began to see the animals themselves, elk and deer, singly, and in little bands. As we approached a tangle of red willows, a bull, a cow, and a calf moose rose from the beds they had made in them. The cow and calf trotted away, but the bull, his hair all bristling forward, walked a few steps toward us, shaking his big, broad-horned head. The old trappers' tales of their ferocity at this time of year came to my mind, and I began to look for a tree to climb; there was none near by. All had such a large circumference that I could not reach halfway round them.

"Let's run!" I whispered.

"Stand still!" Pitamakan answered. "If you run, he will come after us."

The bull was not more than fifty yards from us. In the dim light of the forest his eyes, wicked little pig-like eyes, glowed with a greenish fire. The very shape of him was terrifying, more like a creature of bad dreams than an actual inhabitant of the earth. His long head had a thick, drooping upper lip; a tassel of black hair swung from his lower jaw; at the withers he stood all of six feet high, and sloped back to insignificant hind quarters; his long hair was rusty gray, shading into black. All this I took in at a glance. The bull again shook his head at us and advanced another step or two. "If he starts again, run for a tree," Pitamakan said.

That was a trying moment. We were certainly much afraid of him, and so would the best of the company men have been had they stood there weaponless in knee-deep snow. Once more he tossed his enormous horns; but just as he started to advance, a stick snapped in the direction in which the cow and calf had gone. At that he half turned and looked back, then trotted away in their trail. The instant he disappeared we started the other way, and never stopped until we came to our shelter.

It was well for us that we did return just then. The falling snow was

wetting the ash-heap, and the water would soon have soaked through to the buried coals. We dug them up and started another fire, and sat before it for some time before venturing out again. This experience taught us, when leaving camp thereafter, to cover the coal-heap with a roof of wood or bark.

"Well, come on! Let's go up the valley this time, and see what will happen to us there," said Pitamakan, when we had rested.

Not three hundred yards above camp we came to a fresh bear trail, so fresh that only a very thin coating of snow had fallen since the passing of the animal. It led us to the river, when we saw that it continued on the other side up to the timber, straight toward the cave that had sheltered us. The tracks, plainly outlined in the sand at the edge of the water, were those of a black bear. "That is he, the one that gathered the leaves and stuff we slept in, and he's going there now!" Pitamakan exclaimed.

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I was about to propose that we go after it at once, when, with a whirl of wings that startled us, a large covey of blue grouse burst from a thicket close by, and alighted here and there in the pines and firs. We moved on a few steps, and stopped within short bow-shot of one. It did not seem to be alarmed at our approach, and Pitamakan took his time to fit one of the clumsy arrows and fire it.

Zip! The shaft passed a foot from its body, struck a limb above and dropped down into the snow. But the grouse never moved. Anxiously I watched the fitting and aiming of the other arrow.

Zip! I could not help letting out a loud yell when it hit fair and the bird came fluttering and tumbling down. I ran forward and fell on it the instant it struck the snow, and grasped its body with tense hands.

"Meat! See! We have meat!" I cried, holding up the fine cock.

"Be still! You have already scared all the other birds out of this tree!" said Pitamakan.

It was true. There had been three more in that fir, and now, because

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of my shouts, they were gone. Pitamakan looked at me reproachfully as he started to pick up the fallen arrows. Right there I learned a lesson in self-restraint that I never forgot.

We knew that there were more grouse in near-by trees, but they sat so still and were so much the color of their surroundings that we were some time in discovering any of them. They generally chose a big limb to light on, close to the bole of the tree. Finally our hungry eyes spied three in the next tree, and Pitamakan began shooting at the lower one, while I recovered the arrows for him.

Luck was against us. It was nothing but miss, miss, miss, and as one by one the arrows grazed the birds, they hurtled away through the forest and out of sight. We were more fortunate a little further on, for we got two birds from a small fir. Then we hurried to camp with our prizes.

I was for roasting the three of them at once, and eating a big feast; but Pitamakan declared that he would not have any such doings. "We'll eat one now," he said, "one in the evening, and the other in the morning."

We were so hungry that we could not wait to cook the first bird thoroughly. Dividing it, we half roasted the portions over the coals, and ate the partly raw flesh. Although far from enough, that was the best meal I ever had. And it was not so small, either; the blue grouse is a large and heavy bird, next to the sage-hen the largest of our grouse. After eating, we went out and "rustled" a good pile of fuel. As night came on, we sat down before the blaze in a cheerful mood, and straightway began to make plans for the future, which now seemed less dark than at the beginning of the day.

"With a better bow and better arrows, it is certain that we can kill enough grouse to keep us alive," I said.

"Not unless we have snowshoes to travel on," Pitamakan objected. "In a few days the snow will be too deep to wade in it."

"We can make them of wood," I suggested, remembering an old tale.

"But we couldn't travel about barefooted. Our moccasins will last only a day or two longer. One of mine, you see, is already ripping along the sole. Brother, if we are ever to see green grass and our people again, these things must we have besides food—thread and needles, skins for moccasins, clothing and bedding, and a warm lodge. The weather is going to be terribly cold before long."

At that my heart went away down. I had thought only of food, forgetting that other things were just as necessary. The list of them staggered me—thread and needles, moccasins, and all the rest! "Well, then, we must die," I exclaimed, "for we can never get all those things!"

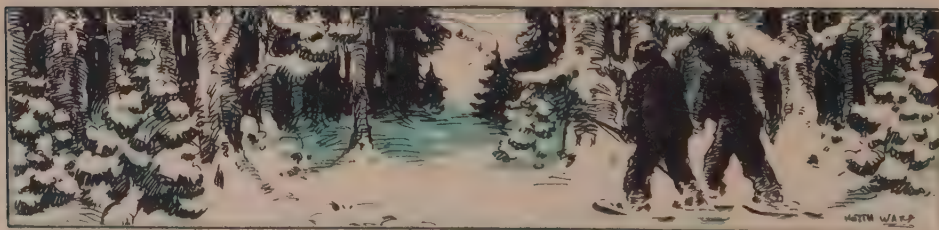
"We can and we will," said Pitamakan, cheerfully, "and the beginning of it all will be a better bow and some real arrows, arrows with ice-rock or flint points. We will try to make some tomorrow. Hah! Listen!"

I barely heard the plaintive squall, but he recognized it. "Come on, it's a rabbit in one of the snares!" he cried, and out we ran into the brush.

He was right. A rabbit, still kicking, was hanging in the farther snare. Resetting the trap, we ran, happy and laughing, back to the fire with the prize.

After all, we ate two grouse, instead of one, that evening, burying them under the fire, and this time letting them roast long enough so that the meat parted easily from the bones.

Little by little we managed to make a shelter secure from the winter cold, and arrows that got us larger game, from which came food, furs, thongs for sewing, and strings for our bows. In the spring we managed to find our way back to the lands of the Blackfeet and our families, who had given us up as lost forever.





A HANDFUL OF CLAY

HENRY VAN DYKE

THERE was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed with fair, clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging in soft clouds above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become. You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from

From *The Blue Flower*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season."

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid nor discouraged for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and molded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it—fierce and penetrating—hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a great king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The

tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something—it knew not what—but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it, and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it—a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered, "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal sceptre of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.



TABBY'S TABLECLOTH

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

ON THE 20th day of March, 1775, a little girl was trudging along a country road with a basket of eggs on her arm. She seemed in a great hurry, and looked anxiously about her as she went; for those were stirring times, and Tabitha Tarbell lived in a town that took a famous part in the Revolution. She was a rosy-faced, bright-eyed lass of fourteen, full of vigor, courage, and patriotism, and just then much excited by the frequent rumors which reached Concord that the British were coming to destroy the stores sent there for safe-keeping while the enemy occupied Boston. Tabby glowed with wrath at the idea, and (metaphorically speaking) shook her fist at august King George, being a stanch little Rebel, ready to fight and die for her country rather than submit to tyranny of any kind.

In nearly every house something valuable was hidden. Colonel Barrett had six barrels of powder; Ebenezer Hubbard, sixty-eight barrels of flour; axes, tents, and spades were at Daniel Cray's; and Captain David Brown had guns, cartridges, and musket balls. Cannon were hidden in the woods; firearms were being manufactured at Barrett's Mills; cartouche-boxes, belts, and holsters, at Reuben Brown's; saltpetre at Josiah Melvin's; and much oatmeal was prepared at Captain Timothy Wheeler's. A morning gun was fired, a guard of ten men patrolled the town at night, and the brave farmers were making ready for what they felt must come.

From *Spinning-Wheel Stories*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

There were Tories in the town who gave the enemy all the information they could gather; therefore much caution was necessary in making plans, lest these enemies should betray them. Passwords were adopted, secret signals used, and messages sent from house to house in all sorts of queer ways. Such a message lay hidden under the eggs in Tabby's basket, and the brave little girl was going on an important errand from her uncle, Captain David Brown, to Deacon Cyrus Hosmer, who lived at the other end of the town, by the South Bridge. She had been employed several times before in the same way, and had proved herself quick-witted, stout-hearted, and light-footed. Now, as she trotted along in her scarlet cloak and hood, she was wishing she could still further distinguish herself by some great act of heroism; for good Parson Emerson had patted her on the head and said, "Well done, child!" when he heard how she ran all the way to Captain Barrett's, in the night, to warn him that Doctor Lee, the Tory, had been detected sending information of certain secret plans to the enemy.

"I would do more than that, though it was a fearsome run through the dark woods. Wouldn't those two like to know all I know about the stores? But I wouldn't tell 'em, not if they drove a bayonet through me. I'm not afeard of 'em"; and Tabby tossed her head defiantly, as she paused to shift her basket from one arm to the other.

But she evidently was "afeard" of something, for her ruddy cheeks turned pale and her heart gave a thump as two men came in sight and stopped suddenly on seeing her. They were strangers; and though nothing in their dress indicated it, the girl's quick eye saw that they were soldiers; step and carriage betrayed it, and the rapidity with which these martial gentlemen changed into quiet travellers roused her suspicions at once. They exchanged a few whispered words; then they came on, swinging their stout sticks, one whistling, the other keeping a keen lookout along the lonely road before and behind them.

"My pretty lass, can you tell me where Mr. Daniel Bliss lives?" asked the younger, with a smile and a salute.

Tabby was sure now that they were British for the voice was deep and full, the face a ruddy English face, and the man they wanted was a well-known Tory. But she showed no sign of alarm beyond the modest color in her cheeks, and answered civilly, "Yes, sir, over yonder a piece."

"Thanks and a kiss for that," said the young man, stooping to bestow his gift. But he got a smart box on the ear, and Tabby ran off in a fury of indignation.

With a laugh they went on, never dreaming that the little Rebel was going to turn spy herself, and get the better of them. She hurried away to Deacon Hosmer's and did her errand, adding thereto the news that strangers were in town. "We must know more of them," said the Deacon. "Clap a different suit on her, wife, and send her with the eggs to Mrs. Bliss. We have all we want of them, and Tabby can look well about her while she rests and gossips over there. Bliss must be looked after smartly, for he is a knave and will do us harm."

Away went Tabby in a blue cloak and hood, much pleased with her mission; and, coming to the Tory's house about noon, smelled afar off a savory odor of roasting meat and baking pies.

Stepping softly to the back door, she peeped through a small window and saw Mrs. Bliss and her handmaid cooking away in the big kitchen, too busy to heed the little spy, who slipped around to the front of the house to take a general survey before she went in. All she saw confirmed her suspicions; for in the keeping room a table was set forth in great style, with the silver tankards, best china, and the fine damask tablecloth, which the housewife kept for holidays. Still another peep through the lilac bushes before the parlor windows showed her the two strangers closeted with Mr. Bliss, all talking earnestly, but in too low a tone for a word to reach even her sharp ears.

"I *will* know what they are at. I'm sure it is mischief, and I won't go back with only my walk for my pains," thought Tabby; and marching into the kitchen, she presented her eggs with a civil message.

"They are mighty welcome, child. I've used a sight for my custards; and need more for the flip. We've company to dinner unexpected, and I'm much put about," said Mrs. Bliss, who seemed to be concerned about something besides the dinner, and in her flurry forgot to be surprised at the unusual gift; for the neighbors shunned them, and the poor woman had many anxieties on her husband's account, the family being divided—one brother a Tory, and one a Rebel.

"Can I help, ma'am? I'm a master hand at beating eggs, Aunt Hitty says. I'm tired and wouldn't mind sitting a bit if I'm not in the way," said Tabby, bound to discover something more before she left.

"But you be in the way. We don't want any help, so you'd better be steppin' along home, else suthin' besides eggs may git whipped. Talebearers ain't welcome here," said old Puah, the maid, a sour spinster, who sympathized with her master, and openly declared she hoped the British would put down the Yankee Rebels soon and sharply.

Mrs. Bliss was in the pantry, and heard nothing of this little passage of arms; for Tabby hotly resented the epithet of "talebearer," though she knew that the men in the parlor were not the only spies on the premises.

"When you are all drummed out of town and this house burnt to the ground, you may be glad of my help, and I wish you may get it. Good-day, old crab apple," answered saucy Tabby; and catching up her basket, she marched out of the kitchen with her nose in the air.

But as she passed the front of the house, she could not resist another look at the fine dinner table; for in those days few had time or heart for feasting, and the best napery and china seldom appeared. One window stood open, and as the girl leaned in, something moved under the long cloth that swept the floor. It was not the wind, for the March day was still and sunny, and in a minute out popped a gray cat's head, and puss came purring to meet the newcomer whose step had roused her from a nap.

"Where one tabby hides, another can. Can I dare to do it? What

would become of me if found out? How wonderful it would be if I could hear what these men are plotting. I will!"

A sound in the next room decided her; and, thrusting the basket among the bushes, she leaped lightly in and vanished under the table, leaving puss calmly washing her face on the window sill.

As soon as it was done Tabby's heart began to flutter; but it was too late to retreat, for at that moment in bustled Mrs. Bliss, and the poor girl could only make herself as small as possible, quite hidden under the long folds that fell on all sides from the wide, old-fashioned table. She discovered nothing from the women's chat, for it ran on sage-cheese, egg-nog, roast pork, and lamentations over a burnt pie. By the time dinner was served and the guests called in to eat it, Tabby was calm enough to have all her wits about her, and pride gave her courage to be ready for the consequences, whatever they might be.

For a time the hungry gentlemen were too busy eating to talk much; but when Mrs. Bliss went out, and the flip came in, they were ready for business. The window was shut, whereat Tabby exulted that she was inside; the talkers drew closer together, and spoke so low that she could only catch a sentence now and then, which caused her to pull her hair with vexation; and they swore a good deal, to the great horror of the pious little maiden curled up at their feet. But she heard enough to prove that she was right; for these men were Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernicre, of the British army, come to learn where the supplies were stored and how well the town was defended. She heard Mr. Bliss tell them that some of the "Rebels," as he called his neighbors, had sent him word that he should not leave the town alive, and he was in much fear for his life and property. She heard the Englishmen tell him that if he came with them they would protect him; for they were armed, and three of them together could surely get safely off, as no one knew the strangers had arrived but the slip of a girl who showed them the way. Here "the slip of a girl" nodded her head savagely, and hoped the speaker's ear still tingled with the buffet she gave it.



Mr. Bliss gladly consented to this plan, and told them he would show them the road to Lexington, which was a shorter way to Boston than through Weston and Sudbury, the road they came.

"These people won't fight, will they?" asked Ensign De Bernicre.

"There goes a man who will fight you to the death," answered Mr. Bliss, pointing to his brother Tom, busy in a distant field.

The Ensign swore again, and gave a stamp that brought his heavy heel down on poor Tabby's hand, as she leaned forward to catch every word. The cruel blow nearly forced a cry from her, but she bit her lips and never stirred, though faint with pain. When she could listen again, Mr. Bliss was telling all he knew about the hiding places of the powder, grain, and cannon the enemy wished to capture and destroy. He could not tell much, for the secrets had been well kept; but if he had known that our young Rebel was taking note of his words under his own table he might have been less ready to betray his neighbors. No one suspected a listener, however, and all Tabby could do was to scowl at three pairs of muddy boots, and wish that she were a man in order that she might fight the wearers of them.

She very nearly had a chance to fight or fly; for just as they were preparing to leave the table, a sudden sneeze nearly undid her. She thought she was lost, and hid her face, expecting to be dragged out—to instant death, perhaps—by the wrathful men of war.

“What’s that?” exclaimed the Ensign, as a sudden pause followed that fatal sound.

“It came from under the table,” added Captain Brown, and a hand lifted a corner of the cloth.

A shiver went through Tabby, and she held her breath, with her eye upon that big, brown hand; but the next moment she could have laughed with joy, for pussy saved her. The cat had come to doze on her warm skirts, and when the cloth was raised, fancying she was to be fed by her master, puss rose and walked out purring loudly, tail erect, with its white tip waving like a flag of truce.

“’Tis but the old cat, gentlemen. A good beast, and, fortunately for us, unable to report our conference,” said Mr. Bliss, with an air of relief, for he had started guiltily at the bare idea of an eavesdropper.

“She sneezed as if she were as great a snufftaker as an old woman of whom we asked our way above here,” laughed the Ensign, as they rose.

“And there she is now, coming along as if our grenadiers were after her!” exclaimed the Captain, as the sound of steps and a wailing voice came nearer and nearer.

Tabby took a long breath, and vowed that she would beg or buy the dear old cat that had saved her from destruction. Then she forgot her own danger in listening to the poor woman, who came in crying that her neighbors said she must leave town at once, or they would tar and feather her for showing spies the road to a Tory’s house.

“Well for me I came and heard their plots, or I might be sent off in like case,” thought the girl, feeling that the more perils she encountered, the greater heroine she would be.

Mr. Bliss comforted the old soul, bidding her stay there till the neighbors forgot her, and the officers gave her some money to pay for the

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costly service she had done them. Then they left the room and after some delay the three men set off; but Tabby was compelled to stay in her hiding place till the table was cleared, and the women deep in gossip as they washed dishes in the kitchen. Then the little spy crept out softly, and raising the window with great care, ran away as fast as her stiff limbs would carry her.

By the time she reached the Deacon's, however, and told her tale, the Tories were well on their way, Mr. Bliss having provided them with horses that his own flight might be the speedier.

So they escaped; but the warning was given, and Tabby received great praise for her hour under the table. The townspeople hastened their preparations, and had time to remove the most valuable stores to neighboring towns; to mount their cannon and drill their minutemen; for these resolute farmers meant to resist oppression, and the world knows how well they did it when the hour came.

Such an early spring had not been known for years; and by the 19th of April fruit trees were in bloom, winter grain was up, and the stately elms that fringed the river and overarched the village streets were budding fast. It seemed a pity that such a lovely world should be disturbed by strife; but liberty was dearer than prosperity or peace, and the people leaped from their beds when young Dr. Prescott came, riding for his life, with the message Paul Revere brought from Boston in the night: "Arm! arm! the British are coming!"

Like an electric spark the news ran from house to house, and men made ready to fight, while the brave women bade them go, and did their best to guard the treasure confided to their keeping. A little later, word came that the British were at Lexington and blood had been shed. Then the farmers shouldered their guns, with few words but stern faces, and by sunrise a hundred men stood ready, with good Parson Emerson at their head. More men were coming in from the neighboring towns, and all felt that the hour had arrived when patience ceased to be a virtue and rebellion was just.

Great was the excitement everywhere; but at Captain David Brown's one little heart beat high with hope and fear, as Tabby stood at the door, looking across the river to the town, where drums were beating, bells ringing, and people hurrying to and fro.

"I can't fight, but I *must* see," she said; and catching up her cloak, she ran over the North Bridge, promising her aunt to return and bring her word as soon as the enemy appeared.

"What news? Are they coming?" called the people from the Manse and the few houses that then stood along that road. But Tabby could only shake her head and run the faster in her eagerness to see what was happening on that memorable day. When she reached the middle of the town she found that the little company had gone along the Lexington road to meet the enemy. Nothing daunted, she hurried in that direction and, climbing a high bank, waited to catch a glimpse of the British grenadiers, of whom she had heard so much.

About seven o'clock they came, the sun glittering on the arms of eight hundred English soldiers marching toward the hundred stout-hearted farmers, who waited till they were within a few rods of them.

"Let us stand our ground; and if we die, let us die here," said brave Parson Emerson, ready for anything but surrender.

"Nay," said a cautious Lincoln man, "it will not do for us to *begin* the war."

So they reluctantly fell back to the town, the British following slowly, being weary with their seven-mile march over the hills from Lexington. Coming to a little brown house perched on the hillside, one of the thirsty officers spied a well with the bucket swinging at the end of the long pole. Running up the bank, he was about to drink, when a girl who was crouching behind the well sprang up, and with an energetic gesture flung the water in his face, crying:

"That's the way we serve spies!"

Before Ensign De Bernicre—for it was he, acting as guide to the enemy—could clear his eyes and dry his drenched face, Tabby was gone



over the hill with a laugh and a defiant gesture toward the red-coats below.

In high feather at this exploit, she darted about the town, watching the British at their work of destruction. They cut down and burnt the liberty pole, broke open sixty barrels of flour, flung five hundred pounds of balls into the mill pond and wells, and set the courthouse on fire. Other parties were ordered to different quarters of the town to ransack houses and destroy all the stores they found. Captain Parsons was sent to take possession of the North Bridge, and De Bernicre led the way, for he had taken notes on his former visit and was a good guide. As they marched, a little scarlet figure went flying on before them and vanished at the turn of the road. It was Tabby hastening home to warn her aunt.

"Quick child, whip on this gown and cap and hurry into bed. These prying fellows will surely have pity on a sick girl and respect this room if no other," said Mrs. Brown, briskly helping Tabby into a night gown

and round cap, and tucking her well up when she was laid down, for between the plump feather beds were hidden many muskets, the most precious of their stores. This had been planned beforehand, and Tabby was glad to rest and tell her tale while Aunt Brown put physic bottles and glasses on the table, set some evil-smelling herbs to simmer on the hearth, and, compromising with her conscience, concocted a nice little story to tell the invaders.

Presently they came, and it was well for Tabby that the ensign remained below to guard the doors while the men ransacked the house from garret to cellar; for he might have recognized the saucy girl who had twice maltreated him.

"These are feathers; lift the covers carefully or you'll be half smothered, they fly about so," said Mrs. Brown, as the men came to some casks of cartridges and flints, which she had artfully ripped up several pillows to conceal.

Quite deceived, the men gladly passed on, leaving the very things they most wanted to destroy. Coming to the bedroom, where more treasures of the same valuable sort were hidden in various nooks and corners, the dame held up her finger, saying, with an anxious glance toward Tabby:

"Step softly, please. You wouldn't harm a poor, sick girl. The doctor thinks it is smallpox, and a fright might kill her. I keep the chamber as fresh as I can with yarbs, so I guess there isn't much danger of catching it."

The men reluctantly looked in, saw a flushed face on the pillow (for Tabby was red with running, and her black eyes wild with excitement), took a sniff at the wormwood and motherwort, and with a hasty glance into a closet or two where sundry clothes concealed hidden doors, hastily retired to report the danger and get away as soon as possible.

They would have been much disgusted at the trick played upon them if they had seen the sick girl fly out of bed and dance a jig of joy as they tramped away to Barrett's Mills. But soon Tabby had no heart for

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merriment, as she watched the minutemen gather by the bridge, saw the British march down on the other side, and when their first volley killed brave Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, of Acton, she heard Major Buttrick give the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake, fire!"

For a little while shots rang, smoke rose, shouts were heard, and red and blue coats mingled in the struggle on the bridge. Then the British fell back, leaving two dead soldiers behind them. These were buried where they fell; and the bodies of the Acton men were sent home to their poor wives, Concord's first martyrs for liberty.

No need to tell more of the story of that day; all children know it, and many have made a pilgrimage to see the old monument set up where the English fell, and the bronze Minuteman, standing on his granite pedestal to mark the spot where the brave Concord farmers fired the shot that made the old North Bridge immortal.

We must follow Tabby, and tell how she got her tablecloth. When the fight was over, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners exchanged, the Tories were punished. Dr. Lee was confined to his own farm, on penalty of being shot if he left it, and the property of Daniel Bliss was confiscated by government. Some things were sold at auction, and Captain Brown bought the fine cloth and gave it to Tabby, saying heartily:

"There, my girl, that belongs to you, and you may well be proud of it; for, thanks to your quick wits and eyes and ears, we were not taken unawares, but sent the redcoats back faster than they came."

And Tabby *was* proud of it, keeping it carefully, displaying it with immense satisfaction whenever she told the story, and spinning busily to make a set of napkins to go with it. It covered the table when her wedding supper was spread, was used at the christening of her first boy, and for many a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner through the happy years of her married life.

Then it was preserved by her daughters as a relic of their mother's youth, and long after the old woman was gone, the well-worn cloth



still appeared on great occasions, till it grew too thin for anything but careful keeping, to illustrate the story so proudly told by the grandchildren, who found it hard to believe that the feeble old lady of ninety could be the lively lass who played her little part in the Revolution.

In 1861, Tabby's tablecloth saw another war and made an honorable end. When men were called for, Concord responded "Here!" and sent a goodly number, led by another brave Colonel Prescott. Barretts, Hosmers, Melvins, Browns, and Wheelers stood shoulder to shoulder, as their grandfathers stood that day to meet the British by the bridge. Mothers said, "Go my son," as bravely as before, and sisters and sweethearts smiled with wet eyes as the boys in blue marched away again, cheered on by another noble Emerson. More than one of Tabby's descendants went, some to fight, some to nurse: and for four long years the old town worked and waited, hoped and prayed, burying the dear

dead boys sent home, nursing those who brought back honorable wounds, and sending more to man the breaches made by the awful battles that filled both North and South with a wilderness of graves.

The women knit and sewed Sundays as well as week days to supply the call for clothes; the men emptied their pockets freely, glad to give; and the minister, after preaching like a Christian soldier, took off his coat and packed boxes of comforts like a tender father.

"More lint and bandages called for, and I do believe we've torn and picked up every old rag in the town," said one busy lady to another, as several sat together making comfort-bags in the third year of the long struggle.

"I have cleared my garret of nearly everything in it and only wish I had more to give," answered one of the patriotic Barrett mothers.

"We can't buy anything so soft and good as worn-out sheets and tablecloths. New ones won't do, or I'd cut up every one of mine," said a newly married Wheeler, sewing for dear life, as she remembered the many cousins gone to the war.

"I think I shall have to give our Revolutionary tablecloth. It's old enough, and soft as silk, and I'm sure my blessed grandmother would think that it couldn't make a better end," spoke up white-headed Madam Hubbard; for Tabby Tarbell had married one of that numerous and worthy race.

"Oh, you wouldn't cut up that famous cloth, would you?" cried the younger woman.

"Yes, I will. It's in rags, and when I'm gone no one will care for it. Folks don't seem to remember what the women did in those days, so it's no use keeping relics of 'em," answered the old lady, who would have owned herself mistaken if she could have looked forward to 1876, when the town celebrated its centennial, and proudly exhibited the little scissors with which Mrs. Barrett cut paper for cartridges, among other ancient trophies of that earlier day.

So the ancient cloth was carefully made into a boxful of the finest

lint and softest squares to lay on wounds, and sent to one of the Concord women who had gone as a nurse.

"Here's a treasure!" she said, as she came to it among other comforts newly arrived from home. "Just what I want for my brave Rebel and poor little Johnny Bullard."

The "brave Rebel" was a Southern man who had fought well and was badly wounded in many ways, yet never complained; and in the midst of great suffering was always so courteous, patient, and courageous that the men called him "our gentleman," and tried to show how much they respected so gallant a foe. John Bullard was an English drummer boy who had been through several battles, stoutly drumming away in spite of bullets and cannon balls; cheering many a campfire with his voice, for he sang like a blackbird, and was always merry, always plucky, and so great a favorite in his regiment that all mourned for "little Johnny" when his right arm was shot off at Gettysburg. It was thought he would die; but he pulled through the worst of it and was slowly struggling back to health, still trying to be gay, and beginning to chirp feebly now and then like a convalescent bird.

"Here, Johnny, is some splendid lint for this poor arm, and some of the softest compresses for Carol's wound. He is asleep, so I'll begin with you, and while I work I'll amuse you with the story of the old tablecloth this lint came from," said Nurse Hunt, as she stood by the bed where the thin, white face smiled at her, though the boy dreaded the hard quarter of an hour he had to endure every day.

"Thanky, mum. We 'aven't 'ad a story for a good bit. I'm 'arty this mornin', and think I'll be hup by this day week, won't I?"

"I hope so. Now shut your eyes and listen; then you won't mind the twinges I give you, gentle as I try to be," answered the nurse, beginning her painful task.

Then she told the story of Tabby's tablecloth, and the boy enjoyed it immensely, laughing out at the slapping and the throwing water in the ensign's face, and rejoicing when the redcoats got the worst of it.

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"As we've beaten all the rest of the world, I don't mind our 'aving bad luck that time. We har' friends now, and I'll fight for you, mum, like a British bulldog, if I hever get the chance," said Johnny, when the tale and dressing were ended.

"So you shall. I like to turn a brave enemy into a faithful friend, as I hope we shall yet be able to do with our Southern brothers. I admire their courage and their loyalty to what they believe to be right, and we are all suffering the punishment we deserve for waiting till this sad war came, instead of settling the trouble years ago, as we might have done if we had loved honesty and honor more than money and power."

As she spoke, Miss Hunt turned to her other patient and saw by the expression of his face that he had heard both the tale and the talk. He smiled, and said, "Good morning," as usual, but when she stooped to lay a compress of the soft, wet damask on the angry wound in his breast, he whispered, with a grateful look:

"You *have* changed one 'Southern brother' from an enemy into a friend. Whether I live or die, I never can forget how generous and kind you have all been to me."

"Thank you! It is worth months of anxiety and care to hear such words. Let us shake hands, and do our best to make North and South as good friends as England and America now are," said the nurse, offering her hand.

"Me, too! I've got one 'and left, and I give it ye with all me 'art. God bless ye, sir, and a lively getting hup for the two of us!" cried Johnny, stretching across the narrow space that divided the beds, with a beaming face and true English readiness to forgive a fallen foe when he had proved a brave one.

The three hands met in a warm shake, and the act was a little lesson more eloquent than words to the lookers-on; for the spirit of brotherhood that should bind us all together worked the miracle of linking these three by the frail threads spun a century ago.

So Tabby's tablecloth did make a beautiful and useful end at last.



A FORTUNE IN A PEARL

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Colin Dare was more interested in the study of fish and fishing than in any other subject, so it was fortunate that his father, Major Dare, was not only an enthusiast concerning the work of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, but was also able to interest one of the Deputy Commissioners, Dr. Crafts, in his son. While Colin spent his winters in college, his summers were passed under supervision of Dr. Crafts, learning all he could of the practical details of the government's fisheries. At the end of his freshman year Colin was sent to Northern Maine to await further orders.

COLIN'S eagerness to be at work reached boiling point when a newspaper arrived at the camp with a brief item telling of the excitement caused by the finding of pearls near Fairport. Fortunately, it was only a day or two before the date set for his departure, and Colin was on the point of starting for Washington, when he received a letter ordering him to his post on the Mississippi immediately. He took the next train, and reported two days later at the hatchery.

"Are you coming for any special line of work?" the superintendent asked him. "I was informed from Washington that you were coming, but nothing was said as to the nature of your duties."

"Nothing more than that Dr. Crafts said I should probably be working on mussels, sir," the boy answered. "I was just told to report."

"The Deputy Commissioner states," the superintendent continued, looking over the letter, "that you expect to join the Bureau permanently, and that you have been doing some work at college on fishes."

"I haven't done very much, as yet, sir."

From *The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries*. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"I suppose not. But I want to find out what you know about mussels." This put the boy on his mettle.

Colin told briefly, but quite clearly, what he remembered of the life-history of the fresh-water mussel as described in the Bulletin that had been given him, and added the information he had secured from the Deputy Commissioner. The superintendent of the station put a few leading questions to him and nodded his head with satisfaction.

"So far as theory goes," he said, "I think you have a fairly good idea of it, although here and there you made some statements showing the need of a good deal of practical work with mussels. But, since you seem to have a general idea of the anatomy and physiology, I think I will put you in as Dr. Edelstein's assistant."

"What is he doing, sir?" queried Colin.

"He is working on pearl formations," was the answer. "You have heard, I suppose, that there has been some excitement over pearl finds?"

"Yes, I heard that away up in Maine," the boy replied.

"It's exaggerated a good deal," the superintendent said; "but as a matter of fact, there have been a few good finds. Dr. Edelstein is studying the differences between oyster and mussel pearls. Of course, when one of these 'rushes' comes, a very large number of inferior pearls are found, which are of no commercial value but which afford good material to work on. Just now," he added, "I think it is the most interesting part of the work. Come along, and I'll introduce you to Dr. Edelstein."

Colin's new chief was an entirely different type from any of the scientists whom he had met in the Bureau. In the first place, he was a gem expert by profession and, consequently, more of a mineralogist than biologist. Tall, powerfully built, black-bearded, and abrupt, he gave an impression of volcanic force, and at the same time of great keenness. A scientist of remarkable discernment, he possessed with all his broad views a marvelous capacity for detail, and Colin soon learned that the somewhat slipshod methods of a college laboratory would not be accepted by Dr. Edelstein.

"It iss of no use to think that a result iss right!" he said, when Colin betrayed a hint of impatience at performing the same experiment over and over again, scores of times. "It iss to know for certainly, that we work!"

"I really believe, Dr. Edelstein," Colin said, "that you would like to see this fail once or twice."

"Of gourse! Then we find out why it iss a failure. That iss a good way to learn."

But in spite of the strictness of the discipline under which he was kept by his chief, Colin enjoyed the work. His duties were manifold. Some days he would spend entirely in the laboratory preparing microscope slides or observing mussel parasites through the microscopes, and making copious notes. His power as a colorist stood him in good stead again, and more than once he received a rare word of praise, feeling quite elated when, one day late in the summer, Dr. Edelstein said to him:

"I have much gonfidence in you golor sense, Golin."

At the same station, one of the younger men was finishing a monograph on the spoonbill-cat, a sturgeon of the lower Mississippi, often six feet in length and a hundred pounds in weight, just coming into commercial importance as the source of caviare. The "paddle-fish," as the creature is often called by the negroes, because of its long paddle-shaped jaw, or "nose," formed an interesting study to Colin, for he knew enough about the make-up of fishes to realize that this was a very ancient form, midway between the sharks and the true bony fishes. The paddle-fish is closely allied to the sturgeon, and its roe has recently been found to be almost as good for caviare as the Russian variety. Thus, within a few years, a new fishing industry has developed on the Mississippi River.

In addition to his laboratory work and to his share in the investigations of his friend who was studying the paddle-fish, Colin frequently took short trips up or down the river for Dr. Edelstein, the latter being anxious to procure measurements and other data on every pearl found. It was on one of these trips that Colin had the opportunity of seeing the pan-

icky side of a "pearl fever," of which he had heard so much. The report had come to the station that a pearl of fair size, valued at about five hundred dollars, had been found four miles below the station, and Colin was told to go down and make a report on it as soon as he had finished his afternoon's work. Accordingly, after supper, he took a small powerboat and ran downstream, taking with him a very sensitive pair of scales to determine the exact weight of the pearl, calipers to ascertain its size, and other instruments especially designed by Dr. Edelstein. At the same time he was ordered to secure the shell from which the pearl had been taken, should it be obtainable.

The pearl was measured carefully and found to be a fine one, not large and not unusual in any way, though a certain irregularity in the position of its formation on the shell gave it a scientific interest. The lucky finder was entirely willing to yield up the shell of the mussel from which the pearl had been taken, and was glad to be informed as to its weight and purity. It was pleasant to Colin to see—as he so often did—the success of the pearl-hunters. But while the boy was examining the stone, a loud knock at the door was heard, and a neighbor came in, breathless and excited.

"I've got one," he cried. "I've got a big one!"

Every one present crowded round with cries of congratulation.

Slowly the newcomer opened his hand and revealed a large pearl almost twice the size of the gem Colin had been examining, and therefore, if of equal purity, worth eight times as much. The finder handed it around, and in course of time it reached the boy, who scrutinized it carefully.

"Isn't it a beauty?" the newcomer cried. "And just on the very last day! I haven't a penny left in the world, and I sold my old farm to come up here. It's been getting harder and harder for me every day, and we had decided to give it all up. I hadn't a bit of hope left, and now—!"

The cottager whose pearl Colin had come down to inspect, slapped the farmer on the back, and without a trace of enviousness—for he

himself had been lucky—joined in his delight. The farmer's wife had followed him more sedately, and she came in to share the general enthusiasm.

But Colin sat silent.

Over and over again, with a childish persistence, the farmer told how he had sold his farm, how he had come up with every penny he owned, how, little by little, it had all oozed away, and how in disgust he had decided to sell his boat, which would give him just enough money to get back to Missouri.

"But now, Mary," he said, "we can go back and get a better farm than we ever had, and we'll have a house in the village so that the children can go to a good school, and you'll have lots o' friends, and pretty things about you. It's been hard, neighbors, I tell you," he said, looking round; "but the luck has turned at last."

Colin said not a word, but kept his eyes fixed on the table. His host, the mussel-gatherer whose stone he had been examining, noticed this, but the newcomer was boisterous in his joy. He babbled of the wealth that was his, until if the stone had been a diamond of equal size, it would not have sufficed to have financed his dreams.

But the boy with the instruments on the table before him said not a word of congratulation or delight. He had only seen the pearl for a moment, but he knew.

With hearty and jovial hospitality, the farmer invited every one in the room to come and stay with him as soon as he was settled down. He would show them, he said, what real life was like on a farm.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Mister!" he said, in an altered voice.

Colin, sitting alone, still beside his testing instruments, did not look up.

"Mister!" he said again.

In spite of himself the boy raised his eyes. Do what he might, he could not keep the sorrow out of them, and those of the finder of the pearl met his fairly and caught his expression.



The room was full of people but it grew still as death.

The woman clasped her husband's arm and gave a low moan. He touched her shoulder gently.

"Mister," he said again, with a humbleness that seemed strangely gentle after all his bluster and brag, "will you look at this and tell me what you think it's worth?"

"I'm not an expert," the boy said hastily. "I couldn't judge its value. You ought to take it to someone that knows all about these things."

"I can see what you think," the farmer said with a pitiful, sad smile: "you think it isn't worth much. Is it worth anything at all?"

Colin took the discolored pearl and looked at it closely. He put it on the scales and weighed it carefully, measured it, and scrutinized it as closely as he could in the lamplight, but he knew himself that these were devices to gain time. The pearl showed all too clearly a flaw that would make it valueless. Every one waited for his verdict. He was conscious that his voice was a little shaky, but he answered as steadily as he could:

"I'm afraid, sir—"

"Well?"

"I don't believe, sir—"

"That it's worth anything at all?" the farmer interrupted.

A solemn dignity, the accompaniment of great trouble, came to the man's aid and gave him strength. "Thank you," he said; "I understand."

He looked around with a troubled glance and saw the far smaller but more valuable pearl that his neighbor had found, which was still lying on the table beside the instruments. A strong shiver shook him, but he made no other sign. He turned to Colin.

"I see that it's no good," he said, "but I shall keep it just the same. If you have finished with it—"

Colin stood up and placed the pearl in his hand.

"Please take it to someone else right away," he said. "I couldn't sleep—suppose I were wrong!"

The old farmer looked at him gravely.

"No man would do as you have done and say what you have said, unless it was so clear that he couldn't help but know," he replied. He turned to the neighbors. "I'm afraid," he said, "I have in part spoiled your pleasure, and," he added, with a twitch of the muscles of his face, "made a fool of myself, besides. Come, Mary, we'll go home."

The others pressed forward with words of sympathy, but the stricken man paid no heed and passed out of the door. Colin sat heavily back in his chair staring moodily at the instruments, his heart sore within him, but he knew he could have done nothing else. Yet the thought of the old farmer's sorrow was powerfully before him, and he had to keep

a strong grip on himself to keep from showing an unmanly emotion.

Outside the little cottage could be heard a murmur of voices, as the old farmer tried to comfort his wife, while inside the house no one spoke lest he should seem careless of the grief and disappointment of those who were still within hearing. Suddenly a third voice was heard outside, speaking excitedly. Once again that tense clutch of suppressed emotion permeated the room, and Colin, with his heart in his mouth, looked up. No one moved. Outside the voices ceased.

Then, through the open door rushed a boy about twelve years old, muddy from head to foot, but with his two eyes shining like lights from his grimy face. The mussel-gatherer recognized instantly the farmer's son.

"What is it, John?" he asked.

"I was goin' over some shells father hadn' opened, after he'd found that other pearl, an' I got this! Father he says the other one's no good an' that this isn't likely to be any better! But I don' know! It looks all right!"

He glanced down at the object in his hand.

"Father said it was no good," he repeated, a little less certainly; "but I don' know."

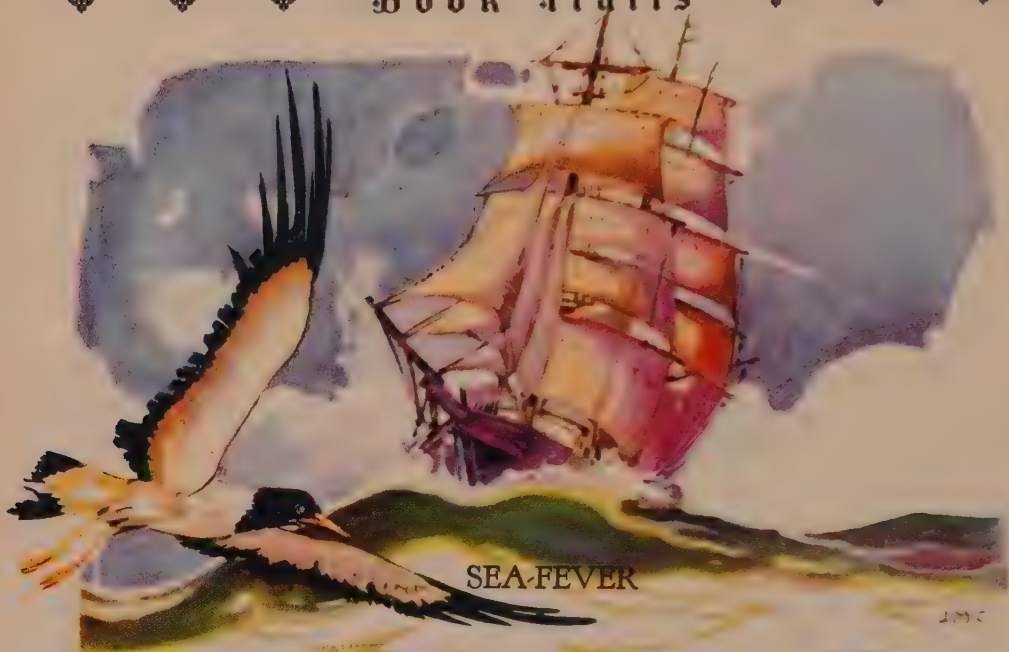
He held out his hand and passed the pearl to the mussel-gatherer, who glanced at it hastily.

"Mr. Dare!" he said excitedly.

Colin looked up and caught his glance, then tried to take the stone. But his hand shook as though he were in a violent fever, and the mussel-gatherer placed it on the table beside his own, in front of the boy. Clear, flawless, and of fair size, it gleamed like a star of hope before them all. A moment's examination was enough. Leaping from his seat Colin seized the pearl and rushed out of the door.

"It's real, sir; it's real!" he cried. "And will do all you said!"

The old farmer never looked at him. He turned his face toward the stars and reverently removed his hat.



I MUST go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

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THE BROWN MARSH HAWK

CORNELIA MEIGS



SONETO lived where the prairie touched the forest. To the north, almost behind his father's lodge, there began the fringe of poplar and low-growing hickory, which became denser and denser with every mile until it turned into an unending wilderness of tall pine trees, of rising hills, and of blue mirror-like lakes. People said that the forest reached out to that edge of the world where the snow lay deep all the year around; but of that Soneto knew nothing, for he and his kinsmen seldom ventured beyond the first thickets, or across the twisting little river at the foot of the first birch-clad hill. The wood was full of game, it was true, deer and elk and moose with their great horns like the spreading palms of a giant's hands; yet one of Soneto's tribe would have to be hungry indeed before he went to hunt along the dark overgrown trails of the forest lands. Soneto and his kinsfolk were Sioux, the Indians of the plains, who had only suspicious terrors for the wooded country that was full of enemies.

For in the forest there dwelt an ancient and deadly foe, the nation of fierce Chippewas, the Indians of the woods. They seldom ventured forth into the open prairie land; but they suffered no man of the Sioux tribes to hunt or fish or trespass in any way upon their domain. They were quick, they were silent, they so far surpassed the plains Indians in crafty skill in woodland fighting that, on their own pine-forested ground, they were never beaten. Any Sioux brave who went beyond the river or the white-birch hill, went with his life in his hands; and it was seldom indeed that such a bold one ever came back.

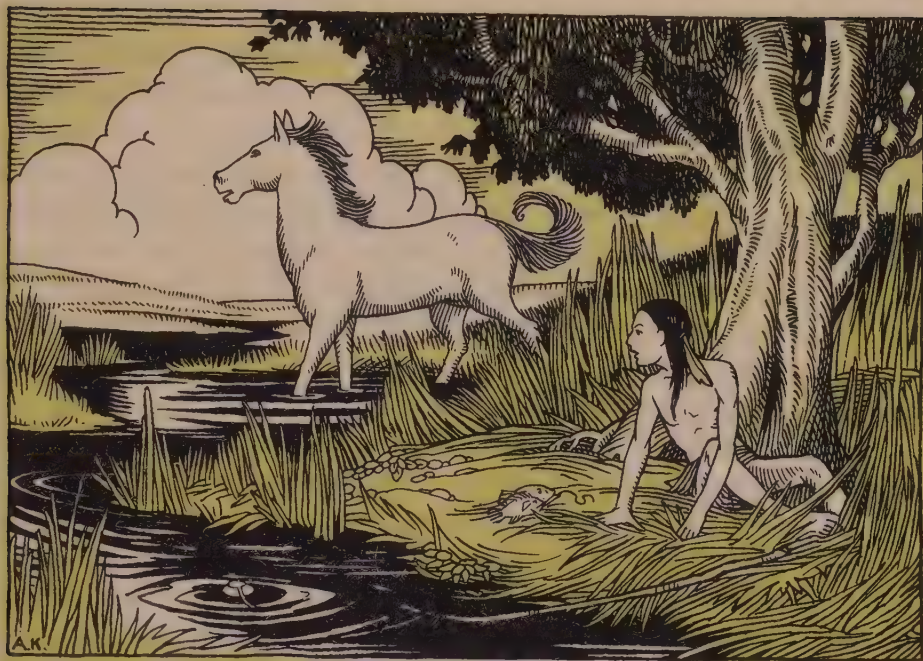
Before the little village, however, stretched the wide, sunny prairie, full of food, of beauty, and of adventure. There were the buffalo and the antelope; there were the roving herds of wild horses; there were

From Rain on the Roof. Copyright 1925, The Macmillan Company, New York.

the rippling stretches of tall green grass in summer, and the wild red fires in autumn. Soneto and his people lived in such far-past times that they had never known anything of other races than their own. It was true that vague legends had come up through the Indian tribes to the southward, fantastic tales of men with white faces and white-winged boats, who came and went on the shore of a distant southern sea. Out of that same south had also come, long ago, those first bands of horses which were to breed, and spread, and scatter, until they became the riches of all the plains tribes. No one thought of connecting the horses with those white men of whom Soneto and his kinsfolk had only so faintly heard. No one dreamed that at some distant day the white men would follow the trail of the wandering horses, and would take the land for their own. At that time, the vast green basin which stretched from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, with its swaying seas of grass, with its rolling swells, and its slow clear rivers fringed with cottonwoods, was a kingdom that belonged to the Indians, and to them alone.

The wandering clan to whom Soneto belonged were no great fighters, although they were rich in horses. They did not add to their herds by stealing from their neighbors, as did so many of the other Sioux; but they captured and tamed the wild creatures with a skill for which their little village had long been famous. The tribes about them often talked with awe and envy of the swiftness and the great number of the Atsinas' horses. From the Mississippi to the Red River, and beyond almost as far as the Platte, had spread, moreover, the fame of that fleet steed which belonged to Soneto's father, and which was called the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto well remembered the capture of the horse. Indeed, it was himself who had first spied the swift, wild creature, and had brought the tale of its beauty and speed back to his father's lodge. It was one sleepy, hot afternoon, when the boy had been sitting at the edge of the creek that ran within five miles of their camp. He had deserted



the stream which ran so close past their own lodges, and had taken the long walk through the sunshine of a late June day in search of better fishing. The creek here spread out into many small rivulets, that wound through marshy land, with a chain of hillocks and small islands of firm ground between them. Soneto had heard some one say that a band of horses, hard hunted by some tribe to the south, had scattered over this marshy ground and were grazing there, where the grass grew taller and thicker than anywhere else for miles around.

Although Soneto's bone fishhook, with its carved wooden float, was bobbing in the pool before him, he was paying little heed to his fishing, but was staring up at a bird with wide, brown wings, which swooped and circled above the swamp. He was so intent on watching the sailing hawk that he did not hear the sound of hoofs on the soft grass, as they came over the ridge above him; and he was sitting so

still that the wild thing which had come down to drink did not see the boy beside the cottonwood tree, and was wading knee deep amongst the weeds and ripples before Soneto caught the sound of splashing, and silently turned his head.

It was a slim, brown horse, a more beautiful horse than he had ever before seen. The arch of its neck, the splendid line of its shoulders, the sheen of its smooth coat—these could not be matched in any herd that the boy had known. A sudden change of breeze brought to the horse the scent of his human enemy. He lifted his head, plunged up the bank in a spatter of silvery drops, and was off across the ridge. His smooth, easy swiftness seemed only to be compared with the soaring speed of the marsh hawk overhead. Soneto brought home the tale of the wondrous horse, and the men about the fires began laying wagers as to which of them should catch him. From Soneto's description, they fell to calling him the Brown Marsh Hawk.

For the next few days, many of the young warriors rode out into the marsh country with their rawhide lassos, with high confidence that they would capture the brown horse. They came back weary and covered with mire, grinning sheepishly. The wild pony was far too quick and wary for any one to get even within distant reach of him. He seemed to know his way so easily among the firm hillocks and the treacherous, marshy places, that again and again he galloped safely away over the dry ridges, while his pursuers struggled helplessly in the wet bog behind him.

It was Soneto's father who made a captive of him at last. The patient, silent Indian lay in wait for two whole days beside the horse's most accustomed watering place, lay there without food and almost without movement until the cautious creature's suspicions dwindled away and he came down boldly in the twilight, to drink his fill. There was a swift movement amongst the rushes, the hiss of a skillfully thrown rope cutting the air, and then a furious snorting and tramping all up and down the soft river bank, as a frantic struggle began. It seemed

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that the horse would rather beat and thrash himself to death than submit to capture; but the wits of man can wear out the might of the strongest animal, and in the end the desperate, panting creature stood still, beaten. Soneto came out to meet his father as he brought home the prize; and when he saw the free Marsh Hawk with dull, weary eyes, with heaving flanks, all smeared with sweat and foam, he felt a sudden desperate remorse that it was he himself who had been the cause of the brave animal being captured. He went up slowly and laid his hand upon the pony's soft brown nose. The nervous creature jumped and trembled, but in a moment stood still and suffered the boy to stroke him. Horses and men are made to be friends; and, deep in his wild heart, the Brown Marsh Hawk seemed to know that this was true.

In a month he was as tame and friendly as any other horse in the village herd; and before the end of the summer he and the boy were comrades well-nigh inseparable. The other ponies, when they were needed, had to be chased and caught by force or strategy; but the Marsh Hawk, wherever he was grazing, would lift his head the moment he heard the boy's voice or his far-off whistle, would wheel and whinny, and come galloping to him. Many a glorious ride the two had across the sunny prairie while the grass was green and tall, and later when it stood brown and rustling, and full of whistling quail.

By autumn the fame of the fleet horse had spread far abroad, and many of the neighboring Sioux came to watch him run. Indians love horse racing; and Soneto and his swift pony offered them many a thrilling day's sport. But far more than to race, Soneto loved to ride off with his beloved brown companion, wandering far and aimlessly over the great rolling prairies that seemed to stretch away to the very end of the world.

It was a time of plenty and good fortune among the Sioux, a happy, prosperous period, which came to an end only through the love of battle and adventure which is always the Indians' undoing. With their

deadly enemies, the Chippewas, the red men of the forest, they had been at peace for some time, and might have continued so for years to come. The Chippewas did not envy the Sioux their wealth of horses; for they traveled always on foot, flitting like silent ghosts through their pine-clad wilderness of lakes and hills. They did not hunt buffalo, and had abundance of game of their own; so that they had little real cause to clash with the plains tribes. Yet they were a fierce and revengeful nation; and, when their anger was once roused, it burned like leaping flame. Their fury was never quenched until hundreds of lodges lay in ashes, and hundreds of warriors had perished in the endless bloody battles which raged along the edge of the prairie and the skirts of the forest.

It was early in November that news came of a chance skirmish between a hunting band of Sioux and a handful of Chippewa braves on the northern reaches of the Red River. Soneto's father looked grave when he heard of it; and that night a council of warriors sat long in the Medicine Lodge. Thereafter, tidings came every few days of new battles and forays; here a village on the prairie had been raided and laid waste; there a marauding expedition had ventured into the forest and had come back with the trophies of victory, or perhaps had never returned at all.

For a time the chief of Soneto's village held aloof from the general quarrel; but in the end the restlessness of the young warriors overbore the wisdom of the elders. At the beginning of December, just as the first snow was flying, word came that the larger village near them was planning a raid into the forest country. At this news, the spirit of the young braves flared so high that it consumed even the old men's caution. Early one bitter winter morning, when the brown prairie lay powdered with white, when the great west wind was singing across it in a huge, gusty voice, a little band of warriors set forth to join the larger expedition. It was Soneto's most bitter regret that he was too young to go with them. He sat long, crouching on his heels in the snow, watching



the gayly colored band, decked out with war paint and swinging ornaments of painted feathers, as it moved across the cold, empty plain. At its head was the chief, and close beside him rode Soneto's father on the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Indian raids are, as a usual thing, so fierce and swift that the warriors are at home again, with tidings of defeat or victory, almost before those left behind have time to be anxious. This case, however, was otherwise. Days dragged past, then a week, then another, and no news had come back. At last, one dusky afternoon, as Soneto was carrying a bundle of firewood up from the shore of the river, he saw a single dark spot moving across the white prairie. It advanced slowly, sometimes halting, sometimes struggling forward with weary, painful difficulty. When it at last came near he saw that it was a man upon a horse, a dark brown horse, which swayed and staggered as it came nearer and nearer to the camp.

"It could never be the Marsh Hawk," thought Soneto. His fleet playmate could surely never move so heavily and sluggishly as that.

Yet the Marsh Hawk it was, and carrying Soneto's father, both of them wounded and so spent as to be scarcely more than alive. They were the only ones to return out of that company which had set forth with such bravery of bright feathers and bold hopes into the hostile forest.

When the wounded warrior had a little recovered, and when the old men and the young boys had gathered to hear his tale, he told them briefly what had happened. The first brush with the enemy had come in a grassy clearing only a few miles from the edge of the prairie. It had been a victory, or at least so they had thought. Later they had realized that the wily wood folk had only pretended to fall back before them, and had led them deeper and deeper into the forest, so that, when the final struggle came, there could be no chance of escape. Six days' journey the fleeing Chippewas had drawn them into the wood: and then, on a narrow trail, at the bend of a great stream, they had fallen upon them in sudden and desperate attack. Every horse and every fighting man had fallen, save Soneto's father and the Marsh Hawk alone.

"And it was through him only that I managed to escape with my life," the wounded man concluded. "He swam the river with the arrows falling like hail all about us; and got away into the forest on the other side. I do not think I could ever have found my way back, or have had the heart to look for it, had it not been for the horse. That there was even one of us to come back with the evil news, is owing to the Brown Marsh Hawk."

It was a bitterly hard winter which followed. With all the younger warriors gone, it was the old men and the boys who must hunt and fish and watch unendingly to protect the little camp. Had the Chippewas chosen to swoop down upon them from the forest, they would have made short work of the few feeble and unskilled warriors that were left. But, by some chance, their raids were directed elsewhere; and while Soneto and his people heard of ruin and destruction all about them, and saw more than once the light of a burning village on the horizon, they

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themselves lived on from month to month in uneasy security. Soneto's father was chief now; he still suffered from the wounds he had received in that battle. The Marsh Hawk, too, had a great gash in his shoulder, from which he limped for many weeks and, so the medicine man said, was likely to limp always. But Soneto refused to believe that his comrade was to be crippled, and by his patient tending of the gaping wound, got it to heal at last. By midwinter the Marsh Hawk was as sound and fleet as ever.

It is an old custom among some Indians that when a horse has rendered his master a great service he shall be given a great reward. Therefore it was that Soneto's father declared, since now the Marsh Hawk was whole and sound again, he should go free. Soneto protested that he could not give him up, and that the horse would never leave them; but the older men all knew better. A wild horse, so they said, always longed in his heart for freedom; and it had been decreed that, when he had earned it, this was the reward that he should have.

To the very last Soneto vowed that they were wrong in thinking that his beloved horse still wished to go free; but an hour came when his protests were put to silence. It was on a warm day of late winter, with the air mild and the prairie swimming with melted snow, that the chief declared the time had come for giving the Marsh Hawk his release. The ceremonial fires were lit, the medicine man sang in a long chant of the deeds of the horse and of the ill-fated expedition into the forest. At last two men led out the slim, brown creature, and turned his head to the prairie, while the medicine man bade him begone. Soneto watched, in an agony of suspense, as the horse stood for a little, his head up, his nostrils spread, his mane lifted by the warm wind that came across the plain. Finally he began to move slowly forward, first at a gentle trot, then at a long lope, and then stretching his neck and tossing his head, he broke into that swift run for which he had become famous throughout the north country. Even after the fires had gone down and the men had returned to their lodges, Soneto sat, staring with intent eyes

at that small, moving dot gradually drawing out of sight, until it passed beyond the horizon. At last the boy got up, stiff with cold, and stumbled away to his father's dwelling.

When spring came, and he rode abroad upon the prairie, and saw the easy flight of those sweeping brown hawks after which his comrade had been named, a sick pain and longing so possessed him that he was forced to turn away his eyes. On all his hunting expeditions, he was always looking eagerly in every direction, hoping to catch at least a fleeting glimpse of his former friend. He traveled far; for now, in spite of his young years, he must do the full task of a grown warrior. But he never saw the Marsh Hawk. One or two of the older men declared that they had caught sight of the horse, but only far away.

"He will never let anyone come within capturing distance of him again," they declared. "A horse is never to be caught after he has once learned the ways of man."

A year passed, a long, difficult year, with the war between the Chippewas and Sioux still dragging itself on and on. There would be a long lull, and then a bursting forth once more of the smouldering rage and hatred. The Sioux were nearly always victorious when the enemy ventured forth into the prairie; but they were often and terribly defeated when they attempted to carry the attack into the forest. The Chippewas' thirst for revenge seemed never to have its fill. The men of the woods appeared to seek out the larger villages as the objects of their raids, that they might deal out greater slaughter to their enemies. Yet they loved also to waylay single hunters who ventured too near the edge of their domain; so that many a warrior rode bravely out to the chase and was never heard of again.

Soneto became so used to the idea of constant danger that in the end, as a boy will, he quite forgot it. He rode farther and farther afield; he was more and more sure in his aim and bold skill at bringing down the buffalo; and he thought of himself as a full-fledged warrior. He had, indeed, almost all of the strength and alertness of a proper Indian brave;

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but he had not that wise caution which comes only to a huntsman or fighting man as the fruit of long experience.

For all of one hot dusty day he had been in pursuit of a slightly wounded buffalo bull, a canny old beast which evidently had been hunted before. No matter how many times Soneto tried to drive it out into the level open, the great animal always eluded him and managed to get back into the broken country about the headwaters of a little stream. Soneto, weary and impatient, vowed that he would not give up the struggle until he had brought down his prize. Hunting had not been good in the last few days, and the camp was sorely in want of meat.

The big, awkward bull had scrambled up a slope and had disappeared into a little grove of trees and bushes at the summit of a ridge. The two had followed the stream far; and Soneto, in the eagerness of the chase, had not noticed how close they were getting to a point where a wide sweep of forest reached out into the plain. He was thinking only that success now was almost his. It seemed that if he could climb the almost perpendicular ascent which rose just before him, he could cut off the bull from crossing the ridge and could get near enough for a final shot. The scramble was far too steep for his pony; but, so he concluded, it was strategy that counted now, rather than speed.

He slipped off the horse's back, knowing that the well-trained animal would not wander away so long as the rawhide bridle dragged upon the ground. The sun beat down upon him as he went clambering up the stony hillside, so that he was hot and weary when he reached the top. The climb had taken him longer than he had thought; and for a moment he feared that the buffalo had got completely away. But, no, he could see its brown back crashing through the bushes; and then was amazed to see the great animal wheel about and come galloping straight down upon him.

He was so astonished that he did not have time to set an arrow to the string of his bow; and the charging bull almost ran him down, as it passed by unharmed. It disappeared over the edge of the slope; after

which Soneto could hear the heavy body half falling, half sliding down to the valley below. He had no chance to peer over the edge to see what had become of it; for he had caught sight of a man's figure slipping through the bushes, and had dropped behind the trunk of a stunted tree. Another figure and another came up through the underbrush, all moving among the thick branches with such ease and so little sound that there was no doubt as to who they might be. They were Chippewas.

It was evident that they had not seen him, and for a few desperate moments he thought that he was to remain undiscovered. Two of them came walking across the ridge, so close to him that he could see every feature of their faces, and every line of their gayly colored weapons. They were daubed with gaudy paint; and their bows and arrows were bright with beads and dyed feathers. This was no hunting party into which he had stumbled, but a band of warriors seeking to waylay their Sioux enemies. The two strode across the ridge and went down the slope in the track that the buffalo had taken. In a moment a shout came up from below. They had discovered Soneto's horse wandering beside the stream.

The boy crawled slowly and painfully from behind his sheltering tree trunk, and worked his way, through such sparse cover as he could find, up over the backbone of the ridge. He knew that, even though he could keep out of the actual sight of the enemy, his trail was plain and broad on the dry grass and through the bushes, and that they would follow him relentlessly until they ran him down. As he lay still for a moment in a friendly thicket, he could tell by their voices that they were spreading out to form a circle about the ridge, and so lay hands on him no matter in what direction he sought to escape. They were all of them on foot; nor, so he felt sure, could any of them have managed to ride his pony which they had captured; for the Chippewas have no knowledge of horses. But the wits of more than a dozen crafty warriors were pitted against those of one spent and weary boy; and there seemed little question as to what the end would be.

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It was a strange and terrible game of hide and seek which now began, with Soneto's life for the reward of the struggle. He was driven from one desperate hiding place to another, and forced to move steadily downward from the ridge into the valley and so toward the open plain. Once beyond cover, he would be shot down in a moment by a swarm of arrows, so that his only hope lay in clinging as long as he could to the sheltering hillside. He thought he had never felt such heat as was beating down upon him; his eyes were smarting and his throat was dry and choking. The Chippewas, leaving a few to guard the mouth of the valley, had spread out along two parallel ridges, and were beating every bush and thicket with careful thoroughness. They evidently were certain that he lay hidden somewhere between their two lines and that they would surely find him in the end.

He knew the truth as well as they, as he lay in the last bit of shelter at the head of a bare slope. He could look down at the mouth of the valley and thence out to the plain where the wide green swam in the quivering heat. He could even hear the trickle of the creek slipping over the flat stones, and spreading out to a shallow pool just where the ravine opened to the prairie. Nothing in the world could have looked more beautiful to his eyes than that rippling expanse of clear water, which might as well have been a thousand miles away, for all the chance that he had of reaching it alive.

The sound of the stream seemed to have called to others as thirsty as himself. As he lay there, wondering dully how soon the first Chippewas would stumble upon his hiding place, he heard suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs. For a moment hope flared up within him, at the thought that a band of Sioux warriors might have chanced that way. But no, it was only a little knot of wild horses, wandering aimlessly in from the prairie, grazing as they went, and moving toward the pool. They were a lean, shabby-looking band, without the sleek fatness of the lusty spring season. They moved wearily, and he watched them with little interest until the group spread apart, and a single pony, a slim, dark-coated

horse, came out from among the others and stood for a moment at the entrance to the valley. He pricked his ears and raised his head, for a passing puff of hot wind had brought him the scent of man. It was the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto leaped to his feet, put his fingers to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. He cared no longer whether or not the Chippewas saw him, for here was his one chance of safety, the slenderest one in the world. He called with the familiar cry that in the past had always summoned the Marsh Hawk to him; and he ran leaping down the slope in a mad rush of flying pebbles and sliding stones. The horse hesitated and wheeled for flight; then, as the boy called again, he turned about once more. He stood for a moment, then with a sudden rush as headlong as the boy's own, he came running to his master and dropped his head to nuzzle his dear friend's breast.

With one movement of horse and boy together, Soneto had swung himself upon the Marsh Hawk's back and the two were off down the valley with a flight of arrows singing about their ears. The stones flew to right and left from under the horse's thundering hoofs; the other wild ponies scattered like chaff, and in a moment were left far behind. Out upon the open prairie they came and turned in a wide curve to the eastward, as the Marsh Hawk stretched himself steadily in his unbeaten gallop. The last arrow spun past Soneto's ear; the last shout died away behind them; and the boy and horse were safe away, alone on the wide sea of grassy plain.

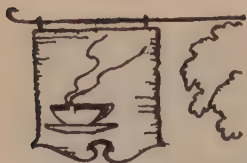
On and on they rode, until the hot sunshine gave place to cool twilight, and the green about them turned to gray. They splashed through a shallow stream where Soneto stooped to cool his burning throat; then on they went again, while the stars came out overhead, a whole skyful of stars, with never a hill or tree to cut into the great circle of their shining. The horse's tremendous pace slackened at last; and, as they came up over a long roll that lifted the smooth level, he went slower and slower and finally stood still. The night wind had brought him the

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smell of wood smoke, even as the starlight showed to Soneto the pointed outline of the lodges along the shore of a distant stream, the lodges of his own village.

No patting or persuading or coaxing could induce the horse to go further. The fragrant tang of that smell of lodge fires meant something that his wild heart could not endure. Horses have long memories, and though the Marsh Hawk could not forget his love for his dear playmate, he also, so it was plain, could not forget that his proud spirit had once suffered capture and humiliation. For a moment the two stood together in the starlight, the horse with his head bowed, the boy with his arms about the neck of his beloved comrade. As he slowly loosed them, Soneto felt that soft, brown nose thrust against his cheek in a last caress. A big bird, which had swooped down for some quarry in the grass, rose slowly, close beside them, and sailed away on noiseless wings. It was with the same easy speed of utter freedom that the Marsh Hawk circled away into the darkness, and left the boy alone.



ON CROSSROADS FARM

RENÉE B. STERN



A TIRED woman looked towards the lilac bush that nodded into her kitchen window, but all she really saw was the pile of unwashed dishes on the table beneath the window ledge and the untilled field in the distance.

"Here, let Billy and me do the dishes and you go sit down," volunteered fourteen-year-old Amy, taking the dishcloth from her mother's unresisting hands. "Billy's done his chores, so we might as well help you now. Father lying down?"

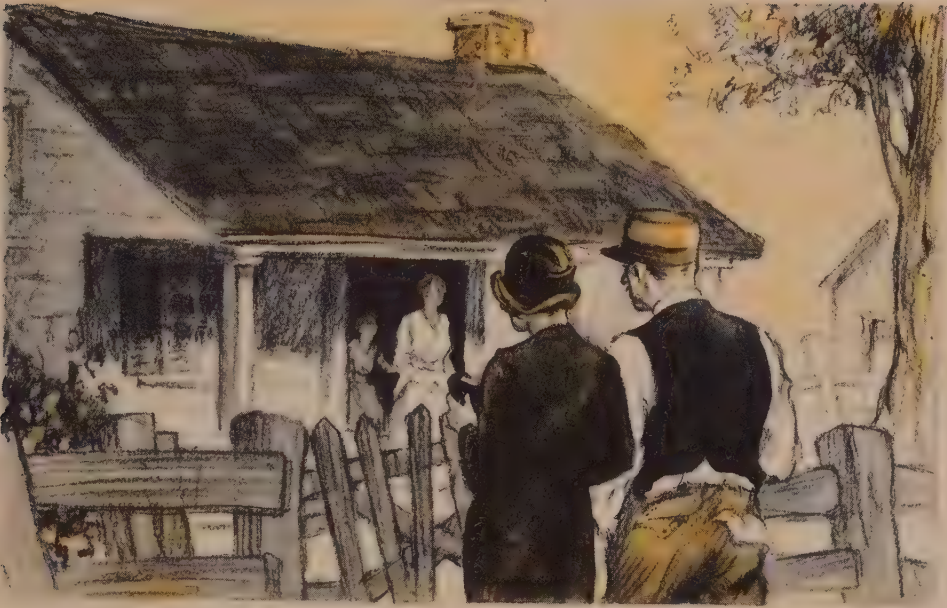
"No, he wouldn't rest, though he ought to. He is out working on the vegetable patch. Better go and help him, son," the mother answered. "He isn't strong enough to work the way he does," she added in a worried voice.

Since Neil Macdonald had been ill two years before, he had never regained his strength, and the little family had struggled along as best it could, the farm and buildings gradually showing lack of attention, for Mrs. Macdonald had all she could do to care for the house and her children, churn, look after her hens and vegetable patch. The children helped all they could, but the mother insisted that they stay in school and that meant a long daily trip to town, so that they could do little at home except during vacation time.

"If only the selectmen would repair the road, I know the automobiles would come round this way and we could start a tea room and make a lot of money, and then you wouldn't have to worry any more," Amy remarked, as she began to wash the dinner dishes. "We have rich milk, and fresh eggs and butter, and vegetables, and you do make such good bread, Mother."

"Well, it would take a lot of money to start," her mother objected. "We'd need fancy china and more furniture. Besides, I don't know

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anything but plain cooking, and I guess folks would want all sorts of fine foods. Anyway, the selectmen won't do a thing they don't have to," she added, hopelessly. Then, with a sudden change of tone, she exclaimed, "Why, there is the postman, and he is stopping and a lady is getting out here at the gate! Who do you suppose that can be?"

Before Amy could answer, the postman was bringing the stranger up the path, calling, "Oh, Mrs. Macdonald, I have a visitor for you!" As he came nearer he added, "It's Miss Weston, from the University, and she wants to visit with you."

"We are glad you stopped here, Miss Weston. Won't you come in?" Mrs. Macdonald offered hospitably, trying to hide her curiosity as to the cause of the visit. Strangers seldom chose to stop at the tumble-down crossroads farm.

Setting the visitor's suitcase inside the kitchen door, the postman turned back to his wheezing auto, remarking, "Well, I'll go along and guess I'll see you all in town tonight."

Town was ten miles away, a cluster of three general stores and twenty houses, and the site of the only school in the district.

Mrs. Macdonald and Amy had no time to wonder at the postman's remark before Miss Weston was explaining, as she took off her coat and hat and made herself comfortable in the big chair that was pushed towards her, "I thought I could stop off here and the postman said you had an auto and would drive in town with me tonight to the meeting at the town hall. You heard about it, didn't you? You know I'm from the Extension Department and we are to have a meeting of all the folks around here and see what we can do together for the neighborhood." Miss Weston did *not* explain that she had asked the postman which was the family most in need of help in the district and purposely stopped off at the Macdonald farm to make sure that they would attend the meeting.

"Well, we have an old auto," Mrs. Macdonald conceded, hesitatingly, "but it is in pretty bad shape and we haven't used it much lately. Still, I guess it can get us to town. This road is so bad, it's hard to drive over. Shame, too, for it is a short cut across the state, and if they'd only fix that road, there would be lots of traffic going past here and we might sell some vegetables and fruit to motorists." Then, suddenly remembering hospitality, she added, "Have you had any dinner, Miss Weston? We had ours but I could get you some, just as easy."

"I had a kind of a dinner at the hotel at Greydon," Miss Weston answered with a wry smile. "You probably know what it was like—greasy food, poorly cooked. If you could just give me some bread with a cup of tea or a glass of milk, I'd certainly appreciate it."

Half an hour later, finishing the last bit of fresh bread, spread with home-churned butter and raspberry jam, Miss Weston broke out enthusiastically with, "Why, if you served nothing else but bread, butter, jam, and that delicious ginger shake of yours, Mrs. Macdonald, you'd have tourists in line waiting for food, if the road were only repaired. Now, if Billy will show me round, I'm going over this farm and see

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what else you could find to serve. As to your old furniture, you've no idea how people admire real old furnishings like yours, and with a little paint on some pieces, and furniture polish on others, you could have a most attractive room. A few flowers on the table, and just doilies instead of tablecloths, and you'd cut laundry down to almost nothing."

She and Billy were out on the farm nearly two hours, and when they returned her enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"You have a fortune right on your own grounds," she declared to Neil Macdonald and his wife. "Of course, Mr. Macdonald has no right to work too hard until he gets his strength back, and he ought to rest a couple of times a day. But you have enough hens and roosters there to make nourishing soups and egg dishes that will build up his strength, and," she added with a disarming smile, "if you will only take milk instead of tea for dinner and supper, and in between meals once in a while, you are going to improve ever so much faster. Once you get started, Mr. Macdonald, I'm sure you'll get as strong as ever."

"I guess half that ails me now is worrying," Neil Macdonald confessed. "I honestly try to work but just the least effort tires me so that I seem to get nothing done."

"Well, you have really nothing to worry about. I am sure we can get the road put in shape and that will bring trade to your door, as well as make it easy to carry goods out. That timber land of yours ought to be thinned, and I know a man who will be glad to do the work on shares, so you will get something there without doing more than going over it and marking trees with him. Get a few hundred spruce seedlings from the State Department of Agriculture next spring and by planting some each year you'll keep up your growth.

"Then, at the edge of the woods you have a fine lot of blackberry and raspberry bushes growing wild," Miss Weston continued. "I showed Billy how to cultivate them and get cuttings so that you can double your crop next season and that will give plenty of berries for jams and jellies and to sell fresh. You know, Mrs. Macdonald," she explained,

turning to her hostess, "you can prepare your fruit juices and bottle them and not finish making the jelly until you have time after the summer is over, if you are too busy during the hot weather.

"Billy showed me his carpenter shop over the barn and if he can make a lot of little stools like the one he had there, and paint them to go with your furniture, you could use them on your porch with extra tables if you make a success of your tea room. I *know* we can manage the road proposition," she finished, in reply to a quizzical look.

A little later, supper over, she added to her earlier suggestions, "Those were the best waffles I've eaten in years. You could make a reputation on them alone. And you do make good coffee. If you knew how few people do make really satisfactory coffee! The head of a large chain of restaurants in New York City has a way of turning up unexpectedly at all hours in his own restaurants, drawing himself a cup of coffee and then telling the man in charge what he thinks of it. He declares that the public will forgive all sorts of things if they are sure always to get first class coffee in a restaurant. But you must put up a sign to attract people, telling them that you serve home-cooked food at all hours.

"And do sell that honey you get up in the woods. I'd like to buy some myself. What do you get for it?"

"Oh, I guess anything you say will be right," Neil Macdonald answered hesitatingly. "We never did sell it and I don't know what it is worth."

"Well, you ought to know," Miss Weston countered. "You farmers are so easy-going and take the other fellow's offer instead of making him come to your price. That is another thing you folks around here should do. Get together and make your prices by collective bargaining and then stick together, and you will make money. If you had four or five hundred dollars for up-to-date machinery on this farm you could double your income and halve your labor."

"Huh! That *sounds* good, but who'd lend us money on this old place, without charging us ten or twelve per cent for it?"



"Well, you can get some of your money from the wood lot, as I said. Let that man look it over and he might also advance part of the money on the next year's cutting, at a fair rate, or, when they see you are taking hold, perhaps the town banker will help on a fair basis. I was in Denmark a couple of years ago and the farmers there have worked together to market their crops, and handle things cooperatively, until instead of the farmer going to the banker to beg a loan, the bankers are coming around to see what the farmers want. And those farmers have libraries and good schools. There are pictures on the walls of their homes and they have money in the bank."

"You've got father interested in his forest land and Billy in making stools and planting cuttings, and mother is to have the tea room. What do you suggest for me?" Amy asked mischievously.

"If you don't find enough to do waiting on table, keeping track of the cash, and helping in the kitchen in summer, I am much mistaken. In winter both you and Billy must go to school, for an education is

the greatest asset you can get," Miss Weston answered good-naturedly, as they put on their wraps and started forth in the old automobile for town.

How it all happened nobody could quite tell. When the Macdonald family ushered their guest into the town hall, they found there a group of some sixty people from the town and the farms roundabout. They sat in moody silence, most of them too tired to care much what happened, wondering why they had responded to the notice from the Extension Department asking them to attend this meeting.

Then Miss Weston was on the platform, flashing her understanding smile at them and saying, "We are all pretty tired tonight, so let's forget it a little while by singing. I'm counting on you all to join in," and she started a well-known song. Before they knew it they were standing and singing with a will. Song after song followed. Then Miss Weston began talking. She told how farmers in other parts of the state had joined together to work for the whole community and that she knew the people before her were as able to cooperate as were those who had already done so.

"I know what I am talking about," she explained, "for my father was a farmer in this state all his life and I was brought up on a farm. It was a pretty badly run-down farm too, and father built it up, so I know you men and women can do the same."

Before the evening was over the school superintendent and the school board had promised the use of the school bus to transport dairy products from the farms into town during the hours the bus was not in use by the pupils; one really successful farmer had volunteered to work with a man from the Agricultural College in learning the best methods of grading local products and marketing them in carload lots for the whole neighborhood, and the women had formed a club to manage a small loan library that the Library Extension Commission had told Miss Weston they would send to the district if anybody could be found to handle it and see that the books circulated.

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What is more, they had all seen the need for repairing two of the chief highroads, one of which ran past the Macdonald farm. "We haven't got money, but we can all give time, and some of us can loan teams, and Ed Lattery has a gravel pit so we can get gravel for the roads," one of the men suggested.

"I'll help you fellows float a bond issue to take care of the money end of the deal," offered a banker from the county seat. "Seems to me this is going to be a community worth doing business with, if you keep on as you plan tonight," he added.

Two years later, when Miss Weston was making her annual visit, the meeting was held in the auditorium of the new consolidated school and she reached it over roads as good as any in the state. Near by was a brick building, small but artistic, that had been given by the wealthiest man in town in memory of his mother, and it housed a fair-sized library, for which the people had gladly taxed themselves when, through use of the loan collection, they had learned the value of books.

On her way to town Miss Weston had stopped for a day at the Macdonald farm. Mr. Macdonald had regained his health and was busy all day with his fruits and his vegetable garden; Billy had taken a short course at the State College of Agriculture and was devoting his time to the dairy; while Amy and her mother, assisted by the daughter of a neighbor, were kept busy with their tea room.

"You certainly came just when we needed help two years ago," Mrs. Macdonald confessed. "We had the means of getting ahead but we didn't know how to use them, and we were so discouraged it was killing our ability to accomplish anything. Of course, if you hadn't made the whole community wake up, we would not have done nearly so well, for it would have been hard to market our produce or get folks to pass our door. But just the little help you gave made people see how we could all do better by working together. Our tea room uses such a lot of our produce in summer that we have only a little to send in on the truck that has replaced the school car for collecting from the farms, but Billy

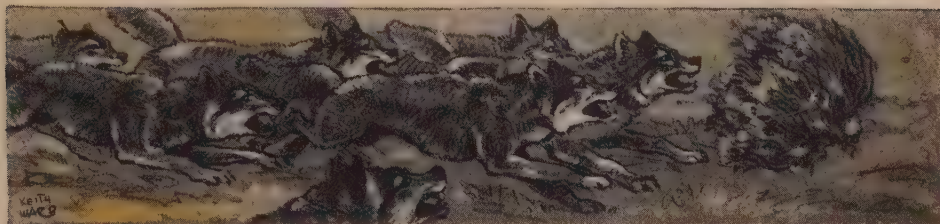
plans to get a dozen more head of cattle this fall and then we can sell our surplus through the 'co-op'."

"And we are selling cuttings from our berry bushes now," Amy broke in. "Remember you told us to cultivate those half-wild bushes? And we make quantities of ginger shake and raspberry vinegar too, but we always seem to have call for more than we can make.

"We learned another thing," she added, thoughtfully. "We learned that it doesn't pay to ask too little for anything. People seem to think things are better if they are charged a fair price for them. Once, when we started, mother made a foolishly low price for some honey and the man gave a queer look and asked, 'What's the matter with that honey that you can't get a good price for it?' Mother was smart enough to tell him we just didn't know how to charge. It happened he was a big merchant from Los Angeles and he sat there and gave us a talk on costs and sales prices that taught us a lot. He advised me to keep account of all we spent and all we made and to put our savings in the bank. Things certainly work out better since we took his advice."

"Anyway, we learned enough to make a nest-egg to send Amy away to State College in autumn," Mrs. Macdonald added, "and my husband is going with Billy for the special short course this next winter."





PLAY AND PRANKS OF WILD FOLK

ENOS A. MILLS

THE plays of wild folk are delightful exhibitions and may frequently be enjoyed by those who wait in the wilderness without a gun. Knowing that wild folk play and that they have a home territory brings them strangely close to ourselves.

Life in the wild places is not all struggle—not all hunger, fright, and fighting. All wild animals find time to rest, and all from time to time give themselves up to play. They mostly play in silence but a few play noisily; the majority join with others to frolic, but a number of species play singly. Teamwork has an important place in the life of many bird and animal species. And play appears vital to them all.

A tumbleweed in a Wyoming windstorm furnished the plaything in an exciting game for a pack of wolves. I watched the play from the shelter of a ravine. Flying before the wind, the tumbleweed bounded a ridge, with a huge wolf leaping after it. Closely pressing him came a pursuing pack of twenty. A lull in the wind and the tumbleweed, colliding with the leading wolf's head, bounded off to one side. Other wolves sprang in the air after it, but the wind carried the tumbleweed along and the entire pack rushed in pursuit.

This big, much-branched, ball-shaped weed was two feet in diameter. When it touched the earth the gale swept it, bounding forward and rolling over and over, across the brown, wide plains. After it came the

From *The Adventures of a Nature Guide*, by Enos A. Mills, copyright 1920, by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y.

closely massed wolves. Just as those in the lead were nearing this animated plaything it was caught by a whirlwind and pulled high into the air. Two wolves leaped and tried to seize it. Several sat down and stared after it as though it were gone forever. The tumbleweed commenced to descend, but buoyed up by the air it came down slowly. The pack surged this way and that, as the weed surged in descending, to be beneath it; and while it was still several feet above them a high-leaping fellow struck it head-on and sent it flying to one side. It disappeared in a hollow and the wolves vanished after it. Puffs of dust and occasionally the high-bounding weed itself told me that the game was on as vigorously as ever.

The next act opened with the reappearance of one of the wolves running up a slope and looking back over his shoulder. Up in the wind a little behind him and off to one side, came the tumbleweed. The wolf turned, leaped at the weed, struck it with his breast, and knocked it vaulting away. The pack, rushing into view, swerved as one to seize or strike it. Each player was intense, and all were as serious as football players. A sweeping gale carried the whirling weed forward again. It came in contact with a rock outcrop and rolled to one side. The whole team rushed at the weed and tumbled pell-mell around it.

In this general mix-up two of the wolves started a fight. The pack joined in the row, struggling and rolling about. A pair occasionally clinched, reared into the air, and fell back. The badly mashed tumbleweed with crippling bounces went on with the wind across the wide, dust-blown plains. Suddenly the fight stopped, the panting wolves stood for a few seconds looking at nothing, then scattered. The play was over. Had it started, I wondered, as unceremoniously, as suddenly, as it stopped?

Most wild-animal players are as solemn as chess contestants, and most games are as serious as a football match. The characteristic play of the wolf is serious, silent teamwork. But the dignified, independent grizzly

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plays alone. He, too, romps in silence, but joyfully. He relaxes and has the time of his life. Bears appear to excel in light-hearted makebelieve.

A grizzly bear coasting on a steep mountain side made a picturesque play spectacle. He was playing on a summit slope south of Longs Peak in what is now the Rocky Mountain National Park. As he sat down in the snow, put his fore paws on his knees and jiggled himself along to start, he appeared strangely human. At one point he reached back his paw and put on brakes. He ended the coast with a jump and a somersault. Then, selecting a different place on the slope, he started down again, pushing himself along with both fore paws to get up speed. He ended this time by deliberately rolling over and over. Rising on hind feet he looked at his marks on the snowy slope and climbed back up for another coast.

Twice I have seen a black bear, "The Happy Hooligan of the Woods," and a coyote playing together. In one of these games the bear, solemn looking as an elephant but as merry as a boy, would allow the coyote to leap over him but used his speed and his wits in trying to prevent the coyote from ducking under him or leaping across close in front of him. The coyote's play was puppy-like, though suggesting at times fox cleverness. They were well matched, both in skill and speed. They made lively dashes and swift turns as they raced across a grassy opening in the woods. They varied this swift turning by slow passing, biting, and striking at each other as they met. Then each in turn enjoyed the ludicrous pretense of being asleep while the other went through an equally ludicrous pretense of trying to slip up and surprise the sleeper.

As games often end, this play broke up in a row. The coyote lost his temper and made a fierce but ineffectual attack on the bear. He finally walked off into the woods, with the bear standing looking regretfully after him.

The boy-like black bear would rather play than eat. Once I saw a black bear try repeatedly to get a stupid, lumbering porcupine to play

with him. All the way across an opening he made efforts to start a game, but dull porky lumbered on indifferently. The porcupine is the only animal that I have known that I have never seen play.

The black bear will play with bears, or with other animals, or with people with apparently equal enjoyment. In the Yellowstone I raced and dodged about with several that were nearly wild, to my own entertainment as well as theirs. Bears play less often with objects. But I once watched a make-believe battle which one was having with a stump, and on another occasion I saw an older bear with a cone, striking it about, tossing it into the air, trying to catch it as it fell, and shaking it in his teeth as he rolled about on his back with feet in the air.

In most cases neither birds nor animals use playthings. But I have seen birds play with sticks, stones, leaves, and nuts; an otter play with shells and even using a live turtle for a plaything; and a grizzly playing with a floating log.

Rambling through the Medicine Bow Mountains of Colorado, one afternoon, I came upon a grizzly bear sitting on his haunches like a dog and looking with all attention across a beaver pond. Making a quiet detour through the primeval forest I found that he was watching a number of otter playfully coasting on their slide.

The smooth, slippery, wet slide, about forty feet long, came down the steeply wooded slope into the south shore of the pond. The slide was well worn and testified to the strong play habits of these animals. Each coasting otter ended with a merry splash as he slid into the water. The glimpses that I had of the coasters showed that they were all enjoyment. The grizzly, all the time I watched, was giving the otter enthusiastic attention. But he was only one of many spectators. A flock of wild ducks sat motionless in the pond observing the players. The coasting suddenly stopped and the otter disappeared in the water. A squirrel on a spruce limb overhanging the slide had also been a wondering spectator, and with jerky, hesitating chatter of a bark expressed his disappointment and disapproval because the performance was ended.



The characteristic play of coyotes is noisy. They have concerts full of howls, barks, and yelps, in ever-varying combinations. These players have regular places for assembling and both singly and collectively send their wild notes flying at different angles off into the night. There are weird, ventriloquial effects which sometimes multiply and reproduce one yapping, yelping entertainer into a scattered number. At other times the howler so transfers his voice that it seems to issue from a point widely separated from the owner. But sometimes this clown of the prairie forgets singing to the stars, and in silence has games and contests which require speed and skill.

The humpback whale appears to be the most playful fellow of the seven seas. He plays singly, with other whales of all ages, and he will even play with a ship. Off the coast of Alaska a number of humpbacks were at play near the steamer on which I was a passenger. They appeared to have great fun. As speedy and as agile as trout, they threshed

about, raced, and countermarched. One literally stood on his head, and with only his tail out of the water beat and churned the waves violently. Most of all they appeared to enjoy diving, then coming to the surface with all possible speed, shooting thirty or more feet of their ponderous bodies out of the water, and rolling awkwardly to one side as they fell heavily back into the sea.

The play of the jays and the crows is often fun at the expense of others. Clarke's nutcracker is a rowdy, assailing squirrels and precipitating fights between birds of other species. He is also a daredevil in flying exhibitions and excels in spectacular airplane dips. . . .

Once in the snow on a mountain top I saw a flock of ptarmigan in a strange, energetic, though silent, dance. Most birds are quiet in their play.

Four sedate and wise old owls surprised me beyond measure with a play that was mostly ridiculous showing-off. They tried to do a few things absurdly impossible for them to do. One of these stunts was chasing their tails, and another was high kicking. But most of their efforts were more in keeping with their ordinary mien; they bowed profoundly, they posed in lordly pairs, they looked to the right and left with a most aristocratic air, they adjusted and readjusted themselves with ceremonious dignity.

The energetic beaver gives marked attention to play. Each summer he has a vacation of three months or longer. He probably loafs the most of any animal in the wilds. He plays much and often and is master of the fine art of rest.

Although I have seen mountain lions only a few times when they were not frightened, twice I watched them play. On one of these occasions the lion was enjoying the pretense of running down an animal, and carried out a lively pantomime in the snow, frolicking like a kitten.

One spring day a flock of Bighorn sheep found a large snowdrift across their trail on the summit of Storm Pass. They could easily have gone around it, but evidently saw here what suggested an excuse to

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frolic. One at a time, they started to jump the drift. The first performer, on gaining the farther side, turned about to watch the others try it. As each jumper landed he quickly lined up with those who had preceded him, and faced about to watch the performance, while the sheep awaiting their turn also gave their close attention as each jump was made.

The style of jump and the distance covered were much alike in each case. Most of the sheep made a standing jump; two or three backed off several steps and got a running start for the leap. One made a clumsy pretense of slipping and came down in the snow on his side. Two young lambs went together and instead of jumping far, jumped high, coming down in the center of the drift. After the last one had crossed, the sheep stood together for a few seconds and then strolled on, plainly with nothing in particular to do.

One day I saw a number of sheep scrambling and circling on an icy slope. The fun probably was to keep from falling, but it may have been in the falling. Every one fell a number of times. A few times all four feet shot from beneath a sheep at once, and in his sliding a number of rising efforts were made, only to result in the sheep's falling each time before it got on its feet again.

Even butterflies play. Climbers on Longs Peak sometimes see them floating up the Trough. Often there is an air current flowing up the Trough, and sometimes this catches hats and takes them with it.

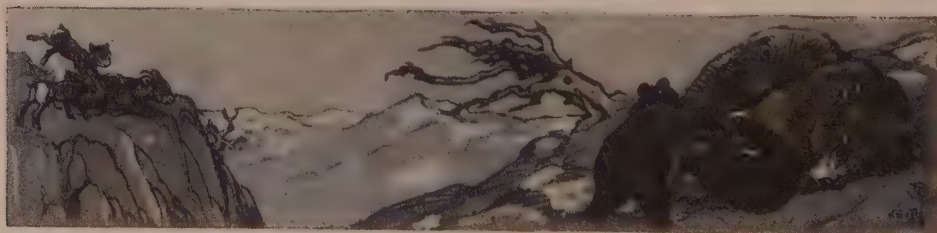
One calm, sunny day I looked down over the summit of the Peak and saw a procession of butterflies floating or sailing up the Trough. On reaching the summit a majority of them dropped down the vertical south wall of the peak about four hundred feet, then flew westward and swung in behind a pinnacle where they reëntered the Trough near the bottom. At a point where an upstanding rock in the Trough changed the current, there was a lively flapping of wings as though these aviators, like boatmen in rapids, were tensely concentrated. Rarely did a butterfly leave the ranks in ascending, though in coming down, the line was frequently more broken.

It was a wild region for these fragile-winged creatures. The first time that I saw them I long watched and wondered what it was all about. But after seeing similar exhibitions elsewhere, and after watching repeated flights at this place, I concluded that butterflies, as well as other life, play.

On perfect days butterflies sail over high moorlands and even cross high mountain tops. But while sailing on the heights they are ever vigilant for wind. The short-lived, unannounced gusts would blow their tender wings to pieces in an instant. If a dash of wind, or sometimes just a cloud shadow comes, they fold wings and drop to the earth. There they lie motionless until all danger is passed. Yet these frail, afraid-of-the-wind people seek out a place of their liking to play high up among the crags.

I recall once having seen two different plays going on side by side. Each was a stirring glimpse of motherhood. A mother bear lay on her side, contentedly watching the cubs as they wrestled, boxed each other, and occasionally mauled her. They were near the summit of the Continental Divide and all around were scattered snowdrifts and aged, storm-battered pines. On a near-by cliff were a Bighorn ewe and two lambs. The lambs were leaping over the mother and playing with each other. Each wild mother knew of the other's presence, but was indifferent.

With animals, as with ourselves, play appears to be necessary for the development of the young and for the sustained fitness of the mature. As a factor which gives success, it probably ranks with food and sleep. Play drills give development and efficiency.





THE SHRIMP IN THE SHELL

BARKLIE HENRY

SOPHOMORE Herb Winkle, shortest oarsman in the upper-class boathouse, stood on the edge of the float and watched the Varsity and the Junior Varsity crews row up the last straight stretch to the float. The megaphone voice of Coach Jim Raymond, alias "the Old Man," came louder and clearer from across the water—changed from distant thunder to the bellow of a charging moose, now tortured, now enraged, as he swung his straining voice all in one rhythm with the men's straining bodies.

Herb Winkle's eyes lost no detail. He saw the two crews' oars stop

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moving and gather the white spray on their tips as the slim shell drifted swift and sure against the float.

There are perhaps a dozen colleges in the East, and about the same number of preparatory schools, whose crews race one another in eight-oared shells over distances ranging from half a mile to four miles. A shell is about sixty feet long, and eight men sit in it, one behind another, each equipped with an oar. The oarsman nearest the stern sets the pace for the seven men behind him, and is called the stroke. A coxswain steers.

The oarsmen sit on seats which slide backward and forward about a foot and a half. Thus the oarsmen not only pull with their arms, as in an ordinary rowboat, but also push with their legs and their backs. Their feet are laced up in shoes which are riveted to wooden braces inside the shell. This gives them a firmer shove with their legs.

The skin of the shell itself is a thin layer of wood—generally cedar—and most of this skin is exposed on the inside. One false step—an oarsman's foot through the bottom—and a beautifully constructed craft, meticulously planked and delicately polished, costing anywhere from six hundred to a thousand dollars, is ruined for Varsity racing to the end of time!

The two crews unscrewed their locks and shipped their oars. The coxswain yelled a throaty order, and four men climbed out, then four more, while the first four held the fragile ship firm against the float.

"What big birds they are," thought Herb Winkle, who only weighed one hundred and forty-four pounds. Fat chance for him! The lightest man on the Varsity crew weighed a hundred and sixty-five. Varsity oarsmen never weigh much less than that.

Herb Winkle aimed to be stroke of a winning Varsity—not some day far off in the future, but now, as soon as possible. Jim Gray, the present stroke, weighed a hundred and seventy-nine. Worst of all, Herb's aspirations so far had put him no higher than stroke of the Sophomore class crew. Stroke a winning Varsity? Why, a mosquito might just

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as well try to push a train. A rude voice interrupted Herb's reverie.

"Whatcha doin', Winkle? Gettin' ready for a swim? 'Tain't May yet, son."

Herb turned. "Hello," he said. The man was one of the staff who worked in the repair shop. "How did you like the Varsity this after?"

The repairman scratched his chin. "Want to know sump'n, Winkle? I heard the Old Man tell the cap that he wasn't satisfied with Jim Gray's strokin'."

"That can't be true," said Herb, suddenly interested. "He was only talking."

"All right," said the rigger. "He was only talking. But you wait and see."

Winkle said good night and walked down along the river path to the bridge and across it to the college.

So Raymond wasn't satisfied with Jim Gray's stroking. Herb decided to keep himself on the alert during the next few days. Something might happen. You never could tell.

The next day, by a coincidence, Winkle's Sophomore crew was scheduled to row at the same time as the Varsity.

Usually the Varsity disappeared down the river ahead of the Sophomores.

Here's where Fate comes into the story. Fate is that invisible fellow who goes around taking lollipops out of one person's mouth and putting them into somebody else's. This afternoon Fate, for no good reason, reached his hand down into the engine of the Varsity launch when no one was looking and pulled an obscure electric wire until it came loose from its connection.

As the motor died, the Old Man shouted at Arthur, the engineer, as loud as he could, "Do you think I come out in this launch for a picnic? You hurry up and get the old spitfire started!"

Arthur fumbled over the engine indiscriminately.

At last he said, "She won't start."



Just then, the Sophomore crew, followed by Coach Alf Banks's launch, appeared round the bend. The Old Man waved at Alf, and after an interchange of courtesies Coach Raymond left Arthur to his fate and joined forces with Alf Banks and the Sophomores.

"The second Varsity went out early," said the Old Man, "and my boys need somebody to pace 'em."

The Sophomores, full of zip and ginger, drew level with the Varsity.

"Sophomores, take a length lead," said Raymond. "All right. Steady. Both crews, now, paddle down the river."

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Herb Winkle drew a long breath. "Now's my chance," he said to himself.

Sixteen oars left sixteen swirls spiraling behind them. The Varsity swung into a long, steady paddle. Herb Winkle in the excitement of the moment sent his crew off to a racing start without orders. The Varsity paid no attention, however, and tried to ignore the Sophomores' racing tactics. Who couldn't pull out a couple of lengths on a bunch of silly Sophomores? But Herb Winkle, short man of the squad, weight one hundred and forty-four, never lowered the stroke. In a quarter of a minute the Sophomores had added a length to their lead.

The Old Man, seeing a good chance to test his Varsity, began to call for a higher stroke. Herb answered with a sprint. The Varsity raised it higher, but in half a mile they never gained an inch. Then both crews let her run.

Coach Banks pretended to be furious. "You poor ham," he called across to Winkle, "what do you think this is—the big race?"

Herb stared at him innocently and said nothing.

Coach Raymond repeated Alf's remarks, except more emphatically. Grumbles and mutters echoed across the water from the Varsity. The words "rotten," "lifeless," "that cocky little shrimp at stroke," were distinctly audible.

Herb wanted to laugh. He felt like jumping up in the shell and yelling.

Rowing is a queer sport. So much depends on proper harmony of mind within a crew as well as perfect harmony of body that the slightest sense of discouragement or discord can ruin the chances of an otherwise promising eight.

With the first race, against another college crew, two weeks off, the Varsity began to realize that the situation was becoming critical.

Next Monday morning the stroke of the second Varsity displaced Gray, and Gray moved down into the second crew. Meanwhile, reports of the Sophomores' good showing against the Varsity had spread

through the boathouse, and Herb Winkle's eight began to earn a name for themselves as the "liveliest bunch on the river." And almost overnight everybody round the boathouse was referring to the cheerful stroke of the Sophomores as "Shrimp." Herb's nickname spread like a crack on a shell bottom.

The new Varsity stroke was a pretty oar to look at—smooth, rhythmical, steady. He seemed to fit into the Varsity boat as if he had been rowing there all year. By the time of the first race he was as good as when he first stepped into the shell—but no better. They lost the race by three lengths.

After it, the Old Man shifted Gray back to stroke. During the next two weeks the Varsity began to improve. But a week before the second race Gray began to develop a habit of catching crabs. He couldn't seem to get over it. In the last practice before this race, however, Gray caught no crabs. Everybody considered this a good sign. In the race itself the Varsity led their opponents halfway down the course and looked better than they had looked all season. But suddenly, without warning, Gray—what Gray did in that race is too dreadful for any oarsman to think of! The Varsity lost by two lengths.

The following Monday afternoon gloom had settled on the Varsity boathouse.

Before practice on Tuesday afternoon the Old Man sought out Alf and held an important conference with him in one of the doorways of the boathouse. There was not much noise there that day. You could have heard an oar drop, and that is saying a good deal for a college boathouse.

"Have you got anybody I could try, Alf?"

"About four fair-to-middling strokes," said Alf, "but I don't know that any of 'em—"

At that moment the loud and unmistakable howling of a young man, either in great pain or in great exultation, echoed through the boathouse. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that this was the

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first sound that had broken the stillness of that cool spring afternoon.

The Old Man jumped nervously. "Who in the name of mud's singing round my boathouse today?" he bellowed.

The singer continued and broke into a new refrain:

I may be broke,
But I'm going to stroke
The Varsity crew this sea-ZUN!

Then the singer appeared from behind some shells. The Old Man clenched his fists savagely.

"Oh, hello, Alf. Good afternoon, Raymond," said the singer with what seemed to the Old Man suspiciously like impertinent politeness. Then, noticing their expressions, he continued, "I was just singing to myself."

"Oh, were you?"

Then, to the surprise of the other two, the Old Man's glance, as he looked Herb Winkle up and down, changed suddenly from rage to intelligent interest.

"Say, Shrimp," said he, remembering the picture of a certain Sophomore crew pulling away from his big fellows several weeks ago, "you want to stroke the Varsity, don't you? Well, if you promise not to sing any more, you can come out in the launch and take a crack at it today."

Herb stuttered something, then rushed upstairs to change his clothes.

The Old Man put him in the Varsity halfway through practice. The men preceding him had done poorly. The boat hadn't been moving between strokes. It had been deader than a log.

When the big moment came and the launch warped its bow against the stroke seat Herb quivered all over. He was so nervous that he almost slipped off into the water as he climbed down to his seat. But as soon as he had adjusted his stretcher, or foot-brace, to suit the length of his legs and had taken a few splashing practice strokes, his quivering left him, and he felt ready to go—like a stick of dynamite listening to the sizzling of its own fuse. When they started down the river he suddenly

realized that he had just what all the other strokes had lacked: fire.

From the launch he almost looked ridiculous, he was so small. "But the boat hasn't traveled like this all spring," said the Old Man.

From that time on Shrimp was a fixture in the Varsity.

The big race of the season was still four weeks ahead. At the end of Shrimp's first thrilling week the whole squad moved into its final training quarters on the Thames River, three hours by train from the college. Their rivals lived a mile above them, and both camps watched each other's movements like cats.

It was June, and a succession of beautiful days kept the men's spirits at a high level. Time passed quickly. They rowed twice a day and improved in every practice. Shrimp couldn't believe that he was there. It seemed too good to be true. At last the week of the race drew near, and then the day before the day before, and then the day before, and finally the day.

The crew seemed to be going well at the end of the training period. But that other crew, up the river, looked a little better. They had a real stroke—a big rangy fellow who was the most perfect and the most powerful oar in their eight. Shrimp had lost some weight in training and was now down to a hundred and forty. It was to be a four-mile race, and both squads wondered if the Shrimp would be able to last four miles. Men much stronger than Shrimp had broken down on that long pull. And yet he had lasted well enough in all the trials. The sport writers picked Shrimp's crew to lose. That crew had not won all season. The boys up the river had decisively beaten one of the best crews in the East.

The morning of the big day promised perfect conditions. There was a light breeze downstream, barely enough of a ripple to keep the water alive. In the morning races, Shrimp's college lost both the Freshman and Junior Varsity events over the two-mile distance. Everybody in Shrimp's camp said that it was to be expected, though as a matter of fact they hadn't expected it in the least.

The Varsity crews carried their shells out precisely on scheduled time. Five o'clock saw them both on the gangways. Nobody on Shrimp's crew talked much as they put their shell into the water. Shrimp had a feeling in the pit of his stomach as if he had just reached the ground floor on the fast express from the top floor of the Woolworth Building in New York.

"You can't lick this crew by rowing along a nicely laid out schedule," the Old Man had told him. "You've got to beat them off the mark and go just as hard as you can all the way. Row 'em till they bust. You can do it, Shrimp."

Herb knew this meant using up all his strength in the first half of the race, then finding enough more hidden away somewhere to enable him to sprint to the finish. Impossible? Yes. But Shrimp knew that oarsmen had done the impossible before.

"I will start you in the following manner," boomed the referee's voice.

"It'll be over in a third of an hour," thought Shrimp, clenching his fists round the oar handle. "Mustn't grab it too tight. Cramps in the fingers."

"Go!"

Oars churned the water. Slides rumbled a hollow chorus. They went off at forty strokes to the minute.

"Why, it's a cinch," Shrimp thought. Shrimp always felt that way the first minute. One minute doesn't give you time to get winded. It just feels easy—easy as pie. "Boat never went better. We've jumped 'em a little." Shrimp's lungs expanded into a great gasp. All of a sudden he thought he could never stick it out. Two minutes at forty, and tired already!

"Call for ten," he blurted to the cox at the half-mile mark.

"One, two, three—"

How that hurt! The sweat broke out now. A momentary thin shaft of sunlight struck Shrimp full between the eyes. It felt boiling hot. His mouth dried up. Not past the mile mark yet, and he was all in.

"I'm gonna go on, I'm gonna go on." The words fitted into the rhythm of the stroke. "Gonna go on." He forgot to say it again, and this time the cox called for ten without asking him. He watched the crew beside him. They were so close he could hear every sound in their boat. "One, two, three, four, five, six—"

That second ten gained him half a length.

The other cox called for an answering ten. "One, two, three—" It was like a monster in a dream taking slow deliberate steps toward you. "Ten!" The other crew hadn't gained a foot.

"Four miles is so darned long there's no use thinking how long it is," Shrimp said to himself. This comforted him. He wasn't afraid of the distance any longer.

An insidious desire to take it easy crept upon him—a sort of heavy feeling all over. If he slacked off for a few strokes, no one would find out. "No! No! No!" He repeated the denial over with each stroke as he jammed his oar through the water. Words, though, didn't mean much. They were just drumbeats to keep the all-necessary rhythm going.

"Two-mile mark!" screamed the cox. "Only two miles, boys. We've half a length on 'em. Give her ten more. One, two, three—"

Each stroke sapped him worse than the last.

"Those tens," Shrimp grunted to the cox, in a crazy desire to show that he was not too tired to talk, "that's what'll lick 'em!"

"Shut up, you fool!"

Less than two miles more. Where had those first two miles gone? They seemed hours and hours ago already. And still his crew was leading by half a length. He remembered how good the other crew had looked in practice—how scared he had been when he read their names and weights in the papers. And here he was stroking the boat that had led them for two miles.

"How far?" he gasped to the cox.

"Mile and a half."

All at once, Shrimp never knew how, the other crew caught up and

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drew even. In ten more strokes Shrimp had to look out of the corner of his eye to see their stroke man. Both crews were now entering a lane of water between two parallel rows of yachts. Whistles, sirens, cheers—they sounded all far away, like a phonograph when you shut up the sound box.

Back! Up! Catch! Recover! Hit it! Easy! So swung the invincible rhythm that dominated Herb and Herb's oar and the bodies and the oars of all the seven men behind him. He was so done in that every stroke felt as if it were tearing his insides out, clutching him by the throat. But the rhythm carried him on and wouldn't let him stop.

Out of the screeching maelstrom of noise came a comparatively quiet voice, self-contained, encouraging. "You are doing nicely, Herb. Now we've got to sprint." It was the captain at Number seven behind him.

"Sprint!" The cox heard him whisper it and banged madly on the sides of the boat with the wooden blocks by which he held the rudder ropes. Nobody heard it. Instead, they all caught something invisible from Shrimp's oar, and up went the stroke.

"The one important thing now," said that inward voice of Shrimp's, "is not to let myself get tied up in the arms. I must keep loose on the recover. And now I am going to put more into it. More!"

The two boats were almost even. Half a mile to go. It was now or not at all. Shrimp watched the other crew narrowly. Six was swinging out of the boat, in a relaxed clumsy circle. He looked about ready to keel over.

The cox saw him too. "Now's our chance to break 'em!" he yelled as loud as he could. Only Shrimp heard him. This time they sprinted for fair and gained half a length. Now the one thing left was to reach that finish line.

"Won't we ever get there?" This question surged through Shrimp's brain, and he couldn't seem to escape from it.

Suddenly he found that he had stopped rowing a second ago, and woke to the fact that the race was over. He had won by half a length.

No one in the boat said anything for about five minutes. At last Shrimp drew a long breath, then brushed the sweat out of his eyes. Already he felt rested. He turned round and said to the captain, half joking, half boasting, "That wasn't so hard, was it? Funny I didn't get more tired."

They mustered up a ragged cheer for the defeated crew, then rode back to the boathouse in the launch. Tired? Oh, no. Shrimp wasn't tired at all. Easiest thing in the world! Everybody knew Shrimp had done a wonderful job, and on the way home everybody told him so.

Shrimp climbed out on the float and stood on his two legs and hummed:

I may be broke,
But I'm going to stroke—

Unexpectedly he felt seasick and dizzy. He staggered and tumbled down full length on the float. A couple of his crew mates pulled him up and helped him up from the float. He was intensely happy.

"More tired than I thought," he whispered, as he stumbled into the boathouse, singing weakly.

An hour later Shrimp, dressed in white flannels and a very handsome tweed coat, made his way from his shack to the main Varsity dining-room. He found most of the college and what looked like ninety per cent of the population of two cities awaiting him there. A mighty cheer greeted him, and he felt embarrassed. They surged towards him, engulfed him. In one instant his brand-new coat had vanished from his shoulders.

He felt something being pulled over his face. He looked down at his chest. He saw the Varsity sweater for Crew.

The crowd roared. Then they cheered him again. Some one started singing, and everybody picked it up and sang it over and over:

I may be broke,
But I'm going to—

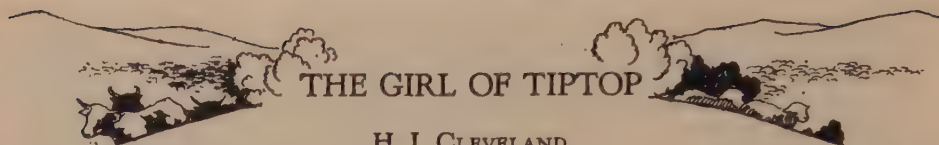
This time you can finish the words for yourself.



THE TOUCAN

GAZE with wonder and awe on the toucan!
 He can boast of his features as few can;
 No proud Arab sheik
 Could display such a beak,
 But to envy the creature—now who can?

CHET LAW



THE GIRL OF TIPTOP

H. I. CLEVELAND

THE school trustees looked dumbfounded. Sim Blair twirled his thumbs, Harley Coffin uneasily shifted his belt, while Hober Dett clicked his heels together and acted as if he wanted to take to the desert.

Rapidly moving away from the station of Sage Alley, the Fast Mail was showering the trio with hot cinders; but this was not what had disturbed them. The disturbance was the trim figure of a girl dressed in traveling garb—a girl so sweet and fresh in youth and health that all about Sage Alley seemed to take on new hideousness in contrast. Back of the girl was a suitcase and a steamer trunk. Ahead were the trustees, a two-seated mountain buckboard and a team of piebald ponies, predecessors of the automobiles that now shorten the distances which seemed so long to them.

Her eyes sighting beyond the three men, the girl took in the low, dirt-covered score of buildings forming Sage Alley; beyond these was a great expanse of sage-covered land and then the gray and blue line of the mountains, above which towered a single, snow-capped peak. It was all very wonderful, but agonizingly lonesome, to one from where trolley cars hummed and the marts of men made the music of trade. Martha's underlip began to quiver, and into her eyes stole just a suspicion of tears. In those days, before the end of the last century, much of the great West was still untamed. Today all that is changed, and what was grim reality for Martha seems to us like a mere fireside yarn of days gone by. Then the spirit of the pioneers, and the unruly spirit of the rival factions that sprung up after the pioneers, still survived. Many parts of the West were not closely connected with civilization, by phonographs, by radio, by cheap automobiles, and by the hundred and one small inventions that serve to bring us all closer together,

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whether we live in the country, in a small town, or in a mighty metropolis. If a girl like Martha abandoned her quiet home life, and came to a remote community like Tiptop, she had to expect that she would be almost completely cut off from the world she knew.

These men were not accustomed to invasion by gentle young ladies from the city. They knew how hard the life of a woman in such communities could be.

Harley Coffin came to his senses. In two steps he was by Martha's side, addressing her: "I presume you are Miss Bolton, the teacher for Tiptop. We're the trustees of the district. This is Mr. Blair and this Mr. Dett. I'm Mr. Coffin. The last teacher at Tiptop was a man, and he didn't get along very well; so we tried to get a woman this time who would understand some things. But we didn't expect—we didn't—"

There he broke off in much confusion, as something ridiculous in the whole situation struck him, and laughed. Martha laughed too, and so did the other trustees; and that broke the ice.

"You weren't expecting a girl—that's what you meant to end with—a girl who looks as if she didn't understand anything," Martha put in.

"Frankly, no, we were not expecting so young a person. The recommendations from your professors were so flattering we formed the impression—well, not that you were elderly—but somewhat older."

"We expected to get a settled-down person," sagely observed Mr. Dett. Again a glimpse of tears appeared in Martha's eyes.

Mr. Coffin looked reprovingly at his associate.

"We have engaged Miss Bolton, and if we happened to overlook her age," he said, "we're not going to forget the excellent recommendations back of her. Come, we've a long drive, and Tiptop expects to give you a reception this afternoon, Miss Bolton. Our chief products up there are cattle, sheep, and children."

Twenty miles of body-racking driving through the sage brush brought them into the foothills; then through wonderful gorges and valleys dotted with sheep and cattle. Mr. Dett drove while Mr. Coffin sat with Martha.



"These are the Centennial plains we have left," he explained, "and now we're passing over an old trail Custer used in '74 when he explored the Hills. Everything about here is historic, and you'll enjoy that after you get acquainted. Sitting Bull made this his retreat for years. Wild Bill always claimed the face of God could be seen in the sunsets from that jutting rock over there. He sleeps under the White Rocks now."

"I have never been West," observed Martha, "and I have only known New Jersey. I don't mean to be rude, but you all speak such good English. I thought—"

"You thought we were all 'bad men' and dime-novel cow-punchers," interrupted Mr. Coffin. "Well, we have some queer characters out here, but the backbone of the West is formed of people of intelligence. Mr. Dett graduated at Heidelberg, Mr. Blair is from the University of Wis-

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consin, I'm of old Hamilton. You'll understand us in time. There are fifty children at Tiptop to come under your care, and you'll get their hearts if you try to understand them—not from your viewpoint, but their own. Most young teachers fail because they make no effort to get into the child's place."

The glories of the lower ranges were unfolding before Martha as the ponies scaled the heights. Deep, blue-black shadows blotted out the details of the canyons, while the upper rock points were tipped with fire by the sun of the last day in August. Mr. Coffin spoke again.

"One caution, Miss Bolton. We are cattlemen at Tiptop; below us are the sheepmen. The two do not now agree. The feeling is bitter at times. Remember, so long as you are in our district, anything you may say openly must be in our favor. Personally I wish the two industries could be at peace, but it seems impossible. Be careful to remember that your money is coming from the cow-puncher, not the sheep herder."

This was Greek to Martha. She loved cattle and sheep alike, and why anyone should quarrel over them was incomprehensible; but she held her peace.

"Are you strong?" asked Mr. Coffin.

"I can row, swim, ride horseback, box, and handle a rifle," answered Martha with a smile.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, again taking in her slender figure with a critical eye. "I didn't know Jersey branded her girls that way."

The laugh over this had not ended when the piebalds pulled the buckboard round a sharp curve, flung out above a green gorge, and Tiptop came in view—a village lying in a cup of the mountains and having a hundred homes, general stores, corrals, and a schoolhouse perched on the highest elevation in the cup. An American flag floated over the school, and Martha could see there was a throng by the door.

"Ki-yi! Whoop-ee!" yelled Mr. Dett to the ponies, and they began to run, leaving an immense cloud of dust behind. In this way Martha dashed through Tiptop and was brought like a whirlwind to the mothers

and children with whom she was to live for many a day. Before she fully realized what was happening Mr. Coffin had swung her out of the buckboard and was presenting her to a group of brown-faced, sweet-eyed women—his wife and the wives of other men.

Then came the children, ranging in ages from six to fourteen, all straight-limbed, fearless of eye, bronzed with kiss of the sun and wind of the high altitudes. In all the confusion she noticed that no one acted as if embarrassed. She was welcomed as if she had always been one of them, although she did hear a boy's whisper come from behind her back! "Ain't she little? Say a breeze 'ud take her off the range."

It was Herman, Dett's son, a boy of thirteen. She whirled quickly on him and caught his face between her hands, and cried: "Of course I'm little, but I can outshoot and outride you. Some day we'll try it." The boy colored, but did not drop his eyes. He was pondering a bit before he could ask, "Do you ride X or Y?"

Martha was momentarily puzzled. She felt she was under a child's test, that much of her future success with this mass of independence would depend upon her reply. What X and Y positively stood for she did not know, but something in the shape of the letters as that came to her mind brought the quick response to her lips:

"I ride X, as you do—I ride astride."

A little later young Mr. Dett might have been heard informing his chums: "She's no maverick, if she does come from the East. She's real."

So Martha was taken into the hearts and homes of the people of Tiptop, having her own place of abode with the Coffins, her work with the children who were slowly building themselves into future food-producers of the world. For idleness, lonesomeness, regrets for much of city life that might have been missed, she had no time. Tiptop was a dynamo of energy.

Not all of Martha's lines fell in pleasant places. Some of the people were very rough and did not understand her. Many things of refinement that she had enjoyed in the past were not to be had. And there



was always upon the heart of every human being in Tiptop the shadow of trouble with the sheepmen. The sheep were coming higher and higher on the range, and as the cattle were driven back by the grass-destroying characteristics of the invaders, their own grazing grew scantier.

"Where we could once graze fifty thousand head, Miss Bolton," said Mr. Coffin one evening, "we now are restricted in this district to thirty thousand. If this keeps on, we'll have to move."

That night came trouble, in the form of a scrimmage in a small valley known as Piney Creek basin. News of the trouble worried Martha all morning. Shots had been fired.

At the noon recess she was still thinking of the bitter feeling between the sheepmen and the cattlemen. Walking to a lookout point in the range, she saw below her a vast sweep of plain. At her feet was South Dakota, beyond that, in a line of purple, Nebraska; to the southwest, the ridges of Wyoming; and to the northwest, the open that led to the Big Horn and Montana. This wonderful panorama did not hold her attention so much as a long view down the canyon and the sight of an armed body of horsemen riding upward. They appeared to have scouts and to be proceeding cautiously.

On the way back to the schoolhouse she met Billie Terwilliger, who was bubbling with excitement over the accounts he had heard of the previous night's fight with the sheep herders.

"All our men have gone to Overton this afternoon, teacher," he said, "and tonight they're going to brush the muttonheads out of Baldy Butte. Christmas, I'd like to see that scrimmage! They say Jeff Pompon—he's a boss o' the sheepies—is picklin' mad. Dad sent him word last week he was goin' to eat him alive."

"Billie," asked Martha, "did you ever think you might be able to do more with your brains than with guns?"

"Why, no, teacher. I guess brains wouldn't counted much at Piney last night."

Martha could say nothing to this, and the children were called to order for the afternoon's work. Perhaps half an hour had passed when without warning the door of the schoolhouse was roughly kicked open and there stood in its place, blotting out the sunlight, the figure of a tall man. In his hands lightly rested his pistols.

"Jeff Pompon!" gasped Billie Terwilliger.

Martha paled. She instinctively felt the intruder was a sheepman and that he meant trouble. But Pompon left no doubt in her mind. Half-American, half-French, he was the boldest foreman of the sheep forces.

"You'll git yerself and the children out, ma'am," he said, his gray eyes burning into Martha's trembling heart, "fer we're goin' ter burn th' school an' th' town. We ain't fightin' wimmin an' babies, but we happened ter know Tiptop was alone today, an' we've got it. We're goin' ter leave our cards fer yer friends, th' cow-punchers, jest in return for Piney last night. Now *vamose*! Tiptop's surrounded, an' we're 'bout ready fer th' bonfire."

They say blood counts. There happened to be in Martha's veins the wash of some old but rich ancestral crimson. Some of it had been at Quebec and some at Resaca de la Palma. Down near the peach orchard

of Gettysburg certain stones marked where on both sides this blood had surrendered the sweetness of life to die like gentlemen. The startled eyes of the children were watching the dull edges of the muzzles of Pompon's guns. Martha's voice broke the silence:

"You will not burn the schoolhouse or the town. If you try, you'll have to kill me and these children. Children, stand up, march to my desk and face the door—heads erect, toes out."

Dumbfounded, defied where he least expected it, Pompon helplessly glared at the marching children. As the boys and girls lined themselves at the desk Martha stepped to the front of them. Pompon's pistols dropped to a dead level with her eyes. They formed two shining lines of steel. If Martha saw them and the threat in the eyes back of them, she gave no evidence.

"Forward march!" she called to her pupils, and the small host at her rear took her step and advanced on Pompon. Pompon had never fought a woman. He sincerely believed according to his standard of life he had as much right to burn up Tiptop as Tiptop had to raid Piney and drive his herds away. Down in the village, his men, having driven the women and the few old men at home into the public square, were anxiously awaiting his signal for lighting the fires.

"Hold on, ma'am!" Pompon snapped. He might just as well have told Harney's peak to fall off its pedestal.

The boys back of Martha had their fists clenched and the girls held their arms akimbo.

"You will go away, sir," shouted Martha, "and have no quarrel with women and children."

And at that moment from down in the village came a wild yell. Pompon swung from the door of the schoolhouse as if electrified. His horse was at the hitching rail, and he was in the saddle just in time to see a swarm of Tiptop and Overton cattlemen swoop down upon his own force. When the raiders had first struck the town in the early afternoon it had been Mrs. Blair who had found one quick interval of time to use

the Overton telephone and warn the assembled cattlemen they were sorely needed at Tiptop, six miles away.

Howls of rage broke the calm above Tiptop; pistol shots sent echoes flying down the gorges. Pompon's force fled in every direction, and the leader himself, giving his horse free rein, made for Boxwood canyon, pursued by a dozen or more cowmen.

"Beefanhide, teacher," roared Billie Terwilliger, "you've grit! Why, you buffaloeed Pompon out of his boots!"

Martha faintly smiled. She didn't think she had done more than her duty, but this scene had completely upset her notions as to just how far civilization had or had not progressed in the hearts of men. At her knees there was a queer shaking, and she would have liked to be back in the Jersey home with her head nestled on her mother's shoulder, a shoulder dedicated for years to tears and smiles.

She dismissed the children, feeling that book work for the rest of the day was impossible, and slowly made her way by a path somewhat removed from the main street of Tiptop to the Coffin home. Down in the square Johnny Blair was talking to a group of men.

"Talk about nerve," he declared. "Why Miss Bolton 'ud walk up to a cannon an' blow dust down it. Pompon had her covered, an' he was lookin' wicked, but d'ye think she laid down? I don't care if she is from th' East or anywhere else. She dared him to hurt us or th' town, an' he couldn't move till he heard dad's yell. She's grit."

At the Coffin home the women made much of Martha, and rough, hard-jawed men brought their horses up quietly, asking in whispers if they could do anything for her. But there was nothing to be done, but as she rested and Mrs. Coffin held her close she exclaimed:

"This enmity between the cattle and sheep men is awful, Mother Coffin. Why don't they get together like big men and settle the differences without fighting? They are only eating each other up, making anger worse with bloodshed. I know I don't understand it all; probably both sides are to blame; but big men don't shoot each other, Mother



Coffin, and they don't frighten women and children. Oh, I'd like to be a man in a muss like this!"

The cool of the evening came down from the peaks. The lynx yawned on its sheltering ledge and scented afar the folds it would ravage when the hand of night rested heavily on the plains. Over Elkhorn and Tooth-Jaw the constellations cast their teasing radiance, and an aging moon hung low.

Mr. Coffin, who had been in the village since supper, came home hastily, angrily throwing himself into an easy chair.

"I can't do anything, mother," he said to his wife, who was reading with Martha. "The Overton fellows have caught Jeff Pompon and brought him back. They've got him down in the square now, giving him a mock trial and they mean trouble. Dett, Blair, myself and some of the others tried to reason with them but their blood is up, and half of the Tiptop men are with them."

Martha knew instinctively what "trouble" meant. She knew that if she were to rescue Pompon from the angry, relentless mob she must act, and act without a moment's delay. Mr. Coffin, respected citizen

of the town, had been able to do nothing. Why should she, who had never so much as seen a mob aroused, be able to quiet one? There was no time to worry, no time to wonder. She bit her lower lip fiercely, and turned.

There was the sound of a swish of skirts, and before Mr. Coffin and his wife could realize what was up, Martha was out of the front door running down the street. Mrs. Coffin did not divine her purpose, but the husband did and was after her, racing like a madman. Fast as he was he could not overtake her, and she had fought her way through the crowd surrounding the prisoner and was standing in front of him when Coffin got there. He could hear her voice, low but every word distinct:

"I told this man this afternoon he would have to kill me and my school children before he could harm Tiptop. I'm only a girl, I know, but I tell you men now you'll have to kill me before you harm him. I come from a country where we deal in fair play. I was brought up to fair play. I was told long before I came here you people of the plains and mountains stood for fair play. Now your anger has got away with you—you're going to murder this man. Why don't you make peace, let the law rule and each man take fairly what is his own? Are you going to teach your children to be at each other's throats when they take your places? What's the use of the school if this man is murdered by you tonight? What afterwards can I teach your sons and daughters?"

The burly German, Dett, stepped forward and cut the bonds which held the dazed Pompon. The crowd parted, and his horse was led in to him. Sim Blair pointed to the gateway of the canyon which led down to the sheep land. Pompon swung into the saddle, gave a swift glance at the faces upturned to his, swept his hat from his head and bowed low to the girl Mr. Coffin was supporting.

"Adios," he whispered. "I will keep peace if Tiptop do."

And Tiptop did.



MY "TAME" MOUFLON

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY



IN CORSICA I made a memorable acquaintance who was destined to bring me into many embarrassing situations. One of the shepherds had a mouflon. The animal had been captured soon after birth. He had been nursed by a ewe, and had grown up among successive generations of tame sheep. He had been treated with uniform kindness, as a pet, and was thoroughly tame. But he was a ram, and was probably the oldest one in the flock. He was big. So also were his horns. To the bucking ability of the tame rams, he added the skill of countless generations of wild ancestors. He inspired respect not only in the other rams, but in the dogs and the men.

I bought him. I did this in a moment of youthful inexperience, and of enthusiastic anticipation of the admiration to be aroused on his introduction to European and American civilization.

While I camped by the *bergerie*, I cultivated in my mouflon an inspiring interest, if not affection, toward myself, by dint of much petting, but more effectively by liberal feeding. The good things in my pockets were a source of unending attraction. So, in time, I could not escape from him except by tying him up. If I hid myself, he would trace me out, apparently by scent. He came like a dog when I whistled.

I was pleased. The other students went around glorying in their dogs; I foresaw the spectacular effect of a mouflon trotting by my side.

The mouflon is one of the several varieties of wild sheep that live near the snow line on the high mountains of Asia, Africa, and America.

He nearly resembles the bighorn of the Rocky Mountains. He stands between twenty-six and twenty-eight inches high, with horns curved in a rather flat spiral. The body is covered with a silky hair, which hides

From *Travels and Adventures of Raphael Pumpelly*. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

the wool underneath. His close relationship to the domestic sheep is shown, according to Buffon, by the fact that he can produce with it a fertile cross.

The mouflon move in troops, and live and bring forth their young on the snow, descending, during the day, below the snow line to graze. In very severe winters, when the pasturage is wholly covered, they come into the villages among the sheep for food.

When taken soon after birth, they are tame, and, if uniformly well-treated, remain tolerably docile, but can be very fiercely aggressive with their heavy horns. In climbing they are more agile than goats and can jump horizontally eighteen or twenty feet.

Their cousin, the *Ovis Poli*, on the Pamirs and Himalayas, is much larger, with horns extending far outward in a pointed spiral. My son Raphael saw, on the Pamir, one skull with horns spreading nearly five feet across from point to point.

The time had come for me to return to Freiberg.

With some difficulty, I don't remember how, I succeeded in getting my mouflon and my rocks to the main highway, where I hired transportation to Bastia.

I went aboard the Leghorn steamer. I tied the mouflon at the side of the deck, and went below to the noon meal just as the boat started, but hearing a great noise on the deck over me, I rushed up. The mouflon had preferred his native land and started for it. He was towing at the length of his rope in the sea. The engine was stopped and with everybody's help, he was lifted aboard and tied up short. He seemed resigned, but kept inquisitive interviewers at a respectful distance.

I meant to go to Florence for a few days; so on arriving at Leghorn I asked a sailor where I could find a place to board the animal.

"My mother, *Signore*, would take good care of him," he answered.

So, getting into a carriage with the mouflon, we drove till we came to a large apartment house, where we climbed to an upper floor and I was introduced to a very respectable looking woman.



I told her my mission. She looked at the animal doubtfully; and he hopefully at her. She gave him a piece of bread from the table by her side, and he let her pet him.

"*E carino!*" (he's a dear) she said. "Yes, I will take good care of him."

"But where can you keep him; have you a yard?" I asked.

She led me into the hall and opened a door.

"Look *Signore*; here will I keep him."

I looked into a room about twelve feet square. It was a kitchen, very neat, with an Italian cooking range. A whole *batterie* of copper cooking vessels hung on the wall; and there were shelves with crockery, and, under these, numerous receptacles for foodstuffs. She was probably a caterer I decided, as I looked about.

When I objected, she insisted:

"Have no fear," she said; "don't I promise you that you shall find him all right when you come? Ah! he is so gentle!"

So, after tying the mouflon in the kitchen, I went on my way with a light heart. Traveling had become easy.

After perhaps a week in Florence, I returned to Leghorn, and drove to get the mouflon. As I left the carriage, I saw the old woman just coming out of the house. As soon as she saw me, she began to talk and gesticulate excitedly. Evidently something was wrong with my sheep.

I hurried up the stairs, the woman following. The kitchen door was locked; she gave me the key. There was noise within. I opened the door. The mouflon stood between the legs of an inverted table. I saw his feet come together: I dodged; he cleared the door, doubled up the woman, and bounded down the stairway.

The kitchen was a wreck. Battered coppers and broken crockery covered the floor. The food had all been looted.

He had a way of getting my knots untied. I thought it mysterious, till at sixty I discovered that I had never known how to tie a square knot.

The woman was bruised; she was also not in good humor; but she had an eye to business, and she managed the business skillfully. I got away with what I thought might take me to Venice.

I took the boat to Genoa, and drove at once to the station and bought tickets to Venice, one for myself and one for the mouflon. A train was soon to start, and I asked the guard where he would put the mouflon.

"In the dog kennel, *Signore*," he answered, pointing to a little door under the baggage-car. He called four porters and opened the door. The men lifted the struggling animal, and started to put him in head first. They twisted his head sideways to get his horns in. I protested; so did the mouflon. Then they turned him end for end, and managed to push him in till they got him as far as his horns. Then in despair they dropped him on the platform.

Then that mouflon took his innings. Quickly those four uniformed

servants of the Sardinian kingdom lay doubled up on the floor. The air was blue with groans and impressive statements. The victor was proud; I was disturbed; the guard and the conductor, who came up, were haughty. That animal couldn't go on the train. He was a wild beast, and they didn't carry wild beasts.

I showed his ticket.

They answered that he could go only if inclosed in a strong cage. There was no other way, so I went to a hotel and had a carpenter brought. I told the man to measure the animal and make a strong cage for him. I waited in Genoa two or three days for the cage. When it came, I saw that it was strong. It was also very heavy. You paid for baggage by the pound.

In due time, after about twenty hours, I reached Venice in the morning, and went to a hotel. I was hungry, but after a cup of coffee and an egg, I hastened to a bank to draw money. I handed out my letter of credit, saying I wished to draw twenty pounds. The banker glanced at the letter and said:

"I'm sorry; I shall have to forward your draft to London for acceptance."

"Why must you do that?" I answered. "It isn't customary."

"We have instructions not to pay directly, except on drafts drawn on the Barings, and your letter is not from them. This applies to all others, on account of the panic in America."

The great panic of 1857! I had not heard of it; indeed, I had not come in contact with American travelers.

He said it would take about two weeks for him to get authority from London.

The banker added that, as I was going to Vienna, where the house of Baron Escales was mentioned among correspondents on my letter, I might doubtless fare better.

After a hasty count of my remaining cash, I thought I had perhaps enough money to take me to Vienna.

I hurried to the hotel and paid for my coffee and egg; then I bought transportation to Trieste.

What should I do when we reached Vienna, and what if I should fail to get money there? When in the evening we rolled into Vienna, I had made up my mind to act boldly. I hired two carriages, one for myself and one for my trunks, and a baggage wagon for the caged mouflon; and I drove in state to the best hotel—the *Kaiserin Elizabeth*.

A porter looked out and ran back; evidently an important guest was arriving. Quickly there formed a double row of servants across the sidewalk, and through this came the landlord. He opened the carriage door obsequiously, expecting a personage—and only I stepped out. However, he knew me and welcomed me. I had the porters take the mouflon out of the heavy cage and hold him by the rope. Then I asked the landlord where I could put the animal out to board. The mouflon came to smell my pockets, then tried at the landlord's. The latter said: "Why not here, Herr Pumpelly? We have a court."

"Oh no!" I answered, "not here; he would break everything in your house!"

The mouflon put his nose longingly against the landlord's hand; then stroking the animal's forehead the landlord said:

"He's as gentle as a pet lamb, Herr Pumpelly; we have many children in the house, and he will be a great pleasure to them."

I insisted that he was terribly destructive.

"Let him stay here! I'll be responsible for all the damage he may do," was the answer.

I weakened, trusting to luck and to the tying rope. So the mouflon became a guest.

We entered through a hallway. At the further end a door opened into a court paved with stone. This court was perhaps thirty feet square. On the right hand the wall had a continuous stretch of windows lighting the kitchen. On the left-hand wall a similar expanse of windows lighted the dining room. The other two walls were blank spaces.

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In the middle stood an iron lamp-post; this was all there was in the court, excepting at the center of each blank wall there was a pedestal supporting a large plaster cast of a Greek deity.

A porter tied the "pet lamb" to the lamp-post, and I saw that he was properly fed.

The mouflon was hungry: for he had gone over two days on half a cigar.

I was starving; I had existed three days on the memory of an evanescent egg and a cup of coffee.

I knew the danger of overeating under such circumstances, and sat down resolved to be prudent.

That night I had a nightmare; I was being tracked by the Austrian police for some awful crime; a loud knocking awakened me, the police were breaking in; I jumped out in the darkness and opened the door and was instantly knocked sprawling to the floor.

The police were my mouflon. The servants had been cleaning, and had left open the door into the court. The mouflon had become untied, and traced me to my room and had butted against the door.

When running loose at the *bergerie* in Corsica, he had been able to find me when I was not where he could see me. I don't remember having taken him to my room that evening; he must have traced me here as he did in the mountains.

I made him lie down; then I went to bed and slept sweetly. I was awakened by a noise.

My bed was at one end of a long room and I faced a window at the other end. It was daylight. The mouflon had just jumped onto a bureau at the foot of my bed, and stood out in full view between me and the window. He had never seemed so beautiful; I noted the proud poise of his head and the powerful horns. I was happy.

Suddenly I saw him glance across the room; then, bringing his feet into position he sprang. He had seen another mouflon challenging him, and he landed in the looking-glass. I looked out of the window and

saw that the sun was only just rising; the way would be clear for me to get the animal back to the court. So I pulled on my trousers; my shoes were gone to be polished. I tied a string around his horns and started out barefooted.

The stairway was a square well; you descended to a landing halfway between floors; then turned and continued down from this landing in the opposite direction, to the next floor. There was a low dado wainscot rising from the stairs; above this the wall was covered with narrow mirrors joined together to give a continuous surface of glass. As you went down, you saw yourself in another great mirror that covered the wall of the landing. I had gone halfway down the first stairs when the cord was jerked from my hand—the mouflon had seen another ram, and had demolished him with a loud crash of shattered glass. A sharp piece had pierced his back and had drawn blood.

He was frightened by the vanishing of these ghostlike mouflons. He was also pained.

In his terror he sought safety.

Before him the great mirror of the wall of the landing seemed to offer safety on the reflected stairs, and with a mighty spring he sailed over my head.

He landed halfway in the mirror and with another great crash, mouflon and glass fell to the floor.

Then he flew below.

I was dazed.

The noise of opening doors sounded along the corridors. The guests in nightgowns rushed to the stairs and peered down from above and up from below.

They saw a disheveled boy with bare feet standing between two piles of glass; and they saw blood on the steps.

They expressed freely their opinion of me and of the happenings, in many languages. One man said I was a "spleeny Englishman on a spree."

This seemed to explain, and they went off.



I remembered my empty purse and the uncertainty of landlords' promises. I also felt pained by some personal remarks made by the guests.

I sneaked down to the hall and found that mouflon, and I tied him tight, as I thought, though I have already confessed that I never learned how to tie a hard knot till forty years later.

Being unable to get funds I called on my friend Andrian. He had no money but tried to pawn his belongings. Not having enough, he said, "What have you got to add, to make up? Have you a watch?"

"No, mine is there already. I've only five boxes of rocks and a mouflon. A mouflon, *lieber* Andrian, is a gentle wild beast who amuses himself by hunting for his kind in looking-glasses, and demolishing them. The looking-glasses belong to my landlord."

Then I told the mouflon story up to date.

"You'll have a bigger bill than we can settle," he said. "You must sell the mouflon if you can't wait for money from London."

"Only too willingly," I answered; "but who'll buy him?"

"I've never heard of a mouflon," Andrian said, "so he must be a

rare animal; why not try the Zoölogical Garden? Write Herr von B——, whose charge is the *Thier Garten*, for an appointment, and when you see him, ask a big price."

Andrian dictated the letter and sent his man with it to the palace. The messenger returned with a note containing an appointment for eleven o'clock on the next morning.

Now that the mouflon was as good as sold, I began to have regrets as I walked to the hotel. To sell him was to acknowledge failure; failure on my part, not on his part; for as a mouflon, he was a brilliant success. While thinking these thoughts, I entered the crowded dining room. The only vacant seat faced the court, and looking out I could see my pet sleeping calmly at the foot of the lamp-post. As I looked on those victorious horns and recalled their exploits, I felt proud of their owner, and sad regret at the thought of the parting.

Fearing that he might wake up and see me, and come to me, I moved a vase of flowers to hide me, and began to eat. Suddenly I heard a child call out:

"Mama, mama, look! that wild animal is loose!"

There stood the mouflon looking for a place to jump to. He jumped.

He landed on the high pedestal of the Apollo Belvedere. The impact sent the pedestal against the wall, and Apollo onto the pavement, but not before the mouflon had gathered force for another spring. He sailed through the air and through the kitchen window, where he overturned a table covered with crockery.

The frightened cooks and waiters rushed out into the court.

The guests, startled by the child's cry of "wild animal" and by the crashes of statue and glass, rushed to the window. I was the only one that remained seated.

During the excitement the landlord entered the room. Raising his hands to calm the guests, he came towards me saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, pray do not be excited, it is only this gentleman's pet lamb!"

He had come to ask me to get the animal out of the kitchen, so that the servants would go in.

I went through the long room feeling the stare of all those people, and knowing that some of them had said uncomplimentary things about me when I stood barefooted among the ruins on the stairs.

I found the mouflon on a table, with his nose buried in a dish of Brussels sprouts, and covered with the white sauce. I got him out and tied him to the lamp-post.

I wasn't anxious to meet the landlord. So I slunk quietly out of the hotel, and wandered till night. Then I slipped in and went to bed to kill time, and to drown my feelings in sleep.

I breakfasted in my room, and went out to walk the streets.

At eleven o'clock I was received by Herr von B——. He was a short man with ribbons of several decorations on his breast. He was very courteous, and asked me to what he owed the pleasure of my visit.

I told him that I had brought a mouflon from the mountains of Corsica, intending to take him with me to America, but that I found him to be an embarrassing traveling companion, and would like to sell him.

"A mouflon!" he said. "Oh, the mouflon is a rare animal; please describe yours."

Then I spoke elaborately of the size and horns of that mouflon, of his general beauty, and of his moral character.

The director listened with a face beaming with appreciation.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed; "yes, mouflons are rare, very rare, and yours would be a prize for a *Thier Garten*; how much do you ask for him, Herr Pumpelly?"

"He has cost me about five hundred guldens," I answered; "I would like to get back what he has cost me."

"Only five hundred guldens; why that should be a mere bagatelle for such a fine specimen; we will be glad——" then suddenly grasping his head with his hand he exclaimed:

"Ach! how could I have forgotten; pray pardon me, Herr Pumpelly;

during this interesting conversation I had forgotten to say that several years ago His Majesty received a present of a pair of mouflons from the King of Sardinia. They have produced a herd, and the Emperor sometimes shoots one of them. I'm so sorry that I had forgotten."

My hopes were dashed. I stood there feeling that I had come to market with one unsalable sheep. I didn't like that seeming, so I said that I wanted the mouflon to have a good home, and begged that the *Thier Garten* might take him as a gift.

"Ach! that is too kind!" the director said; "but if you insist, we shall be delighted. I can assure you that you will receive an acknowledgment from His Majesty before you leave Vienna. And when do you leave?"

"Tomorrow," I answered.

"I wrote out and gave him an order on the hotel for the mouflon. Herr von B—— took it and said, in opening the door:

"You will surely receive an acknowledgment from His Majesty this evening or early tomorrow."

I wandered wearily to von Andrian. He was not consoling. He said I should have kept the animal: for I would now have to let my draft go to London, and wait for the money. I regretted having needlessly given away my mouflon.

After several hours I left von Andrian, and walked slowly to the hotel, dreading to enter.

As I came near, I met a wagon carrying off the mouflon: the director had lost no time. I looked longingly after my departing companion; all his exploits were forgiven, in my sorrow at his loss. Then with uncertain steps, I entered the hotel.

A porter hurried to meet me, holding out a telegram.

In the evening when I had arrived in Vienna, that is as soon as I could let someone else pay for telegraphing, I had wired to my fellow student Niccoli, in Freiberg, who was under some obligation to me for help in a delicate matter, to send me a certain sum of money. I had not really expected that he could raise the amount.

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The telegram was short but it raised my spirits:

"All will be done.

NICCOLI."

The letter came the next morning; and it brought more than the amount I had asked for. It contained also the names of all the contributors to this charity, with the amounts opposite each name. Nearly every foreigner had put in all he had on hand, whether little or much.

I foresaw that there would not be enough money to cover all the cost of my mouflon's amusements, but I hoped the landlord would let me send the excess from Freiberg. How little I knew that man!

That evening von Andrian and I celebrated the relief. There was lacking only the promised acknowledgment from His Majesty. I was to leave Vienna by the night train.

After the supper, I went to pay my bill, or at least a part of it. The bookkeeper made out the account, carefully entering the usual innumerable list of extras, and not forgetting all the candles I had looked at. I examined it, and asked him if he had not heard of my mouflon's damages. He turned to the landlord——

My host drew a long sigh:

"Ja ja, Herr Pumpelly, there were many damages, but you know that I promised to be responsible."

And he persisted in refusing payment.

In less than two days, that blessed animal had demolished not less than sixty square feet of mirror, to say nothing of three ghost mouflons. And that phenomenal landlord stuck to his promise!





THE road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night
is sweet,

And this is the time when *Wanderlust* should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling-place.

I never have known a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and never have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

The gypsy-man sleeps in his cart with canvas overhead,
Or else he crawls into a tent when it is time for bed.
He will take his ease upon the grass so long as the sun is high
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a Golden Town where Golden Houses are.

JOYCE KILMER

From *Main Street and Other Poems*. New York: George H. Doran Company.



NINE TO SEVEN

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.



"IT'S OUTRAGEOUS!" said the Pater, banging his fist down on the breakfast table in a way that made the Mater, accustomed as she was to his ways, jump in spite of herself. "So that's the reason the young rascal's not going to be with us over the week-end. Listen to this," and he began to read indignantly an extract from the morning paper:

An important change has been effected in the make-up of the Yale eleven. Teddy Larned has recently made such a fine showing at fullback that he will fill the position in the championship game against Princeton tomorrow. His punting and line-breaking are phenomenally good.

"That's what I was afraid of when I sent him to college," continued the Pater, solemnly, as he folded up the paper. "Football's a rough, brutal game, and those that play it become rough and brutal, when they don't injure themselves for life—as most of 'em do. I wouldn't have one of those young savages in my house. I'll just run over to Princeton early tomorrow afternoon," he went on, "and bring Teddy home with me. They'll have to get somebody else to fill his place in spite of his being such a phenomenal—er—line-smasher—whatever that is."

"Don't be too hasty," advised the Mater, in whom Teddy, knowing his father's violent aversion to athletics, had confided. "This game means a great deal to our boy."

"Nonsense!" snorted Mr. Larned, indignantly; "it's nothing but a silly school-boy affair, anyway. I'm astonished that grown men waste their time by going to such things."

Long before his train reached Princeton the next day Mr. Larned realized that a considerable portion of the population of New York and other adjacent villages had decided to waste their time in that way—

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some fifty thousand of them in fact. The train was run in sections and was jammed to the doors with college boys, pretty girls, and sedate heads of families, among whom Mr. Larned saw with astonishment many men of note. All were wearing college colors and all were filled with a delightful, suppressed excitement. Involuntarily, the Pater began to feel the contagion. Everybody was talking football and their language sounded strange to his ears.

"They say that Larned's a regular life-saver for Yale," remarked a youth behind him, wearing a chrysanthemum, to his friend. "He kicked a goal from the field last week, when he was playing on the scrub, from the forty-five-yard line."

Teddy's name was on everyone's lips, and the Pater began, in spite of himself, to feel proud of his son, and to have a sneaking desire to see some of those accomplishments of his that other people seemed to know so much about.

By a bit of wonderful luck, if he had but known it, he managed to secure a ticket which had just been turned in and, fighting his way through the crush at the gate, found himself at last inside. An official with a flowing badge directed him to the training quarters where the Yale team was resting during the last hour before the game. At the door the Pater was confronted by Mike, the grizzled old trainer.

"Of course Mr. Larned's here," he responded, surprised, to the former's inquiry, "but he can't see anybody just now."

"Tell him that his father wishes to speak with him at once," said the Pater, authoritatively.

The trainer's manner became more respectful. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Larned," he said firmly, "but the team can see no one before the game. The coaches are giving them a last talk now."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Larned, hotly, "that I can't see my own son?"

"Exactly," replied the trainer, inexorably. "Just at present he's the full-back on the Yale eleven, and nothing else goes. And now, sir, I'll



write you out a pass to the grand stand, and then I must run back to the boys. After the game you can see your son a-plenty—if there's anything left of him." And with this cheering suggestion, Mike scribbled a few words on a card, which he handed to Mr. Larned.

The latter stood speechless for a moment. That a power on the Street, a man whose name was among the great ones of Manhattan, should be treated thus cavalierly, and that by a hired trainer—

"Why, it's preposterous!" exclaimed the Pater, to himself; nor was his ruffled self-esteem soothed when he read the scrawl on the card:

"This is Teddy Larned's father. He wants to see the game. MIKE."

But the card proved to be an open sesame, and the ushers, after reading the magic words, received him with the most marked attention, passed him along through the crowds of ordinary people who were not fathers to famous full-backs, and finally seated him in a front box specially reserved for the parents of the players—although Mr. Larned did not know this.

Next to him was seated a tall, ruddy-faced man who beamed with jollity and joined a deep bass voice to some of the college songs that Yale voices were chanting all around him.

"Well, today's the day we watch the youngsters distinguish themselves," he remarked genially to Mr. Larned during a lull in the cheering which was surging up and down the grand stand.

But before the Pater could rebuff this friendly overture, as in his present state of mind he felt inclined to, a roar of cheers swept up and down the field, and the speaker sprang to his feet, waving his slouch hat frantically. Out on the brownish-green field trotted eleven youths, each with the great varsity Y on his breast. An oval brown ball was hurled and caught with what seemed to the Pater's inexperienced eye wonderful swiftness, and then, as it rolled along the ground, each man took his turn, when it came near, in sprawling down on it in a most comical manner. Suddenly it was passed nearly thirty yards, straight as an arrow, into the arms of a short, chunky youngster, who seemed carved out of solid block. With almost a single movement, so deftly was it done, the ball was caught and poised in both hands for the tiniest fraction of a second. Then came a hollow thump as the dropped oval was punted. Up and up and out in a tremendous parabola, half the length of the field it soared. "AA! AA!" howled the Yale tiers. "Get on to that punt! What's the matter with Teddy Larned?"

The Pater stared, at first incredulously; but sure enough, that marvelous kicker was his own son Teddy.

It must have been the excitement around him which made him stand up and watch with all his eyes every sky-scraping punt which that chunky boy continued to make, and by a mere accident, all at once he found himself saying "AA!" as loudly as any one, before he had been on his feet a minute.

His companion was wild with excitement.

"See that big chap!" he exclaimed, pointing out a young giant. "That's Bright, the center. Ain't he a corker?"

"Looks too fat," said the Pater, critically.

"Too fat, eh?" replied the other, excitedly. "Well, you just watch him play, and see if he's too fat. That little Larned's the one that's too fat. He punts all right, but a full-back ought not to be so round."

"Not at all! Not at all!" hotly responded the Pater, who, although he did not know a full-back from a goal-post, was not going to sit by and hear his only son maligned. "A pull-back should always be thick-set! They—er—pull better when they're like that. And—that's my son, sir!"

The Westerner choked until he was nearly black in the face.

"Well, shake, old man, and we'll call it square," he said finally when he had recovered breath enough to speak. "Bright happens to be my son, and in spite of their fat, I think our two boys won't disgrace us this day—hey?"

And again it must have been the excitement of the game, for the dignified and somewhat exclusive Mr. Larned found himself shaking hands with a total stranger as if he had been a life-long friend. All his bad temper had disappeared. He was aglow with excitement; the most delightful little thrills ran up and down his back, while an irresistible impulse to shout had taken possession of him.

"This is your first game, isn't it?" Mr. Bright questioned. But just then came another punt, and the Pater found it much easier to stand up and yell "AA!" than to answer any such searching questions. Then all further conversation was made impossible by a torrent of cheers from the Princeton tiers, and eleven other young men, wearing the same kind of costumes and the same businesslike air of deadly earnestness, spread across the field and went through similar preliminaries. Only, their stockings were of a barber-pole pattern, with alternate rings of orange and black, instead of a uniform blue, while a large orange P blazed on every breast in place of the Y.

And now there was no controlling the audience. Orange-and-black banners were confronted by yards of Yale blue. Yellow chrysanthemums

glared at bunches of violets and bachelor's buttons, while the wearers—men, women, and children—sent out volleys of cheers which made the grand stand shake. The Pater and his newly found friend were on their feet with the rest. The crowd around them were shouting a rhythmic cheer containing too many x's and other bewildering consonants for the Pater, while he invariably added an extra "Rah!" to the regulation cheer; but to his satisfaction he found that not even the deep-voiced Bright could shout "AA!" with more emphasis and volume, and he fell back on that as his strong point.

Suddenly there was silence and a warning whistle blew. Yale had the ball, and the forwards grouped themselves in a curious zigzag formation, awaiting the kick-off.

The short square full-back kicked the ball with what seemed hardly more than a gentle touch, but the oval went spinning clear down to the other end of the field, followed by the terrible rush of the whole Yale team. It was caught by a running Princeton man, who, with a swerve of his body, avoided the spring of one runner, hurled aside another with a straight-arm, and came tearing down the field like a deer. A tremendous shout from the wearers of the orange and black was bitten off with surprising abruptness, for the Yale full-back smashed straight through the interference, and, with a lightning-like dive, tackled just above the knees and hurled him headlong to the ground. In a flash, the lined-up elevens were facing each other and the fight was on.

"Too fat, hey? Just look at that!" chuckled Mr. Bright, slapping the dignified Mr. Larned ecstatically on the back, as Yale's center caught his opponent napping, hurled him aside, and downed a runner in his tracks.

Back and forth surged the tide of battle. The elevens were almost evenly matched, and though the ball had been dangerously close to either goal, it was always kicked or rushed back in time. The Pater marveled at Teddy. Where had his boy learned the daring, the coolness, and the self-reliance which characterized him that day? Time after



time the Yale backs smashed at the Princeton line and failed to make the necessary ground, and the ball was close to their goal-line, with only the swing of Teddy's right leg to ward off a touchdown.

But the boy never faltered. Unerringly always he caught it, and just at the right moment, when the rush of the opposing backs was almost upon him, the ball would spin far out of danger, and a long-drawn-out breath of relief would go up from the Yale seats. Once when Teddy had dived into the line with the ball and the mass of arms and legs untangled itself, there was one who failed to get up with the rest. The little full-back lay very limp and still, and there was a cry for water, while old Mike rushed in from the side-lines with a great blanket flapping in the breeze. The Pater's face all of a sudden went so white that the great Westerner dropped his arm across his shoulders.

"Steady, old man," he said, soothingly, "the boy's only had the wind pounded out of him. He'll be up and playing in a second." And maybe

the two fathers didn't join in the tremendous cheer which went up when Teddy trotted back to his place—a little unsteadily, to be sure, and the game went on.

"They're saving him," said Mr. Bright, after watching the play carefully for some time. "He's only been sent against the line three times this quarter, and now the other backs are doing most of the punting. They'll send him in to save the game in the last ten minutes."

Just before the end of the half, the ball was shot to the little Yale full-back, who caught it deftly and swung it behind his interference as if for an end run. As the interference rushed on down the field, bowling over and boxing the leading Princeton tacklers, the orange-and-black backs were drawn in to meet the runner. Suddenly, Teddy swerved to one side, feinted a throw, and then, turning sharply, shot the ball far down the field in the prettiest of forward passes into the waiting arms of the Yale quarter-back. With a clear field before him, the latter ran to a touchdown amid a thunder of cheers from the Yale stands, and Mr. Larned, to his great surprise, found himself hugging a perfect stranger on his left with one arm while he waved his hat ecstatically with the other and, unprotesting, was pounded painfully on the back by his newly made acquaintance, Mr. Bright.

Then—and how it happened no one could say—Teddy failed to kick the goal. Mr. Larned felt suddenly as if his boy had been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

"Never mind," said Mr. Bright, consolingly, "he's playing a wonderful game and we're six to nothing."

The ball was back in the middle of the field again, when suddenly a warning whistle sounded shrilly, and the first half was over. A great buzz went up from thousands of seats as the spectators discussed the details of the game, and, long before one expected them, the players were trooping back, their hair all a-drip from the hurried sponging which the rubbers had given their grimy faces, and their tired bodies tingling from stinging alcohol rub-downs. With the hoarse, earnest

❖ ❖ ❖ At the Crossroads ❖ ❖ ❖

words of the coaches ringing in their ears, they lined up for the bitter second half. From the start, the advantage was with the orange-and-black. The weight of their tremendous rush-line began to make itself felt. Back and forth went the ball, but—significant fact to the knowing ones—it always stayed in Yale's territory. For the first time during the afternoon there came a dead silence, and the thud of the players' bodies could be heard, and their sobbing breathing as again and again a confused heap of players untangled itself. The voice of the quarter-back as he called out the signal for the next play punctuated every struggle, and above the struggling, changing mass hung a battle mist of thin white steam. Finally, toward the end of the half, by a series of short, hard rushes, Princeton was on Yale's twenty-yard line; but there the wearers of the blue stood like a stone wall, and the ball went to Yale on downs. Instantly it was passed back for a punt, and then came a dreadful calamity. Perhaps the Yale guard was napping, perhaps the tackle was to blame; but straight through the line, between tackle and guard, smashed a Princeton player and blocked the kick, the ball bouncing from his broad chest clear across the line. In a flash one of the Princeton ends followed it, fell on it, and the score was tied. Princeton then kicked the goal and led by a point, while amid a storm of Princeton cheers, the Yale spectators sat gloomy and despondent.

"Only five minutes left," exclaimed Mr. Bright, despairingly, "and that's not time enough to do anything against a rush-line such as Princeton has—but the boys'll die a-tryin'."

Grim and unyielding, the Yale men lined up for these last stern minutes. They had failed. The reason did not matter. It might have been because of a fluke or a piece of hard luck; but on the Yale campus only results would count—not excuses. In their hands was the honor of their university, and but five minutes remained to wipe out the stain of defeat before half a hundred thousand people. Princeton had the kick-off, and the Yale quarter-back, a wonderful performer in a broken field, ran it back to the fifty-yard line before he was downed.

"Five, seven, twenty-nine!" shouted the quarter-back hoarsely, on the line-up, and with three battering, desperate, line-smashing plays, the ball went ten yards nearer Princeton's goal, not even its wonderful line being able to stand against the furious rush of the despairing Yale eleven. The last line-up was close to the side-line near that part of the grand stand where the two fathers were sitting, and Mr. Larned looked down into Teddy's face, scarce ten yards away. It showed white beneath the grime and sweat, while the blood, oozing from a cut in the forehead, clotted blackly in little streams down the side of his face. Strangely enough, his father forgot to characterize the whole thing as brutal. In fact, his teeth were clinched as grimly as his son's as he leaned far forward to see every move of the game, and his heart went out to every one of those desperate, dogged young fighters who were battling so bravely against almost certain defeat.

"Two minutes more!" shouted the referee, as the elevens lined up on Princeton's forty-yard mark. Two minutes to make one last desperate effort for their university, and every man on the eleven nerved himself to hold against the Princeton rush-line as against death itself. As the quarter-back called the signal, the half-backs, from mere force of habit, crouched ostentatiously, as if prepared for a run round the end. But the feint was unnecessary. Every man on the Princeton eleven, every coacher on the side-lines, every football-player on the crowded grand stand, knew that a goal from the field was Yale's only chance, knew that on Teddy's coolness depended the fortunes of that day. Back went the ball on a long, low accurate pass from the wiry little quarter-back, and the crash of the Princeton rushers came against the sternly waiting Yale line.

"Hold 'em, Yale!" gasped the captain, from his place at tackle as he braced against the hard-pressed right guard. "Hold 'em, Yale!" roared twenty thousand voices from the Yale stands—and for a few seconds Yale held. Then straight for Teddy, from as many different points, shot three men, their arms outstretched to block the coming kick. The respite



had been enough. Deftly, carefully, as if in practice, the ball was poised and dropped and at exactly the right instant struck on the rebound by Teddy's foot with every ounce of his weight back of it. Into that kick he put all the strength left in his body, and the ball shot up and out just above the clutching fingers of the Princeton rushers, who leaped high in the air to stop it. In a great parabola it sailed slowly on through the air and across the field, while fifty thousand people forgot to breathe as it dropped toward the center of the cross-bar of the Princeton goal.

For a moment or two it seemed as if it would fall short, but the last atom of energy which Teddy had put into that kick carried it onward for another foot and it struck squarely on the cross-bar of the Princeton goal, bounded upward, and for one dreadful instant hung in mid-air.

Then, as if blown on by the great sigh of relief that went up from the Yale stands, it toppled forward and dropped beyond the bar, scoring Yale three more points by a perfect goal from the field.

In the indescribable turmoil which thereupon broke loose, it was impossible to be sure of the exact facts of what happened, but it has been reported on apparently reliable authority that a hatless, perspiring, disheveled individual, faintly resembling the dignified Mr. Larned, the well-known New York financier, was seen hugging a muddy Yale player, supposed to be the full-back, and afterward did a war-dance with variations with a tall man wearing a slouch hat, pouring forth fragments of cheers the while. Both of these parties mentioned were also said to have been members of the group who carried the aforesaid full-back around the field on their shoulders and afterward broke down and carried off the Princeton goal-posts. Undoubtedly these reports were much exaggerated, but it was certainly true that Mrs. Larned, to her unbounded amazement, received the following telegram from her husband late that evening:

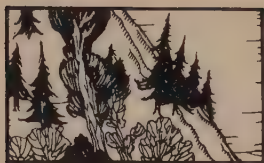
"Teddy, my friend Bright, and the whole Yale eleven will dine with us tonight."



OPPORTUNITY

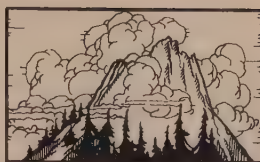
THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door
 And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

WALTER MALONE



WINNING THE GOAL

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON



THERE was a deep gorge between two mountains; through this gorge a large, full stream flowed heavily over a rough and stony bottom. Both sides were high and steep, and so one side was bare; but close to its foot, and so near the stream that the latter sprinkled it with moisture every spring and autumn, stood a group of fresh-looking trees, gazing upward and onward, yet unable to advance this way or that.

"What if we should clothe the mountain?" said the juniper one day to the foreign oak, to which it stood nearer than all the others. The oak looked down to find out who it was that spoke, and then it looked up again without deigning a reply. The river rushed along so violently that it worked itself into a white foam; the north wind had forced its way through the gorge and shrieked in the clefts of the rocks: the naked mountain, with its great weight, hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we should clothe the mountain?" said the juniper to the fir on the other side. "If anybody is to do it, I suppose it must be we," said the fir, taking hold of its beard and glancing toward the birch. "What do you think?" But the birch peered cautiously up at the mountain, which hung over it so threateningly that it seemed as if it could scarcely breathe. "Let us clothe it in God's name!" said the birch. And so, though there were but these three, they undertook to clothe the mountain. The juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way, they met the heather. The juniper seemed as though about to go past it. "Nay, take the heather along," said the fir. And the heather joined them. Soon it began to glide on before the juniper. "Catch hold of me," said the heather. The juniper did so, and where there was only a wee crevice, the heather thrust in a finger, and where it first had placed a finger, the juniper took hold

A fable that forms the introductory chapter to *Arne*.



with its whole hand. They crawled and crept along, the fir laboring on behind, the birch also. "This is well worth doing," said the birch.

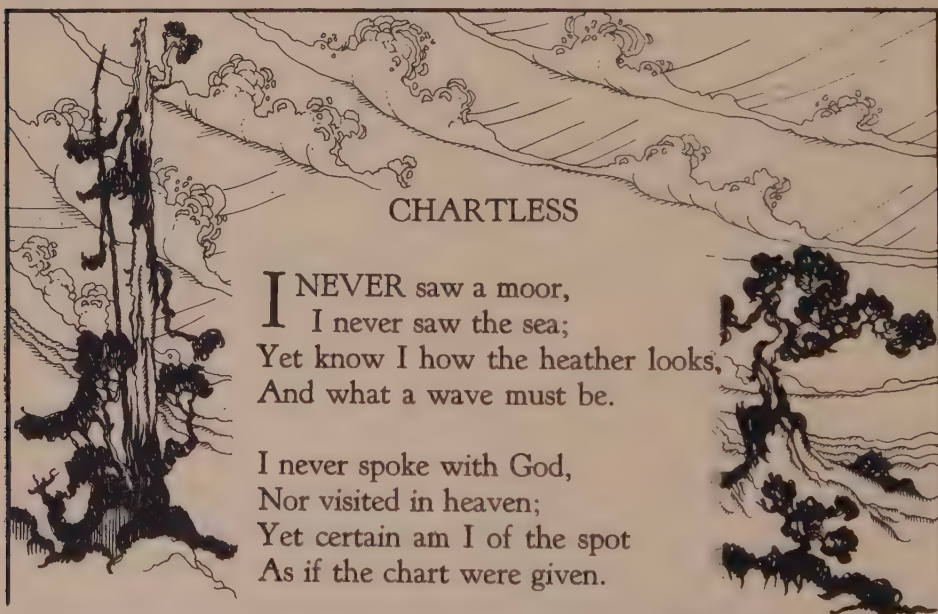
But the mountain began to ponder on what manner of insignificant objects these might be that were clambering up over it. And after it had been considering the matter a few hundred years it sent a little brook down to inquire. It was yet in the time of the spring freshets, and the brook stole on until it reached the heather. "Dear, dear heather, cannot you let me pass; I am so small." The heather was very busy; only raised itself a little and pressed onward. In, under, and onward

went the brook. "Dear, dear juniper, cannot you let me pass; I am so small." The juniper looked sharply at it; but if the heather had let it pass, why, in all reason it must do so too. Under it and onward went the brook, and now came to the spot where the fir stood puffing on the hillside. "Dear, dear fir, cannot you let me pass; I am really so small," said the brook—and it kissed the fir's foot and made itself so very sweet. The fir became bashful at this, and let it pass. But the birch raised itself before the brook asked it. "Hi, hi, hi!" said the brook, and grew. "Ha, ha, ha!" said the brook, and grew. "Ho, ho, ho!" said the brook, and flung the heather and the juniper and the fir and the birch flat on their faces and backs, up and down these great hills. The mountain sat for many hundred years musing on whether it had not smiled a little that day.

It was plain enough: the mountain did not want to be clad. The heather fretted over this until it grew green again, and then it started forward. "Fresh courage!" said the heather.

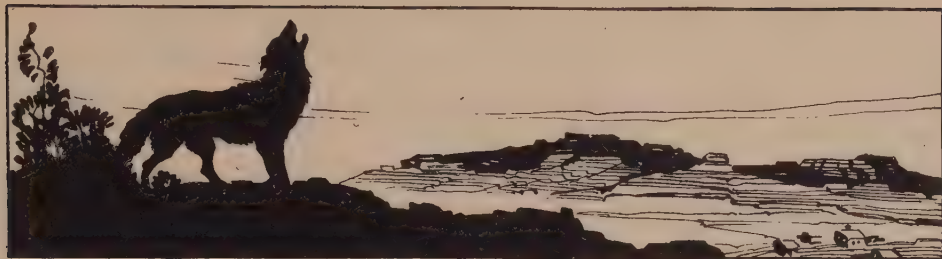
The juniper had half raised itself to look at the heather, and continued to keep this position, until at length it stood upright. It scratched its head and set forth again, taking such a vigorous foothold that it seemed as though the mountain must feel it. "If you will not have me, then I will have you." The fir crooked its toes a little to find out whether they were whole, then lifted one foot, found it whole, then the other, which proved also to be whole, then both of them. It first investigated the ground it had been over, next where it had been lying, and finally where it should go. After this it began to wend its way slowly along, and acted just as though it had never fallen. The birch had become most wretchedly soiled, but now rose up and made itself tidy. Then they sped onward, faster and faster, upward and on either side, in sunshine and in rain. "What in the world can this be?" said the mountain, all glittering with dew, as the summer sun shone down on it—the birds sang, the wood-mouse piped, the hare hopped along, and the ermine hid itself and screamed aloud.

Then the day came when the heather could peep with one eye over the edge of the mountain. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" said the heather, and away it went. "Dear me! What is it the heather sees?" said the juniper, and moved on until it could peer up. "Oh dear, oh dear!" it shrieked, and was gone. "What is the matter with the juniper today?" said the fir, and took long strides onward in the heat of the sun. Soon it could raise itself on its toes and peep up. "Oh dear!" Branches and needles stood on end in wonderment. It worked its way forward, came up, and was gone. "What is it all the others see, and not I?" said the birch; and, lifting well its skirts, it tripped after. It stretched its whole head up at once. "Oh!—oh!—is not here a great forest of fir and heather, of juniper and birch, standing upon the table-land waiting for us?" said the birch; and its leaves quivered in the sunshine so that the dew trembled. "Aye, this is what it is to reach the goal!" said the juniper.



EMILY DICKINSON

From *Poems*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.



THE MARK OF THE COYOTE

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

BEHIND the adobe lay the mountain ranges. They were not the forested mountains of the East, but the mountains of Arizona, brown, chaotic, unadorned, lifting tortured peaks to the brooding violet of the sky. Before the adobe, sloping clean away for a hundred miles, lay the desert, silent, yellow, shimmering to the far blue of the horizon.

Priscilla Newman paused in the doorway of the adobe and looked out across the desert. Many times a day she did this, as if something of the desert's serenity, something of its tender beauty gave her strength for her days.

When Priscilla came to the Sacred Desert she was pink and white and fragile. One connected her as inevitably with Paris gowns as one did the handsome baby Thad with velvet suits. Yet she and her baby settled on the little claim that was to be their home for so many years with only old Pedro, the half-breed, for counsellor and man of all work. The sun bleached her hair. Hard work had blunted her fingers. She was dressed in faded brown khaki. Yet the indefinable charm of gentle breeding was as strong in her as ever.

Every morning Priscilla went down into the mine to set old Pedro to work. The half-breed had gone into town this morning for supplies; so Priscilla was planning to take Thad down with her for a general overhauling of the work. She had delayed her going for some minutes. The Indians still were trailing up to the crest of the peak behind the

By permission of The Youth's Companion.

adobe. All the day before, she and Thad had watched them. Scattered red dots in the infinite sand spaces drew nearer, and squaws in scarlet trudged up the dry arroyo beside the adobe to the peak trail. Black dots grew larger, and bucks in gauze shirts, trousers belted with scarlet silk handkerchiefs, swung tirelessly through the heavy cactus growth.

The most alarming thing about the pilgrimage to Priscilla was that it was accomplished in utter silence. For many years the Hualapais had been Priscilla's only neighbors. She and Thad liked the quiet, kindly folk. Many of them were Priscilla's tried friends. The Indians always had treated Thad with strange respect. On his right arm above the wrist was a little birthmark that old Pedro had showed to the Hualapais when Thad first came to the desert. From that time the Indians had treated Thad's lightest word with respect. It was a long time before Priscilla discovered that the little birthmark was a perfect reproduction of the Hualapai sign for the coyote. The coyote was the fount of all knowledge for the Hualapais. Yet, now, to all Thad's questions, they turned averted faces.

There must have been two hundred Indians up on the peak, silhouetted in scarlet and black against the vivid heavens. Silent, immobile, they sat waiting, waiting. Thad, who had been feeding his horse and the chickens, came round the adobe and stood beside his mother. Feature for feature, he was unlike his mother, and yet he was vividly like her in an intangible nobility of bearing. He was very tall for his years—all desert children develop finely—with a good head, heavy black hair, and eyes the color of the Arizona sky. His mother, old Pedro, the Indians, had been his only companions all his short life.

"What do you suppose they're doing, Thad?" asked Priscilla. "If it wasn't that they were bringing the squaws, I'd say we ought to get word to town of an uprising."

Thad shook his black head. "It isn't any uprising. They're waiting for something. They won't tell me what."

His mother picked up her miner's candle. "Well, this doesn't solve

any problem. Come, Thad, I want you to go into the shaft with me and hold the candle while I do some sampling."

Priscilla said this with a keener look at the boy than her words warranted. Thad backed away from her, and a little, unchildlike line appeared on either side of his mouth.

"Let me wait till tomorrow, mother. I—I want to watch for Injun Joe."

The lines around Thad's mouth were duplicated around Priscilla's. She walked over and put one work-blunted little hand on her boy's shoulder. He was nearly as tall as she, and Priscilla was not short. "Thad, you've got to fight it," she said. "If you knew how your cowardice worries me! Afraid of the shaft with me right beside you! You are afraid of everything!"

The boy shuffled his feet. "I'll get over it when I'm a man," he mumbled.

"But you won't unless you fight it now!" cried his mother. "And you will be a moral coward, too. I know, Thad, because—" Priscilla paused and looked far off over the serene desert distance; then she summoned all her resolution. "Thad, you get it from me."

The boy turned astonished blue eyes on his mother. She went on speaking as man to man, not as mother to son. "Thad, all my life I've been a coward, afraid of places, of people, of things. Why, my very coming to the desert was a runaway. This claim was all that was left after the crash, and I was afraid! Afraid to face down your father's business failure, after his death, among those who knew me. I've hidden it from you, but every day is a battle with me to overcome my fears. Now I know that, if as a child I had some one to put a warm back to mine and make me fight with my brain, I'd not be the failure I am. Thad, you are to go down the mine, before I do, this morning!"

Under his tan, the boy went white. What reply he would have made, however, his mother never knew, for at that moment Injun Joe appeared in the dooryard. He was a tall, middle-aged Hualapai. He and Thad

were devoted friends, but this morning the Indian's usual smile was wanting.

"You no go on the peak today," he said. "If any white go on the peak, he get himself killed."

"But, Joe, what's the matter?" cried Thad, running up to his friend.

The look the Indian gave the boy said that Thad knew more than he pretended. "Huh!" he said. "You keep whites off the peak!" Then, before Thad could protest his ignorance, the Indian turned and swung up the arroyo.

Priscilla felt that this was no time for Thad's moral training. She was growing nervous over Joe's warning. "You and I had better sit here and watch developments, Thad. I wish Pedro were here."

The two seated themselves on the steps where they could watch both the peak and the desert. For over two hours they sat thus while one by one the silent Indians passed them in the arroyo not a stone's throw away. The Indians came on foot. So, when far down the trail the two watchers saw a horseback rider, they both exclaimed, "Pedro!"

But it was not Pedro. As the rider drew up to the corral and dismounted, both Priscilla and Thad knew that their visitor was an Eastern prospector. Only a tenderfoot would have worn knee-high-laced boots in the burning heat of the Sacred Desert. The man was stout and middle aged. He came up to the adobe, panting, and whipped off his hat at sight of Priscilla.

"I was told I might get supper here," he said. "My name is John Watson. I am a mining engineer sent out by an Eastern firm to examine its claims on the peak back of you. If you can take care of my horse, I'll go up there and come back for supper."

"I shall be glad to have you as my guest," answered Priscilla. "But you mustn't think of going up on the peak." She told him of her apprehensions about the Indians.

Mr. Watson smiled a little pityingly. "Oh, I'm not nervous about Indians!" he said, in a rather condescending tone.

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"Nor am I, ordinarily," answered Priscilla. "But when the Indians themselves warn one, I think it's as well to give heed!"

The stranger's lower lip protruded obstinately. "I've got just one day in which to do this work. I certainly am not going to let a few Indians bother me. I'm armed. There are no dangerous Indians nowadays."

He started toward the arroyo trail. Priscilla stood silent. The stranger did not know how sore a nerve he had brushed.

So all the remainder of the golden desert day, Priscilla and Thad sat on the adobe steps watching for Pedro, for Mr. Watson, for they knew not what! Somehow, the breathless waiting of those silent figures on the mountain top had communicated itself to them, and they sat very close together and said little. Priscilla found comfort in the touch of Thad's sturdy young arm, though she knew that his fears were greater than her own. She was little more than a girl and had fought so many fights of the spirit alone! It was good to know that Thad knew, at last, that she too was afraid.

The shadows of the peak lengthened and lengthened before them, a purple wedge stretching far into the crimsoning sands. Cottontail and jack rabbit roused from their afternoon siestas and darted among the greasewood bushes. For some timid reason, which she did not express, Priscilla decided not to prepare supper until Mr. Watson appeared. She and Thad ate crackers and sardines sitting on the step. Still their guest did not return. Still there was no sound from those silent figures on the peak, black now against the afterglow.

As darkness fell and the stars pricked out, the sense of waiting grew all but unbearable. Thad began to cry softly.

"Come, Thad! Saddle your horse! We will take turns riding into town."

"Wait! Here comes some one!" sniffled Thad, between sobs.

Injun Joe glided into the shaft of light from the living room lamp. "Why you let that white man come up there?" he whispered fiercely.

"Now, he'll die! The Injuns got him staked out before he made a sound. When Ma-veeta comes, they'll kill that white man!"

"O Joe!" screamed Priscilla. "Why, they can't! If you kill a white man, the big sheriff at Washington will punish you!"

"Huh!" said Injun Joe. "After tonight the whites come on their knees to beg the Injuns to be good to them!"

Priscilla pulled from Thad's clinging hand and ran to seize Injun Joe's arm. "Quick, Joe, quick! Go tell the Injuns that if they touch that white man, they will be killed themselves! Thad and I are going into town for the sheriff now."

"White man be dead by then," said Joe, laconically.

Priscilla turned to Thad and wrung her hands. "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" she panted.

"That's what Joe come to tell you," said the Hualapai. "Only white squaws always have to do a heap of talking, first. Hualapais, they wait for their god, Ma-veeta, to come. He sent word he come tonight up on the peak. When he get there he show the Injuns how to be great again and drive whites out. Ma-veeta, he sent word that if any white spoke on the peak today, he wouldn't come."

Thad had ceased his sobs and stood listening. The Indian eyed him with that fleeting look of homage that Priscilla often had remarked.

"Thad," the Indian went on, "he bear the coyote mark. He have heart like an Injun, mind like a white. He get messages from the gods. You sabez? He get many lately."

"What does he mean, Thad?" asked Priscilla, impatiently.

Thad returned her puzzled look for a moment, then he brightened. "Oh, you know how they like stories? And how I tell them all that you tell me? I've been telling them the Greek hero stories lately. That one about——"

Injun Joe struck in. "Don't talk so much. If Hualapais know Injun Joe was here, they'd kill him. By and by, Thad, you go up on the peak and try to get that white man."



"But," cried Priscilla, "won't they kill Thad?"

Injun Joe looked troubled. "Maybe, but I guess not. Anyhow, that's the only way to save the white." He turned abruptly and disappeared into the night.

Priscilla and Thad stared at each other for a moment. Then Thad controlled his trembling lips to whisper, "You aren't going to make me go, mother! Oh, you aren't!"

Priscilla gulped down a girlish sob. "No! No! Thad, no! We'll start for the town immediately and get help back to Mr. Watson. They won't dare to kill him!"

One of the many fine things about Thad was that he invariably spoke the truth. "Yes, they will, mother," he said hoarsely. "Injun Joe never would have told us about it if he hadn't been good and scared."

Whether it was some note in his mother's broken voice, whether it was the thought of the lonely white man with hopeless face to the stars, something appealed to the latent nobility in Thad. He pulled from his mother's arms. He swallowed a sob, wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse and spoke clearly.

"I'm going up there, mother!"

Priscilla seized his hands. "Oh, no, Thaddy! You must not! You will be killed! I have stood everything else, but that I could not stand!"

The child made no reply. He only looked at his mother's agonized face through tear-blinded eyes. Priscilla looked over his head to the stars.

"Not this!" she said. "Not this, too! Surely I did not need this lesson!"

Some understanding beyond his years came to Thad. He put his arm about his mother's neck and pulled her girlish head against his shoulder. Then, after a moment, "I'll be back with Mr. Watson as quick as quickness, mother," he said. "You have supper ready."

As if she had been physically impelled, Priscilla jumped to her feet. "I am going with you, Thad. Hurry, dear!"

"Wait!" said Thad, and he ran into the adobe to return with a coyote pelt, which he rolled under his arm.

Priscilla could think of no suggestions to make to the child. She could only trust blindly to chance. She led the way up the dark arroyo. By trail, it was a ten-minutes' climb to the peak. But Priscilla dared not take the trail for fear of meeting an Indian. She struck up the rocky mountain side, thick grown with cactus and cat's-claw, Thad close behind her.

Up and up, now pausing to gather strength to hoist themselves over a giant boulder or to work their way through a cactus labyrinth, now scrambling up some clear space, madly, as if they could hear the man Watson crying to them for help.

Only once did Thad falter. Halfway to the peak a cactus gouged his cheek. He whimpered and fell back. "I'm going home, Mother!"

I just dassent go up there! They'll kill me! I know they'll kill me!"

Priscilla dropped back beside him, and surely the desert stars must have looked down with love and understanding on mother and son kneeling there. "Oh, little son!" whispered Priscilla. "It has to be, don't you see? We are both such cowards, you and I, that this chance was given us to see if we are a bit worth while!"

Only once did Priscilla falter, and that was near the crest, when they caught the glow of a fire. She stood for a moment holding Thad back as if it were quite beyond human strength to go farther. But Thad caught her hand and pulled her forward. It was a huge fire, of mesquite and greasewood. About it, in a giant circle, silent, motionless, sat the throng of Hualapais. Priscilla and Thad drew near. Priscilla slid behind a rock heap where she could see without being seen. Thad threaded his way among the Indians to the center of the circle.

Except for scowls and a faint rustle of protest, the Indians gave no sign, though every eye was fastened hostilely on the white child. Thad on his part did not speak, nor did he appear to see the gagged figure of Mr. Watson, who lay on the ground with arms and legs bound to mesquite stakes. Thad had not lived among the Indians without growing to understand them, and they had told him much more than was their custom to tell the run of whites. He stood erect, head thrown back, the firelight playing on his blue blouse and shining eyes. The silence, broken only by the fire and, Priscilla thought, by the agonized beating of her own heart, remained unbroken for fully five minutes. Then a lank Indian, a stranger, rose.

"Tie that white boy and let him die!" he said in Hualapai. Thad moistened his lips but did not speak. He understood the Hualapai language as well as his own.

A breathless interval, then old Chief Charley rose. He was an old, old Indian, but he still had majesty of bearing. "He has the coyote's mark. Let him speak his message!"

"No! No!" came stormily from the circle. "No white may speak!"



Over and above Priscilla's agony of fear came a thrill of pride, Thad stood so straight, so unflinching, with his blue eyes never leaving the chief's face. It was an unforgettable picture: the fire glow and the velvet, star-set sky; the great circle of scarlet and black and blue; the hundreds of fathomless eyes fastened on the white child with his noble head and blanched determined face. The boy's silence had a remarkable effect on the Indians. After a moment, their cries of protest ceased and they waited. Again the lank Indian rose defiantly. But before he could speak, Thad raised his right arm. His blouse sleeve slipped back and in the firelight showed the little red birthmark. A murmur as of the wind went through the circle. Even the strange Indian's glare changed to Injun Joe's look of homage.

"Speak, Thad!" said the old chief.

But the boy shook his head and then inclined it, as if listening. A coyote called from a neighboring peak. Instantly, Thad walked over to the recumbent John Watson and laid the coyote pelt across the man's chest. Then he deliberately stooped and cut the thongs that bound Watson's hands and feet. A gasp went through the circle. Thad stood erect and again raised his arm. A deep call sounded from the distant coyote pack. The Indians were spellbound. Thad helped Mr. Watson to his feet and taking him by the hand led the all but helpless man out of the circle. The Indians made way, their eyes wide with awe.

In a moment Thad had led Mr. Watson to Priscilla's rock shelter where Priscilla pulled the gag from the exhausted man's mouth, bidding him in a breathless whisper to be silent. The three crouched motionless for some moments, but no sound came from the waiting circle. The silence seemed only more tense, more exalted. After a time, Priscilla led the way to the trail, and in a few moments they had left that pitiful waiting folk to their fruitless dream.

Never had the sitting-room light looked so warm, so safe. "We will rest, then go into town till the Indians have dispersed," said Priscilla, leading the way into the sitting-room. John Watson sank exhausted into a chair. "I—I can't thank you!" he said. "I don't understand how or why, but you and the boy saved my life!"

"Not I!" exclaimed Priscilla proudly. "It was Thaddy, my brave little son!"

They turned to the child. Thad stood with his head in the crook of his elbow, sobbing violently. "No, I'm not brave!" he protested. "I—I am so scared this minute that I'm most dead!"

John Watson leaned over and pulled the boy into the circle of his warm arm. "I like your kind of fear, Thad," he said. "It's the kind that makes a man sort of keep his faith in the bigness of humans!"

Priscilla looked out the door to the stars. Never before had they seemed so near, so tender, so benign. And suddenly she knew that this night had brought compensation for all the bitter years.

MORNING GLORIES

THEY swing from the garden-trellis
In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret,
And the jessamine also knows;
And the rose told me the story
That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: At midnight,
Ere the red cock woke and crew,
The fays of Queen Titania
Came here to bathe in the dew.

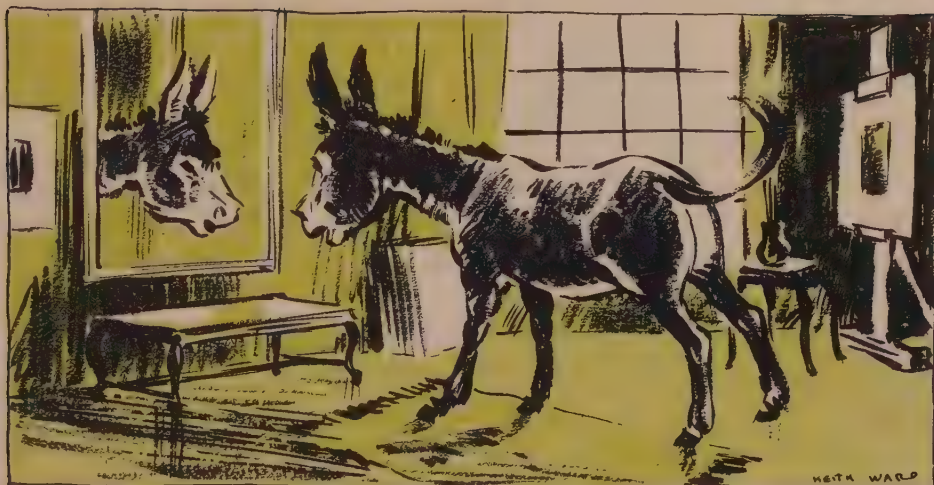
And the yellow moonlight glistened
On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
Fell softer than any air.

And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
They hung up, every one,
On the morning-glory's tendrils,
Till their moonlight bath was done.

But the red cock crew too early,
And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink—
Like blossoms hanging here.

MADISON CAWEIN

From *The Poet and Nature* and *The Morning Road*, by Madison Cawein. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Company, Inc.



A FABLE

MARK TWAIN

ONCE upon a time an artist who had painted a small and very beautiful picture placed it so that he could see it in the mirror. He said, "This doubles the distance and softens it, and it is twice as lovely as it was before."

The animals out in the woods heard of this through the house cat, who was greatly admired by them because he was so learned, and so refined and civilized, and so polite and high-bred, and could tell them so much which they didn't know before, and were not certain about afterward. They were much excited about this new piece of gossip, and they asked questions, so as to get a full understanding of it. They asked what a picture was, and the cat explained.

"It is a flat thing," he said; "wonderfully flat, marvelously flat, enchantingly flat and elegant. And, oh, so beautiful!"

That excited them almost to a frenzy, and they said they would give the world to see it.

From *The Mysterious Stranger and Other Stories*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Then the bear asked, "What is it that makes it so beautiful?"

"It is the looks of it," said the cat.

This filled them with admiration and uncertainty, and they were more excited than ever. Then the cow asked, "What is a mirror?"

"It is a hole in the wall," said the cat. "You look in it, and there you see the picture, and it is so dainty and charming and ethereal and inspiring in its unimaginable beauty that your head turns round and round, and you almost swoon with ecstasy."

The ass had not said anything as yet; he now began to throw doubts. He said there had never been anything as beautiful as this before, and probably wasn't now. He said that when it took a whole basketful of sesquipedalian adjectives to whoop up a thing of beauty, it was time for suspicion.

It was easy to see that these doubts were having an effect upon the animals, so the cat went off offended. The subject was dropped for a couple of days, but in the meantime curiosity was taking a fresh start, and there was a revival of interest perceptible. Then the animals assailed the ass for spoiling what could possibly have been a pleasure to them, on a mere suspicion that the picture was not beautiful, without any evidence that such was the case. The ass was not troubled; he was calm, and said there was one way to find out who was in the right, himself or the cat: he would go and look in that hole, and come back and tell what he found there. The animals felt relieved and grateful, and asked him to go at once—which he did.

But he did not know where he ought to stand, and so, through error, he stood between the picture and the mirror. The result was that the picture had no chance, and didn't show up. He returned home and said:

"The cat lied. There was nothing in that hole but an ass. There wasn't a sign of a flat thing visible. It was a handsome ass, and friendly, but just an ass, and nothing more."

The elephant asked:

"Did you see it good and clear? Were you close to it?"

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"I saw it good and clear, O Hathi, King of Beasts. I was so close that I touched noses with it."

"This is very strange," said the elephant; "the cat was always truthful before—as far as we could make out. Let another witness try. Go, Baloo, look in the hole, and come and report."

So the bear went. When he came back, he said:

"Both the cat and the ass have lied; there was nothing in the hole but a bear."

Great was the surprise and puzzlement of the animals. Each was now anxious to make the test himself and get at the straight truth. The elephant sent them one at a time.

First, the cow. She found nothing in the hole but a cow.

The tiger found nothing in it but a tiger.

The lion found nothing in it but a lion.

The leopard found nothing in it but a leopard.

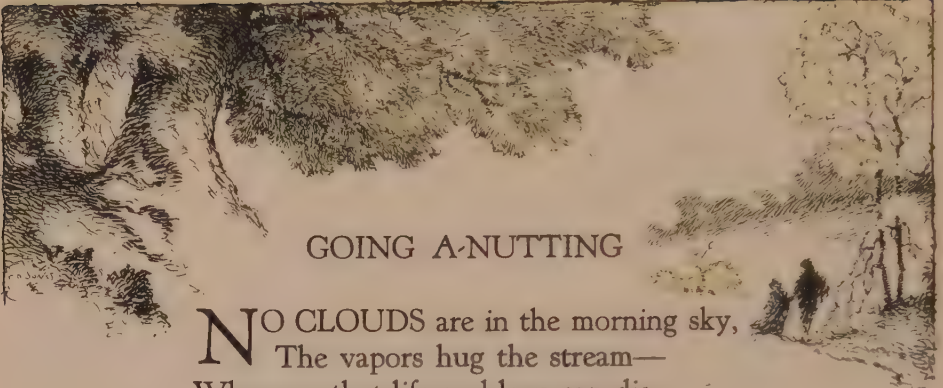
The camel found a camel, and nothing more.

Then Hathi was wroth, and said he would have the truth, if he had to go and fetch it himself. When he returned, he abused his whole subjectry for liars, and was in an unappeasable fury with the moral and mental blindness of the cat. He said that anybody but a near-sighted fool could see that there was nothing in the hole but an elephant.

MORAL, BY THE CAT

You can find in a text whatever you bring, if you will stand between it and the mirror of your imagination. You may not see your ears, but they will be there.





GOING A-NUTTING

NO CLOUDS are in the morning sky,
 The vapors hug the stream—
 Who says that life and love can die
 In all this northern gleam?
 At every turn the maples burn,
 The quail is whistling free,
 The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
 Are dropping for you and me.
 Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
 Hilly ho!
 In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
 And glow with ripe desire;
 The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
 The sumachs spread their fire;
 The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
 The buckwheat tops are red;
 Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
 And over the stubble tread!
 Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
 Hilly ho!
 In the clear October morning.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

From *Collected Poems*. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



THREE QUESTIONS

LEO TOLSTOY

IT ONCE occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout the kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

In reply to the first question, some said that to know the right time for every action, one must draw up in advance a table of days, months, and years, and must live strictly according to it. Only thus, said they, could everything be done at its proper time. Others declared that it was impossible to decide beforehand the right time for every action, but

that, not letting oneself be absorbed in idle pastimes, one should always attend to all that was going on, and then do what was most needful. Others, again, said that however attentive the king might be to what was going on, it was impossible for one man to decide correctly the right time for every action, but that he should have a Council of wise men, who would help him fix the proper time for everything.

But then again others said there were some things which could not wait to be laid before a Council, but about which one had at once to decide whether to undertake them or not. But in order to decide that, one must know beforehand what was going to happen. It is only magicians who know that; and, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action, one must consult magicians.

Equally various were the answers to the second question. Some said, the people the king most needed were his councillors; others, the priests; others, the doctors; while some said the warriors were the most necessary.

To the third question, as to what was the most important occupation, some replied that the most important thing in the world was science; others said it was skill in warfare; and others, again, that it was religious worship.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the king put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit. Giving the spade to the king, he sat down.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said:

"Now rest awhile—and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit, "let us see who it is."

The king turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his stomach, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the

bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for," said the king.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him, and said:

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: there is only one time that is important—Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else; and the most important affair is, to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life."

MIXED

WITHIN my earthly temple there's a crowd.
 There's one of us that's humble; one that's proud.
 There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins,
 And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins.
 There's one who loves his neighbor as himself,
 And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf.
 From much corroding care I would be free
 If once I could determine which is me.

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

From *A Little Brother of the Rich and Other Poems*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



IN OLD PHILADELPHIA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



We know of Franklin, the scientist, the statesman, the man of letters, but few of us realize that he was also the father of modern community betterment. Libraries, clean streets, fire protection, and several other comforts were furthered by him, as these pages from his autobiography show.

I BEGAN now to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs, beginning, however, with small matters. . . .

About this time (1736), I wrote a paper (first to be read in junto, but it was afterward published) on the different accidents and carelessnesses by which houses were set on fire, with cautions against them, and means proposed of avoiding them. This was much spoken of as a useful piece, and gave rise to a project, which soon followed it, of forming a company for the more ready extinguishing of fires, and mutual assistance in removing and securing of goods when in danger. Associates in this scheme were presently found, amounting to thirty. Our articles of agreement obliged every member to keep always in good order, and fit for use, a certain number of leather buckets, with strong bags and baskets (for packing and transporting of goods), which were to be brought to every fire; and we agreed to meet once a month and spend a social evening together in discoursing and communicating such ideas as occurred to us upon the subject of fires, as might be useful in our conduct on such occasions.

The utility of this institution soon appeared, and many more desiring to be admitted than we thought convenient for one company, they were advised to form another, which was accordingly done; and this went on, one new company being formed after another, till they became so numerous as to include most of the inhabitants who were men of property; and now, at the time of my writing this, though upwards of fifty years since its establishment, that which I first formed, called the Union

From The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

Fire Company, still subsists and flourishes, though the first members are all deceased but myself and one, who is older by a year than I am. The small fines that have been paid by members for absence at the monthly meetings have been applied to the purchase of fire-engines, ladders, fire-hooks, and other useful implements for each company, so that I question whether there is a city in the world better provided with the means of putting a stop to beginning conflagrations; and, in fact, since these institutions, the city has never lost by fire more than one or two houses at a time, and the flames have often been extinguished before the house in which they began has been half consumed.¹

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages ploughed them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length paved with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the street paved with stone between the market and the bricked foot-pavement, that was on each side next the houses. This, for some time, gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but, the rest of the street not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no scavengers.

After some inquiry, I found a poor, industrious man who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week,

¹This fire company was formed Dec. 7, 1736. Designed for the security of the property of its members, they did not limit their usefulness to their own members when their property was not in danger. The Union Fire Company was in active service as late as 1791. In a roll of the companies of that day we find it heading the list, having thirty members, one engine, two hundred and fifty buckets, thirteen ladders, as well as hooks and rope.

carting off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense; the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, etc., etc., as buyers could more easily get at them; and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc., etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

After some time I drew a bill for paving the city, and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England, in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone, and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment, which I thought not for the better, but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr. John Clifton, his giving a sample of the utility of lamps, by placing one at his door, that the people were first impressed with the idea of enlightening all the city. The honor of this public benefit has also been ascribed to me, but it belongs truly to that gentleman. I did but follow his example, and have only some merit to claim respecting the form of our lamps, as differing from the globe lamps we were at first supplied with from London. Those we found inconvenient in these respects: they admitted no air below; the smoke, therefore, did not readily go out above, but circulated in the globe, lodged on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford; giving, besides, the daily trouble of wiping them clean; and an accidental stroke on one of them would demolish



it, and render it totally useless. I therefore suggested the composing them of four flat panes, with a long funnel above to draw up the smoke, and crevices admitting air below, to facilitate the ascent of the smoke; by this means they were kept clean, and did not grow dark in a few hours, as the London lamps do, but continued bright till morning, and an accidental stroke would generally break but a single pane, easily repaired.

Some may think these trifling matters not worth minding or relating but human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day.



SPECIAL MISSION

THOMSON BURTIS



"SPEED" RYAN forgot his acrimonious argument with Norris—an argument which had been assuming more serious dimensions every hour of the trip from New York to Washington—and concentrated his entire attention on the Chief. The Chief was the assistant postmaster general who headed the Air Mail service, and he greeted the two pilots he had summoned from Hazelhurst Field with a genial smile and a warm hand clasp.

Tall, thin, black-haired Ryan's blue eyes were sparkling with anticipation. Not every day in the week did two Air Mail pilots get summoned to Washington. Norris, though, big and deliberate and sullen, sat down and merely waited, his heavy-lidded gaze resting unwaveringly on the Chief's face. Funny about Norris, Speed was thinking for the hundredth time. That face of his, scarred by countless airplane wrecks into almost a caricature of a human countenance, was not the thing that repelled the eager, reckless, devil-may-care Ryan—it was the man's know-it-all attitude about flying. Of course he had flown overseas in the war, and then gone to the Kosciusko Squadron in Poland, and then instructed in Japan—but that stuff about knowing all there was to be known—

"Briefly, gentlemen," the Chief broke into his thoughts, "I have called you here to ask you—not to order you—to make between you a trip over the Air Mail route from coast to coast, in special planes. You will be carrying papers so important that they cannot wait for the departure of the regular Air Mail ship from New York at ten tomorrow morning. It is safe to say that no airplane in history will have carried so important a cargo as yours. The greatest haste is imperative. At

From *The American Boy*. Used by special permission of the author, holder of the copyright, who was an army flyer for five years.

San Francisco a federal agent, Mr. Cowles, will take your papers and dispatch them to their destination. The fastest ship available on the Pacific will have steam up, waiting."

Speed was leaning forward tensely, drinking in every deliberate word. His thin, weather-bronzed face with its aquiline nose and humorously quirked mouth reflected the delight those words gave him—and something more serious. Anything for excitement—that was the restless Ryan all over—but now there was a weight of import in the Chief's words that made the mere prospect of the trip in itself seem small and unimportant.



"Word for the necessity of these papers' being made out and dispatched was not received until a few hours ago—at eleven this morning. Every moment counts. Cables are doing all possible, but these papers must clinch matters. It is safe to say that many thousands of dollars a minute will come out of the Government's pocket for every moment lost, to say nothing of more serious results."

Speed, his level gray eyes glowing softly, glanced over at Norris. Somehow the pilot's scarred face did not reflect satisfaction, but his eyes, one of them drawn down by a scar, were glowing dully.

"Rather than disrupt the entire mail service schedule—and we're badly off on the Chicago and West Coast Divisions now for planes and men—I decided to ask two pilots, in special two-passenger ships, to make the thirty-five hour trip continuously, one sleeping and resting while the other flies. You'll have to fly in the dark from Cleveland to Chicago; from Chicago to Cheyenne, of course, you'll have the benefit of the night lights and fields. Lightly loaded as you'll be, I think you can make the trip in thirty hours. I will not order you to do it—we can get army pilots from Bolling Field—but I strongly urge you to, for your country's sake and the honor of the Mail Service—"

"Gosh, I'll be tickled to death, sir!" blazed the eager Ryan, a wide Irish grin on his face.

He saw Norris cast a disgusted, contemptuous look at him, as though sneering at the boyish eagerness of the younger and more brilliant pilot. Speed flushed a bit, but the Chief smiled appreciatively.

"There are several reasons why I picked you two," he went on slowly. "You are veterans of the service, and exceptional flyers, and more than that, you have both served on both eastern and western divisions at one time and another; so you are fairly familiar with the whole route, except the Chicago-Cheyenne stretch, and that you can't miss on account of the lights. Norris, how about you?"

Speed couldn't believe his eyes when the big, wide-shouldered adventurer hesitated. For a few seconds Norris sat with his shaggy head bent and his eyes on the floor. Then, as though throwing off a burden, his shoulders went back and his head came up.

"I'll do it, sir," he said, his deep, harsh voice pitched in low tones. "When do we start?"

"The papers will be delivered to you at Bolling Field at two-thirty, twenty minutes from now. The State Department is working on them and they will be ready on schedule. From here to Chicago you will use one of General Mallory's special De Havilands, loaned for the occasion. His skilled crew have it in first-class shape always. At Chicago, a specially prepared De Haviland, on which the mechanics are probably working now, will be ready for you, flown from Rantoul for this purpose. At Cheyenne, another De Haviland, looked over with particular thoroughness, will also be ready for you. There will be hot coffee and food at each Air Mail stop so that you can have it when you want it. Flying clothes will be given you at Bolling, and special winter equipment for the Cheyenne-Frisco lap will be ready. Lose no time—remember that minutes count. Good luck and God bless you, boys!"

He shook hands with them, and there was something deep in his eyes that completed the transformation of Speed Ryan from a care-

less, devil-may-care youngster who flew the Air Mail for the fun of it into a level-eyed, serious servant of his country. That look of calm competence which was the result of a thousand dangers surmounted and a thousand emergencies met and overcome was to the fore now and the slim youngster's face was serious and composed.

A car was awaiting them in front of the mountainous government building, and the two climbed into it without a word. The chauffeur had barely started, though, when Speed burst into speech which he could contain no longer.

"What do you suppose those papers are, Ralph?" he asked excitedly. "Gosh, they must be important to run a special 2800-mile trip for 'em! How'll we work it—two hours on and two off, or take turns flying laps, or—"

"Listen, Ryan," Norris broke in, and somehow it seemed that his rugged face was pale and drawn as his eyes met Ryan's. "I'll tell you how we'll work it. You fly over the level country between here and Cleveland. I'll take her over the Alleghenies around Bellefonte, and again on the night-flying into Chicago and from Chicago until dawn, wherever we are. Then you can take her over level country again, and I'll fly her from Cheyenne over the mountains. You can take her from the Sacramento Valley into Frisco—"

"What do you mean?" blazed Speed. "I fly about one quarter of the time, when there's good forced landing fields, and you fly all the hard stuff?"

"Yes, and if there's a forced landing or the motor cuts out or anything, whether you're flying or not, I take the stick and make the landing!"

For a second the raging Ryan could scarcely speak. A thousand words crowded for utterance at the same time. For a taut five seconds the two flyers faced each other like crouched beasts. Norris was insulting Speed's flying, that raging pilot was thinking—belittling his ability to handle a ship under bad conditions!

Finally the words came, and a blistering torrent of speech flowed from the overwrought Ryan's lips.

"No man ever took the stick from me," he finished, glaring into Norris' hot eyes, "and no one ever will! We'll fly alternate laps, that's what we'll do, and if you make a move to take the stick away from me I'll crown you with a wrench, that's what I'll do, and you can make up your mind—"

"You listen to me. I've flown four times as much as you have, and you won't catch me risking my neck on your flying when I've got myself to depend on!"

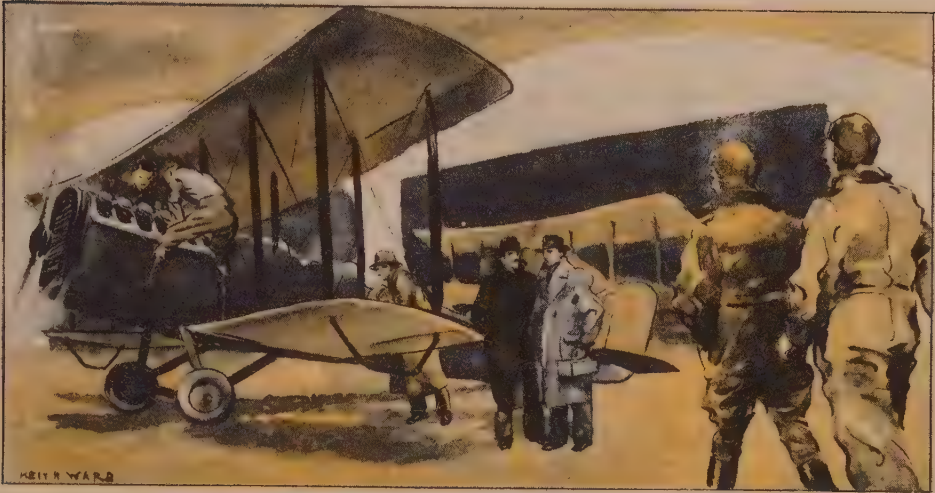
For a second Speed did not know what to do. It was a showdown—and duty so important that it could not even be told to them was just ahead. Then, with a snap, his mind was made up. Norris wasn't the only flyer in the world, and he, Speed, was not compelled to give up the most sacred tenet tradition has written into the airman's creed: that the pilot is master of his own ship.

Fighting for control, he forced himself to speak slowly.

"Norris, you and I have never been friends, but that isn't the question now. I'm going to fly that ship my share of the time according to orders, and when I'm flying, I'm flying it! I don't relish flying with another man any more than you do, but I won't interfere and neither will you. And if you don't like it say so, and phone the Chief from the field, and I'll get an army flyer in two minutes! Take it or leave it!"

For a full half minute of tightening suspense he waited. What in the name of all that was holy was ailing Norris? He was like a crazy man. Somehow Speed was uncomfortable as he watched that drawn face—it seemed as though Norris were going through torment. He'd hesitated, back there in the office, too—

"You win!" barked Norris suddenly, and to the uncomfortable, more normal Ryan it seemed that the words were like a self-pronounced sentence of death to his companion. In a new rush of humiliated anger Speed's wrath swept away his temporary astonishment. What right



had any living man to question his flying ability? He'd been a stunt instructor in the Army Air Service, hadn't he? And he'd never failed to get the mail through, had he?

Well, that was that, anyway. And as the white hangars of Bolling Field came in view and he saw the shining yellow-winged, blue-bodied De Haviland Bluebird awaiting them he forgot his feud with Norris, and a great rush of proud feeling swept over him. He had been chosen for this duty, and the service which he loved and risked his life for was to have a new and glorious page written into its matchless history.

Three quiet, granite-faced secret service men were waiting, and a steel box, heavily padlocked, was given into their keeping. The great twelve-cylinder Liberty was idling gently, warmed and ready.

"I'll take the first lap," grated Norris, his face a mask of sullen disgust, and in two minutes, with Norris in the front cockpit of the dual control ship—full set of controls in each cockpit, as in all army ships—they were rushing across the ground on the start of their wild dash to the Pacific.

Less than two hours later they were landing beside the hangar at the Bellefonte Field, and ten minutes thereafter Speed was at the stick,

holding the nose of his plane down while it roared across the field on the take-off. He had been thinking, all the way from Washington, about the contents of that box—what vast affairs depended on them, and in him there was a swelling sense of responsibility and deep, inarticulate satisfaction such as he had never known. Those millions of people below could not know that their welfare was being watched by those airmen high above them, but he didn't care. It was contentment enough to have the knowledge locked deep in his own heart.

As the ship reared and bucked a bit beneath the clouds over the Alleghenies, he felt Norris' hand on the stick time after time, but always he took it away quickly. Then, an hour out of Cleveland, with dusk falling rapidly, the ship went hurtling into a far-flung line of storm. The rain stung and pricked like millions of needles, and like magic the ground disappeared from sight. Speed, strained and alert, eased the ship down from three thousand feet, and with his goggles clouded and his face enduring what seemed to be unendurable torture, he fought through the rain. They'd have to land in the dark at Cleveland—

Four times Norris moved the stick as Speed steepened the dive, and once Speed had to shake it viciously to get control again. That fool Norris couldn't control himself at all, it seemed! What was the matter with him? It was desperate work, sure enough, with the ground out of sight, but Ryan was pilot.

Two hundred feet off the ground, the earth came vaguely into view. For ten minutes they rushed along through the twilight and the storm, perilously low if anything happened. Then they flashed out of the rain, and far ahead, just visible, were the lights of the suburbs of Cleveland and slowly moving lights of ships on Lake Erie. Speed's tension eased, and he wiped his goggles for the millionth time and felt of his raw face. The April air was chill now, and it was totally dark. Cleveland was ablaze with light, and the field at the Martin factory was lighted brilliantly for their landing. As Speed maneuvered the ship down, turning on the specially installed navigation lights on each wing tip, he saw

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Norris leaning forward, as though utterly unable to keep still. It got on Speed's nerves, somehow. He leveled out a bit too high as the ship swooped toward the ground, and when he landed it bounced. He heard a yell and when the D.H. came to rest the older man was leaning over his cockpit.

"A hot night-flyer you are!" he exploded.

Speed swung the ship around and taxied toward the mechanics who were running toward the ship, and did not answer. It hadn't been such a bad landing, but he'd have rather lost a finger than do anything wrong with that sour nut looking on and sneering!

They did not exchange a word as they bolted hot pork and beans and coffee, and in twenty minutes Norris was sending the ship through the darkness toward Chicago. Never to his dying day would Speed forget that lap—the flat plains, dotted with towns like jewels, invisible below them, and sure injury, perhaps death, if the motor cut out.

No one could tell where to land below now, and as the ship rushed through the night Speed was tense and strained and unable to rest. He had to admit that Norris was a beautifully smooth flyer, but there is no prejudice in all humanity so great as that of the average experienced flyer against flying with anyone else but himself at the stick when danger lurks near. With his ears never missing a beat of the rhythmically running Liberty as he waited for the sputter that would mean a blind rush into the unknown darkness, it seemed to Speed that the trip would never end.

His body slumped weakly as the myriad lights of South Chicago appeared in blazing strands ahead, and ten minutes later the D.H. had left Chicago behind and was circling over the Air Mail Field at Maywood, with its white-bordered cinderpaths running in all four directions and its night-landing lights blazing white to meet them.

It was close to midnight, and seventeen hundred miles of flying was still before them if that precious package was to reach its destination. Somehow Speed didn't care to talk to anyone—curious, half-fearful

mechanics, working like beavers, or even Garry Thomas, an old acquaintance. He and Norris did not speak, either, and it seemed to the restive, already fatigued Ryan there was something sinister in their silence. They were eating, and it was like a shock when Norris suddenly laid down his cup and said gruffly:

"Suppose you fly Chicago-Cheyenne—that's nine hundred miles—and I'll sleep. Then I'll fly Cheyenne-Frisco."

Speed leaped to his feet. There it was again—Chicago-Cheyenne was a cinch, and Cheyenne-Frisco the most deadly part of the whole 2800-mile trip. Another direct insult to his flying—

Then it seemed, as he looked at the contorted face and glittering eyes of his companion, that the feeling that had swept over him back there in Washington engulfed him again. That box must get through—and what was a man's individual pride compared to the importance of that mission? Norris was in terrible shape—there was something horrible in his face and eyes. He was like a man strained to the breaking point. For once in his life the impulsive, brilliant youngster conquered himself.

"Norris, I don't know what's ailing you; so I'll let your knocks about my flying go. And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll be hanged if I don't fly my full half of this trip, but I'll meet you more than halfway. I'll fly Chicago to North Platte, and you can take her from there to Reno. That'll give you nearly three-quarters of the tough flying, and I'll ride with you. I'll take her from Reno in—half of it over good country."

It was like pulling teeth to do it—he was being put in the position of a raw amateur—

"All right," barked Norris, and his big body relaxed a little.

Five minutes later Speed was circling above the brightly lit field, and at fifteen hundred feet he sent the new De Haviland rushing on its way through the night. Level country now—great plains and low-rolling hills once in a while. At the emergency landing fields, every twenty-five miles, great five-million-candle-power lights guided him on his way, from the tops of fifty-foot towers. At Iowa City and Omaha and North

Platte five-hundred-million-candle-power beacons could be picked up for nearly one hundred miles. Ordinarily it was a cinch trip, with good, lighted landing fields so close, but that night it seemed as though there were something sinister riding with the two motionless, helmeted figures who sat like demons of the night as they flashed across a shadowed, sleeping world. More important than possible emergencies was the fact that even a safe landing would be a disaster—that priceless cargo they carried must get through. So to Speed the six-hundred-mile trip with stops at Iowa City, Omaha, and North Platte, was one long strain. The ceaseless drum of the motor was at once the sweetest music in the world and the most nerve-shattering clatter his tortured ears had ever borne. In back of him Norris was not sleeping—he was taut and strained too.

A group of curious, half-frightened men met them at North Platte. As at the other fields, it seemed that they were amazed, and vaguely frightened, at the mysterious import of that cargo that had caused wires to flash across the country to every station, ordering special preparations. They worked in tense silence. It was dawn at North Platte, and Norris, silent as the grave, climbed in the front cockpit and sent the ship hurtling on its way toward Cheyenne, over limitless grain farms which stretched away to the foot of the Rockies.

At Cheyenne, hopping-off place for the most deadly stretch of country in the wide world, it seemed that the field men were far from themselves. Every day that trip was a deadly one which made men's hearts skip a beat as the mail left for Frisco, but this mystery ship from the East, with its haggard, drawn pilots rushing across the continent on a mission of transcendent importance—

"We've been working on the ship all night, sir, and I know she's as fit as hands can make her!" the chief mechanic assured Norris earnestly, and in the silence of the other mechanics there was a spirit of eager hope mixed with unconquerable fear that perhaps there was some weakness they had not found.

Norris was himself, now. After three cups of coffee and four eggs he spoke to Speed pleasantly, but it was Ryan's turn to be far from himself. The strain was telling on him, and he was brooding on the fact that he had been forced to give up his prerogatives—to ride as a passenger when good flying was needed even to keep in the air. The strain was telling—he was jumpy and nervous, and there was pounding ceaselessly through his head one thought: the ship must get through.

Cheyenne, Rock Springs, Elko, Reno—how well he knew that deadly country, but never before had the trip been so unbearable. Before there had been the mail to think of, and his own life. Now there was more than that, and his sunken eyes glittered with a light that was half-madness as the ship seemed to crawl over the Laramie Range, the Great Divide Basin, the Wasatch Mountains, Salt Lake City.

Flying at ten thousand feet, both airmen knew that the peaks were often less than five hundred feet below the ship, their snow-flecked sides dropping off into bottomless canyons and forbidding cliffs. Clouds were below them most of the time, and out of Salt Lake City barren cliffs rose out of a desert which was like the creation of a diseased brain, infinitely horrible in its lifeless ugliness.

An uninhabitable, sandy waste; then the welcome Truckee River and some green on the terrain below foreshadowed Reno. For ten minutes into Reno the exhausted Ryan dropped into a coma. He had to be shaken awake, to find himself on the field and looking up into Norris' eyes.

"You're in no shape to fly the Sierra Nevadas—I'll fly her in—"

"You will not!" screamed the overwrought Ryan, and in a trice he was out of the plane, his face thrust into Norris' and his fists clenched. "By the mighty, say another word and I'll lick you until you can't even ride as a passenger!"

For a second Norris seemed about to leap on him. Frayed nerves were taking their toll.

The presence of others stopped them, though, and suddenly the two

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relaxed. Norris turned away, his face like a thundercloud, and Speed wiped tears from his eyes—tears of hysteria.

He got hold of himself, though, and when Young, the superintendent, gripped his hand and said:

“An hour ahead of schedule, Ryan—good luck!” he was able to smile a twisted smile.

The two airmen put on the heaviest of winter clothing, now, and covered their faces with chamois-skin protectors. Norris’ hands were trembling as he adjusted his helmet and goggles, but Speed seemed strangely calm. He sent the ship roaring on its way with a steady hand on the stick, and out of Reno climbed steadily upward to thirteen thousand feet as the motors, roaring defiance to the approaching Sierras carried the ship along at a hundred and ten miles an hour.

For a full hour he fought the sucking air currents and wild wind eddies which strove to destroy them above those majestic, deadly peaks. Time and time again Norris tried to take the stick—every time the ship plunged and slipped and dropped, his hand was on the stick. Time after time Ryan turned and snarled indistinguishable words back at his passenger. If he could have reached him, he’d have fixed it so that he couldn’t interfere—

Then he’d go back to the old mental round. They must get through. His eyes roved from tachometer to thermometer to voltmeter, as his ears listened to the never-faltering song of the motor. And finally the last peak of the “hump” was passed—but still the dangers clustered thickly around them. Not even the parachute would be any good—a jumper would hang in the trees and starve in that country.

“Hell Hole,” a huge, rocky divide, was almost in sight. Straining forward with glittering eyes, as though to help his ship along, Speed’s heart sank as he saw a snow and sleet storm ahead. In a few seconds the ship hurled itself into the thick of it. The chamois-skin face protector was a real blessing now. Tremendous air currents twisted and turned the mighty bomber, and at intervals he could not see the tips of

his own wings. Although his body was covered with so many layers of clothing that he could scarcely move in the cockpit, it was terribly cold. Minute after minute of torture, watching the altimeter needle vary as he ceaselessly fought the ship—it seemed as though he were utterly alone in the universe, fighting a losing battle with the giants of the storm.

Then, as though by magic, the ship drove out of the vortex of the storm, and in a moment more was roaring through a thin, gentle snow-fall. He could see the ground vaguely now, covered with a thin mantle of white. It was a region of flat-topped plateaus, deep furrowed ravines, and lower mountains. His heart bounded exultantly. In a few minutes more he'd be over the ranch-country, then one more range, and then the Sacramento Valley.

At that moment it seemed as though his heart stopped beating. The motor, as though exhausted from its fight through the storm in that rarefied atmosphere, began to sputter. Desperately he jazzed the throttle. Sounded like plugged jets. But the motor only missed the more. Only seven or eight cylinders working—and getting worse.

With such despair in his heart as he had never felt in all his young life, he nosed down to make a desperate landing. There was a plateau down there a few hundred feet—looking smooth and beautiful, save for a few scrubby trees—but who could tell how deep the snow was, or what furrows and rocks lay beneath the all-covering blanket?

He circled back for the landing, and he was praying that the landing be safe, not damaging to the ship, and that the motor could be fixed. It would be a terrible landing to make—only a hundred and fifty yards to do it in, and the flat top fell away into sheer cliffs on all four sides, If the ship overran it, it would dash them down into the rocky crevices surrounding the field—

He felt the stick shake under his hand, and turned to meet the madly blazing eyes of Norris.

"Let me take her!" he roared as he cut the throttle.



"No!" shouted Speed, and put the throttle on again. The motor might pick up in the dive—

He turned to his work, circling down in a shallow spiral. All his being was concentrated on his work—he must hit right on the edge of that field, or nothing but sure death awaited them.

He felt a grip like steel on his shoulder, and as he turned Norris was yelling into his ear:

"Let me take her, I tell you! Ryan, get your hand off that stick!"

The stick was wrenched from Ryan's hand. In that second Ryan became as mad as Norris. All the strain of that terrible trip came on him now, and for the moment he was a raging, unthinking automaton. They were close, now, and his hand grabbed the stick and wrenched it from Norris' grasp. If they lived, he'd have Norris kicked out of the service for interfering at that moment—

A stunning blow that brought myriad sparks into being and seemed to sear his brain with a white-hot iron—and he knew no more.

He came to, still in the cockpit, and for a chaotic second did not know where he was. Snow-covered hills stretching away limitlessly to the horizon—

Then he saw Norris, working over the motor. In a split-second it all

came back to him. In a second he was out of the cockpit, moving awkwardly because of his parachute and heavy clothing. He saw a wheel lying near, and for the first time realized that the ship was tilted up at one side. The right end of the axle, wheel-less, was sticking in the ground, but the ship, miraculously, was not wrecked.

His brain white hot with fury, he threw himself at the man who had wrecked them—knocked him out—in that deserted country.

Big Norris side-stepped, and in a second had the slim Ryan helpless in a bear-like hug. Curiously calm eyes glowed down into Ryan's, and as Speed started to rave, one big hand closed over his mouth.

"Listen, Speed," he said slowly, "I know all you're going to say, and I deserve it. There wasn't time enough to make a landing after I hit you—knocked you out because I was scared to death."

He stopped, and released the quivering Ryan. Speed's brain was in a whirl—somehow the calm deliberation of Norris' speech made him seem like a new man to him. That scarred face was composed and tranquil, as though the man had found peace there on top of the world.

"I'm a yellow dog, flying with anybody else," Norris went on slowly. "I've been in fourteen wrecks, and every time it was some other pilot who wrecked me, and smashed me up. Look at my face—and some time have a look at my body.

"Speed, I'm sorry. I felt as though I had to make the landing myself. But we will talk that over later. If you're game, I think we can get out of here, and get that packet through! The motor's fixed—plugged jets. You were out a half hour."

Somehow Speed seemed unable to move or speak under the spell of Norris' words. The importance of their mission came back to him, and he forgot all things personal as he listened to the desperate plan. At the end he said briefly:

"You're on. And Ralph—whatever you have done—this'll make up for it!"

On that icy, deserted plateau they shook hands under the hovering

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shadow of almost certain death, and then bent to their work.

The motor cranked easily, and with Speed at the stick and Norris' huge shoulders underneath the wing on the wheel-less side, they taxied the ship to the edge of the plateau and turned it. Speed shivered as he looked over and down into that hundred-foot ravine. But his heart did not falter.

They put the wheel on, but the nut had been sheared off and there was nothing to hold it. A wooden plug, whittled to fit, was driven into the small hole where the safety cotter-pin belonged, and a shield of cloth wrapped between pin and wheel, to save the pin as much as possible. Then Norris smiled up at Speed, tense and white in the cockpit.

"Fly her, cowboy!" he barked, and climbed up on the tip of the lower wing on the side opposite the crippled wheel.

If the flyer's gods were with them, they might pick up speed before the wheel came off again. Then, maybe Norris' weight would keep the axle from dragging. If it didn't, and it dragged near the edge of the cliff, ship and men would hurtle hundreds of feet downward to the rocks lying far below. If it came off too soon and they were marooned—starvation.

Stick as far over as it would go toward Norris, sprawled on the wing and holding to a strut, Speed gave the ship the gun.

There was a slight downward slope, into the wind. With every foot the bomber picked up speed through the five inches of snow as it hurtled toward the deadly cliff ahead. Speed was like a man in a trance, unconscious of fear, too strained to feel anything.

Fifty feet from the cliff, he felt the ship quiver. The wheel was coming off! Desperately he jerked back on the stick. The ship took the air for a second, and he saw the wheel go bowling over the cliff. With stick jammed against the side of the cockpit, Norris' weight helping, he jammed the nose down. The ship bounced, cocked up on its side, on the good wheel. As it settled again, it was out over the ravine. A quick

dive, and it had picked up flying speed. A few seconds later he had turned it, and climbing steadily, was roaring along his way to Frisco again.

Norris huddled out there on the wing rather than crawl back to the cockpit again, and then out once more for the landing. Talk about nerve. Speed was thinking. Norris had conquered himself, and made that desperate take-off in his position, with another man at the stick.

One more range and then the Sacramento Valley. The air grew warmer as the ship dived forward. Fields of oil tanks, then Suisan Bay. The Golden Gate in sight! The sinking sun gilded the wires of the plane, its rays flashing back in blinding radiance as the happiest and most exhausted pilot in the whole world cut across the Bay, over the reddened roofs of San Francisco, and out to Crissey Field, flat and green in the shadow of the Presidio Hills.

With Norris clinging to the wing tip Speed landed. For a hundred feet the plane skimmed along the ground beside the hangars and then the wheel-less side dropped as speed slackened. The wing crumpled as the plane spun around, and as it came to rest Speed fell asleep.

They started back East three days later, making but one lap in a day, and sometimes not even that. They'd been told there was no hurry, and they succeeded in having a very good time on the return trip. And when they returned General Mallory's ship to Bolling Field, Speed Ryan and Ralph Norris were participants in the kind of friendship which comes but rarely in any man's life.

It was three months later before they were told the reason for their mission. The Pacific fleet—greatest naval armada ever gathered together—had been plowing the Pacific toward Hawaii to play a war game. Months before, certain foreign governments had become alarmed at the proposed demonstration, and supposedly reassured. The fleet had already left, however, when the State Department had been apprized of the fact that international complications loomed once more. Cables had done all possible, but to clinch the reassurance of the United



States government that there was no warlike significance in the practice maneuvers, certain definite papers placed in the hands of foreign dignitaries were deemed necessary to avoid any possibility of trouble. And dozens of mighty greyhounds of the sea, costing tens of thousands of dollars a day to maintain as they cruised the ocean, would have had to wait until those papers were delivered. That had been the reason for wild haste—to save the government a small fortune and to speed the moment when tranquillity among the nations would rule once more.

"Looks like our salaries this year'd be velvet, as far's the government goes," Speed grinned as they left the Chief's office. "We're not so expensive as a fleet."

"Mine's velvet to me, anyway," returned Norris. "I'd have given an arm to get to feel the way I did on that plateau—and have ever since!"

TAMPA ROBINS

THE robin laughed in the orange tree:
 "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
 While breasts are red and wings are bold
 And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
 Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
 My orange-planets: crimson I
 Will shine and shoot among the spheres
 (Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
 And thrid the heavenly orange tree
 With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
 The gibbet trees, the world in white,
 The sky but gray wind over a grave—
 Why should I ache, the season's slave?
 I'll sing from the top of the orange tree
 Gramercy, Winter's tyranny.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
 My wing is king of the summer time;
 My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
 And I'll call down through the green and gold,
 "Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
 Bestir thee under the orange tree."

SIDNEY LANIER

From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



GINGER PUP

NEIL BOYTON

NOW all you have to do is listen like the white pup in the ad of "His Master's Voice" and you'll soon hear how this happened. Of course, I learnt The Scout Law as a Tenderfoot, when we used to live in God's Country before Dad was appointed Consul out here. O yes; I knew it better than a parrot, but just like that green-feathered phonograph it was sort of the words I memorized. BUT—and this is a 100% BUT—three weeks ago, when I was cooling off at our hill station, The Sixth Law managed to get tattooed on me forever and keeps. You know how tattooing sticks to your birthday suit worse than good marking ink? Well, that's the way "A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals" is chiseled into me. And it is principally all on account of Ginger Pup, who strayed into our school in Bombay one burnt afternoon last April.

For something or other, I had been P.S.—you know, "penance study"—and our Class Master had just relented and let Noel Flanagan and Ram Chandra and me off. We drifted into the compound and it was too late to get into any of the hockey games. So we stopped under the toddy palms between Divisions and we were figuring how many blooming days of class there would be before the May Holidays, when Rani came trotting up. She's that cute gazelle from Africa, or some place across the Arabian Sea, that we have had for school mascot since old Dadar got pneumonia and cashed in his monkey checks.

From *The Boy Scouts Year Book*. Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



Noel had some gran and if there is anything Rani hates, it isn't gran, so she started to nose into his pocket like she wanted it pronto. She's an awful beggar and Noel, he's a tease, and she'd have butted him in half in a minute, only all at once she backed off and began to pose like she was one of those ponies they have in those Living Statue groups at the Circus.

Noel, who's fat and prudent, got behind me, for he thought she was going to rush him. Then Rani spread her hoofs, just like a sailor stands on a pitching deck, and let her head down like she was studying ants.

◆ ◆ ◆ At the Crossroads ◆ ◆ ◆

Ram Chandra, who's a Hindu and ought to know, cried:

"I say, man, Rani sees a snake. Look!"

And then Noel, he said:

"My word, see the blooming pariah pup by the compound wall." And he stretched out his hand toward Nesbit Road.

Over there was a strange cur humbling himself against the wall. He was half grown and that yellow color you see in natives' turbans or some rivers like the Mississippi when they're muddy. He looked like he knew he was intruding, yet he wanted to stay, and his tail was going like a buzz saw.

Then Percy Lloyd, who's in VI Standard and the best goal tender in our Second Division, came running near the compound wall after a lost hockey ball and he raised his stick and made to slog that foreign dog.

Instead of scooting through the gate into the road like any sensible dog would have done, that fool mutt taxied across the compound directly towards where we stood under the toddy palms.

Right then Rani forgot she was a statue, or remembered her descendants were of fighting blood, or something like that. Anyway, that gazelle went into action and tumbled Ram Chandra over in passing.

You know, Rani, she's gentle as a summer day usually, but evidently the color of that pup's coat made her see red, or else she thought one mascot was enough for St. Mary's—mascots are awfully jealous, you know. For just like a tiny crazy bull, with her three-inch horns lowered, she charged at that yellow pup.

He was busy dodging boys and hockey sticks and so he didn't have time to look ahead and she rammed him somewhere amidship on his starboard beam.

Then began the fight.

Rani must have roughed the pup's temper considerable, for, instead of looking for the emergency exit, he got up and commenced yelping and circling and feinting, and the gazelle danced and wheeled and bucked like a crazy compass needle when you tease it with a magnet.

The boys forgot hockey, naturally, and came running up from all parts of the school compound, and the Band Boys, who had a concert for the wounded Tommies next day and needed rehearsal—I'll say they did!—broke up their practice and came piling out of the Band room.

Most yelled: "Rani. Rani. Buck him, girl!" But a few, when they saw what a game dog the pup was, cried: "Well played, Ginger Pup! Carry on, Ginger Pup!"

The argument drifted all over the compound and once the pup chased Rani right into Penance Study room and both tore out again pronto. "P.S." didn't get kept any more that day.

Then Rani turned and Ginger Pup fled down the compound towards where the Infirmary is. The chaps who had had fever or hockey bruises and were convalescing piled out on the gallery in their pajamas.

The two animals just drifted all over that compound and it was like following a football to stay near enough to see the fun. I didn't miss much of it, though I lost a lot of breath and it is a mighty good thing I don't smoke cigarettes. Noel, he had to sit down before the end.

Then it quit—the fight did—sudden as a clap of thunder, for down near the Wash Room, Rani got her horns into that Ginger Pup's side and lifted him. And he got another color to his coat. And she'd have done it again, only "Big Butter" Feeney, who's on the Junior Aga Khan team and our best forward, he got a-hold of Rani and patted her and let her buck him and calmed her down that way.

The boys crowded around and cheered like Britishers do. You know, not a bit altogether like in a college yell with us.

About then it was, I remembered I was a practical scout, and started looking for the pup. He was lying in a corner, sobbing for breath. You'd think he had finished first in a close Dog Marathon or something. I went up and called him, pleasantlike, and he came and crouched by my boots.

I was just going to apply The Sixth Law, when Percy Lloyd picked up a stone and let the pup have it and the next second I postponed

◆ ◆ ◆ At the Crossroads ◆ ◆ ◆

First Aid and there was another fight and it didn't take me long to stop that English boy. He never learnt boxing from an ex-lightweight champion and I did 'fore I came out to Bombay.

After that no other boy decided to slog Ginger Pup and when the Prefect came up, he said:

"You'd better take a wash-up, Percy, and, yes, get a clean suit from the Clothes Room."

You know a bleeding nose, when it's bleeding generous-like, doesn't go well with our light clothes. And Percy, he didn't know how to guard his face at all.

When Percy Lloyd went off to the Wash Room, the Prefect, who was looking kindly at the panting pup, said to me:

"Well, this pariah pup is game clean through, Dickie Shaw, and you had better take him over to the Infirmary and get some assistance making him presentable."

I'm dead sure Father Prefect had seen the stone that Lloyd had slogged at the pup and that's why he didn't say a word about fighting.

So Noel Flanagan and Ram Chandra and I took up Ginger Pup. There was one big rip and some cuts on his side, but the Brother, who doesn't like Rani any too much, put some court-plaster on them and stopped the bleeding and gave Ginger something to drink.

When we came out into the compound some of the boys came over to see Ginger Pup and make friends with him, 'cause they like a game one, and they were all talking about that roaming fight. Gee! they didn't quit talking of that for a week.

And within that time the pup was a proper favorite of all the boys at St. Mary's, 'cause he was a good mixer and knew how to handle kids and he even made friends with Rani. For as soon as she saw him around our compound several times, she tolerated him and, by and by, even played with him; racing—and, you know.

But the one particular pal of Ginger Pup was me. He'd have slept at the foot of my cot in the dormitory, only the Prefect had different

ideas and Brother Infirmarian, he let Ginger have a vacant cot in the Infirmary.

Well, after the exams were over in April, the May Holidays actually came and we were to start. Father Rector said I couldn't take the pup with me, as Rani was enough mascot for the hill station.

So the morning of leaving I brought old Ginger to Gopal's hut down back of the Miniature Range. He's the hamal (sweeper) who cleans up, you know. And I tied up Ginger honestly, no granny knot, and he strained and yelped when I went away. I felt awfully sorry to have to go and leave that dog and so did Noel and Ram too.

Marching to Byculla Station, I could hear Ginger's voice and it didn't sound reconciled the least bit. At the station The Poona Mail came and we boys piled into a reserved compartment, and Trevor Casey, who had charge of Rani, started pulling her in, kicking awfully. She doesn't like train travel, so she balked like a little Missouri mule, but Trevor, he said more than his prayers, and in she came, pawing like she had hysterics.

Now when Rani's that way and you got shorts on and are in a crowded compartment, you got to watch your bare knees, or she's liable to puncture you accidentally. I was doing that hard, when the train started to move out and then I heard some natives yelling on the platform.

I stuck my head out the door quickly and next second something yellow and racy was alongside our train compartment; a broken rope trailing along the platform.

Those Hindus and Mohammedans must have been yelling "mad dog" in the vernacular, but I didn't. I opened the compartment door wide and cried, "Ginger Pup! Come in, you old mutt!"

And Ginger Pup, with not much breath left, leaped frantically at the open side door. He slipped and scratched earnestly with his claws to get a purchase, but he would have fallen under the train wheels if I hadn't caught him by half of his ear, and Noel Flanagan, who was handy, hadn't pulled both of us backwards into the moving compartment.

❖ ❖ ❖ At the Crossroads ❖ ❖ ❖

I'll say we St. Mary's boys yelled, but Ginger Pup, he lay at my feet trying to catch up with his breath, which must have lapped him twice easily.

As soon as The Poona Mail got to Khandala, Noel and Ram and Percy Lloyd and I—for we had made up and Percy liked Ginger Pup too now—we all made a delegation and waited on Father Rector and he said:

"Well, as long as the dog is actually in the hill station, he'd better stay."

So that was settled satisfactorily and Ginger Pup went to all meals and on picnics and swims and hikes with us every day, and, at night, officially he slept on a vacant cot in the Boys' Barracks. That is, when he wasn't sleeping unofficially with me. For old Ginger liked all the boys and the Prefect, but he liked this here scout better'n any of 'em. And he proved it too!

But let me go on. The last Tuesday of the May Holidays, we four—that's Ginger Pup, Ram Chandra, Noel Flanagan and I—got permission to go on a private picnic to Lohogad. For we had had a general picnic to that place the Saturday before and Noel had hidden his new hockey stick there in a safe hiding place at tiffin time and then, as usual, forgot all about it till we got back to the Barracks.

So Tuesday we got up, when it seemed about midnight, to get the early train to two or three stations up the line and then we hiked across country towards the ruins.

You know, or maybe you don't, that Lohogad is an old rock fortress from the days of Shiviji and the Duke of Wellington—only he was plain General Wellesley in those days—and it's on a high lonely hill and you climb up a road criss-crossing the face of the hill. Once within the outer walls, you think you are in the streets of a deserted Jerusalem, only it's more deadly quiet and abandoned-like. For nobody lives on Lohogad now—only cobras and some gray ape families and the usual horrid scorpions wander about the ruins.

Climbing steep hills in India is worse'n going up the Washington Monument when the elevator is out of order, and it was never running the two times I went up it, so I ought to know.

I shouted: "We are going swimming first." But Noel said no, he had come to get his new hockey stick, so we hunted a bit and found it in a kind of a dark cave with bats, just where he had hidden it. Then we raced across the walled plateau for the tanks and I beat out Ram and Noel, only Ginger Pup came first.

These tanks on top of Lohogad are cut out of the solid rock—I guess to hold drinking water when an army besieged the fortress in the good, red days—and they have crazy, half crumbled-away figures of four-armed and two-headed native gods carved around the sides, and little worn stone steps leading from the water's edge.

But I hadn't come to study idolatry. So I dove in, twisted, and came up floating. It's a funny feeling, swimming on top of a high, deserted hill and only seeing sky; like being in the canvas deck pools on the Pacific liners.

Finally, we got tired and cool and hungry, and after we had eaten down to the bottom of our tiffin baskets and had stoned a cobra we saw coiled on a rock in the sun, we felt sleepy. So Noel and Ram and I went off to an old, ruined temple by the southern wall. Ginger Pup spotted another ape and he charged away after it.

This temple was just a square stone room with a Hindu god—Shivi or Vishnu or one of that kind of idols—in the center. It was shady there, anyway, even if the floor was hard stone, and the next I knew I was dreaming I was on top of the Woolworth Building in little old distant New York, where I belong by rights, and I could see the Jersey side and the big electric clock and piers and ferry boats and a liner in midstream and tugs working around her like ants bringing home a worm.

Then something snuggled against my legs and half awake I knew it was Ginger Pup and he had gotten tired of daring that ape to come down out of the palm tree and say it man to man.

◆ ◆ ◆ At the Crossroads ◆ ◆ ◆

I reached out my foot and kicked him friendly-like and his tail thumped some Morse Code on the stone floor of that Hindu temple in answer and I was asleep again.

Then, maybe an hour or a week later—I don't know as I had left my wrist watch back in barracks, 'cause it needed fixing—I half awoke and an awful feeling seemed to come over me.

I don't know just how to describe it. You know how, in bed at night, you sometimes seem to feel your Guardian Angel hovering by, and you feel safe and comfy, like the blanket was his wing. That way. Well, this feeling was entirely different from that. I don't mean my Guardian Angel didn't feel on the job, but just at that moment he didn't feel so near, though he really was all the time.

I wasn't awake and I wasn't asleep, but I knew I was in India and not America. I opened my eyes and I could see that stone idol in the shady light of the pagan temple—its four hands and evil-jeweled face, partly crumbled away, and a string of withered yellow flowers wreathed around its neck.

Then there was a scraping and around the base of that idol poured something dark and swayey. It reared and I was wide awake and looking straight at the greenish scales and hooded head of the largest cobra I ever, ever saw. Believe me, I don't ever want to see any bigger, or smaller for that matter, ever again.

That poison snake was rising and swaying like a rubber candlestick almost over me and I knew enough to imitate stone, and then S.O.S. Heaven.

Seconds take hours to pass sometimes and I must have grown an inch, when Ginger Pup, curled up at my feet, stirred.

Then he did the bravest act a dog ever did. He could have run away, but he sprang over my stomach directly at that deadly head.

He wasn't quick enough, for lightning is a local alongside the express speed of a striking cobra. Both fell on my breast and the snake drew back and struck that pup again. I let out a yell.

Then the cobra disappeared around the base of the Hindu god and Ginger after it. Noel and Ram Chandra were yelling too, and I felt very, very sick and that weak I couldn't have wrestled with a sunbeam.

I must have fainted, for some time later my face was all drippy. When I was able to register impressions I was resting in Noel's lap and he was looking mournfully at his new hockey stick which was split in two. There lay the cobra in the sunlight of the doorway with its back broken.

Then I remembered and I whistled for Ginger Pup. But Noel held me and Ram gave me a pull at the water bottle and tried to make me rest. I wanted Ginger Pup and I struggled to my feet.

I found the pup on the other side of the little temple. He was all swelling up.

When I saw him I cried and I didn't care who saw me, 'cause my dog could have run away and left me to that awful cobra.

But that isn't all. Wait till I tell you the better part. When I was able to hike, we wrapped poor Ginger Pup in my khaki coat and took turns toting him down the steep hill path from Fort Lohogad, and in a little village on the plain we hired a bullock cart from the headman and came back to Khandala.

Ginger Pup was laid out in a box lined with a red dormitory blanket in the long corridor outside the Boys' Barracks.

The Fathers and the boys came to see him and there wasn't much else talked of in our compound. Though that morning the First Division team had played the wounded Tommies at the Soldiers' Barracks up the road and beaten them two nil.

Now I'll say this for Percy Lloyd. He's the right sort and the idea was all his. He didn't say a word to me, but he went to Father Rector and he said it was an excellent idea and Ginger Pup deserved the honor.

Then young Lloyd told me.

You never saw a dog funeral with full military honors, did you? Well, I did once, and I am glad I was chief mourner.



For in the cool of the evening, the Band Boys got out their instruments and lined up. First came the Band, playing "Tipperary" slowly and it sounded just grand and solemn. Then Trevor Casey led Rani on a chain, for we thought she'd like to attend Ginger's funeral, and she was the only lady who did, all the rest were men.

Noel and Ram carried the box, all nicely wrapped in that red blanket, for the Prefect said we could bury it with Ginger Pup. And the Guard of Honor, eight boys in uniform with guns reversed, marched either side and the other sixty boys trailed behind. A lot of the Third Division kiddies were sniffing openly.

Percy, at the last moment, got another idea and he wanted to toll the chapel bell, but Father Rector said there was no need as all would be marching.

The funeral wound around the compound, and below the Boys' Barracks, just at the edge of The Ravine, where the jungle starts, the little grave was dug.

The Guard fired the last volley and Noel and Ram and I filled in the hole, and we all came away.

Only later, Noel and I got a board and we cut into it—it took a whole afternoon with our scout knives—this sign. And if you ever come up to Khandala in the Western Ghats, you can see it plainly, for it is over his grave and it reads:

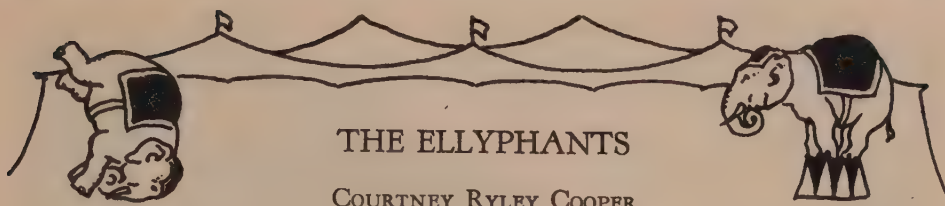
H E R E L I E S
G I N G E R P U P
A P U K K A H E R O

But I don't need any sign to remember him, and likewise I got chiseled on my brain, "A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals," 'cause I've learnt for life, The Sixth Law Pays.

THE BULL-DOG

A BULL-DOG and bully met on the road.
The bully tossed
A stone with the order "Fetch it!
Be quick,
Or, sirrah, you'll feel the weight of my stick!"
On trotted Jack, stone-deaf, mole-blind,
Nor once did he cast a quick look behind.
A baby in a buggy, a toy dropped, "Oh, doggie!"
Then at once he
The plaything retrieved. With a joyful yap
He laid it back on the baby's lap.

Translated from the French of Florian.



THE ELLYPHANTS

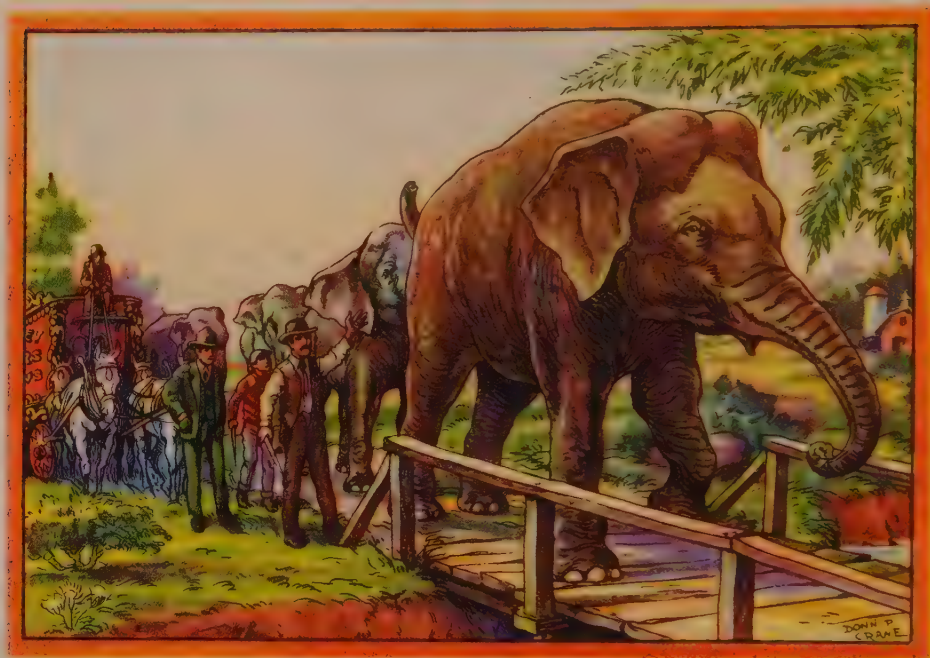
COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

A FEW years ago, a scientist discovered that monkeys could talk, and thereby believed he had discovered something new about animals. It created a great deal of interest, except in the circus. For why should a showman worry about a little thing like a monkey when he can not only listen to pachyderm's conversation, but understand it! The veriest "punk" about a circus menagerie can tell you without even a glance at the picket line, what is going on among the elephants, from ordinary contentment to the preludes of a breakaway!

Incidentally, it is simple to learn that language. When an elephant desires to make an imperative demand, it does so by a sharp blast which is used for that purpose, and that alone. When it begs or coaxes, the trumpet call is soft and pleading, almost a whine. When one elephant is frightened and another isn't, the calm member soothes the companion by a soft announcement which carries a low and expressive note. To say nothing of the love lullaby—and an elephant in love is as thorough about the matter as a sixteen-year-old boy—the fear signal, the danger signal, the warning chirrup which inevitably gives the announcement of an impending stampede; the wailing cry of pain or distress by which a "bull"¹ tells when he is ill, and lastly, the sound of gratitude or contentment. When a pachyderm thumps on the ground with his trunk to attract your attention, then places the end of his trunk in his ear, using that ear as a sort of diaphragm, and blows with the softness of a reed instrument in the hands of a practiced musician, you can mark it down for certain that there's one elephant in the world that is pleased almost beyond speech!

From *Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

¹While bull is a male, and cow is a female elephant, circus people call all elephants bulls.



So, perhaps it's because they understand the elephantine language that circus men like elephants. Perhaps it isn't. For the one real reason is the fact that the bulls can be the most foolish, yet at the same time, remain fundamentally the most sagacious beasts of the whole animal kingdom! This goes for everything, from government on down. In elephantdom, there are even elections, to say nothing of a rare case now and then of a complete change of administration.

The elephant is a strong believer in government, of the feminine sort. There aren't any male party leaders. It's the female every time which forms the head of an elephant herd and which handles the reins of administration.¹ But one queen can be better than another, and the subjects are quick to recognize the fact!

¹Authorities disagree as to whether the bull or cow leads an elephant herd. A cow may lead a herd, especially in captivity. The male usually leads a herd in the jungle, though cows and calves with a few young bulls may constitute a herd, while the bulls may follow at some distance. See "The Elephant Remembers," by Edison Marshall, Volume VIII.

In 1903, a Western circus, which at that time possessed an elephant herd of six members, ruled by a comparatively young and inexperienced queen, decided that it needed more pachyderms. It therefore sent to Germany for two additions to the herd, with the result that a month or so later there arrived in America a determined feminine named Old Mom, accompanied by her equally feminine side-kick, Frieda.

Mom and Frieda had been boss and assistant boss of a herd in Germany. A wise old bull was Mom. Sixty years of age, slightly puffy under the eyes—elephants have a strange way of showing their years, in much the same manner as a human—with a few teeth missing, but with a bump of sagacity and determination which had made her outstanding even among a group of thirty elephants in Germany, old Mom was a sort of Queen Victoria among pachyderms. A strong friendship between the owners of the animal farm in Germany and the owner of the circus had been responsible for her shipment, friendship which the circus owner looked upon as a bit left-handed as he read the letter which announced her coming.

"Fine bunch Hagenbeck's handed me!" came dolefully. "He's sent over a bull that's used to running things in the herd. I've already got a leader. What'll happen when they get together? Fight their heads off, I guess."

Nor were the bull-men quite sure themselves what the outcome would be; it was about the same proposition as a general manager being hired for a factory where the only executive position was already filled. With some misgivings, they led Mom and her friend Frieda into the menagerie tent and put them with the herd. Nothing happened. A few days went by, in which Bumps, the regular leader, continued at her job as the mainspring of the herd, Mom and her chum, Frieda, merely tagging along and doing what the rest did. Then something happened!

There wasn't a revolution; in fact, it just seemed to happen. In the herd was a young elephant which was being trained and which didn't like the procedure. On the third day after Old Mom's arrival, the

bullkeeper placed his hook gently behind the student's ear to lead him to his lessons. The elephant protested, squealing as though in pain, as though the keeper were using cruelty and really plunging the hook deep in his flesh. Old Mom watched the proceeding with interest.

More, when that scholar came back to his place in line, still squealing the distress signal, Old Mom walked over to him, eyed him carefully, reached forth her trunk and very tenderly examined the skin behind the ear, as though searching for some evidence of a wound. She didn't find it; the elephant had lied about that bull-hook. Immediately Old Mom gave her verdict, by tightly coiling her trunk, then sending it forth with the force of a pile driver, striking the malingerer squarely in the forehead and flooring him. After which she calmly walked back to her stake.

Immediately the picket line became a thing of low-voiced chirrups, of excited trumpeting, and of general chatter, so complicated that even the animal men didn't know what it was all about. But they found out the next morning.

It was dawn, and a long haul from the circus train to the lot. The twenty-four-hour man, standing in the middle of the road, flagged down the cookhouse wagon and shouted a message:

"Let the bulls go first. Two or three bridges that don't look any too safe. Better wait 'til the elephants have tested 'em.

Whereupon the announcement traveled on down the line to the elephant superintendent, and a moment later he passed on the run, his gigantic charges trundling after. They reached the first bridge.

"Bumps!" he shouted. But Bumps hung back. Instead, in her place, as calmly as though she had occupied the position all her life, Old Mom walked forward, followed by Frieda, placed one foot on the bridge, hefted her weight to it, pronounced it safe, and crossed, her handmaiden close beside her, and Bumps taking third place in line. It had been accomplished overnight. The herd had found the kind of a leader it wanted—and elected her. Old Mom has been in command ever since!

Nor was ever a political boss more autocratic. Like many another leader of elephant herds, Old Mom has her system, which runs from rewards to punishments, from "beating up" the male members or agitators to soothing the feelings of some squealing "punk," fresh from its fright of the first lesson in elephant training. Never does Old Mom neglect to check up on the effects of the first few days at school. With the sensitive "finger" of her trunk working with the exactness of a measuring tape, she covers, inch by inch, the spots where the ropes have been tied to trip the animal in the process of teaching it to lay down, examines the spots behind the ears and along the trunk where the elephant men are wont to catch the beast with their elephant hooks, looking everywhere for evidences of rope burns or cruelty. If she finds them, there is bellowing and hatred for an inefficient animal trainer, often leading to investigation by the animal superintendent and the discharge of the offending trainer. If she doesn't, which is usually the case, she merely cajoles the beast with slow-sounding, reed-like noises, gradually calming it. And if the animal persists in its foolish fears, she whacks it across the face with her trunk and walks away in disgust. The queer thing is that she is able to discern between real and bogus fright; she seems to know that her charges are naturally lazy and that they'll get out of work if they can! More than once Old Mom has been known to halt in her labors on the show-lot that she might eye carefully the elephant which is working with her, or pretending to work. The best little trick that an elephant knows is to place its head within about an eighth of an inch of a wagon and pretend to push, while really not exerting an atom of effort. It often fools the bull-men. But it doesn't fool Old Mom. One whirling blow of that trunk and Mom herself does the resting.

But her trunk isn't Mom's only weapon. There are nineteen bulls in her herd now, and some of them are bigger than she. A battle of trunks might result in a disheveled queen. So Mom has other and more judicious methods. One of these is to seize the ear of an offender

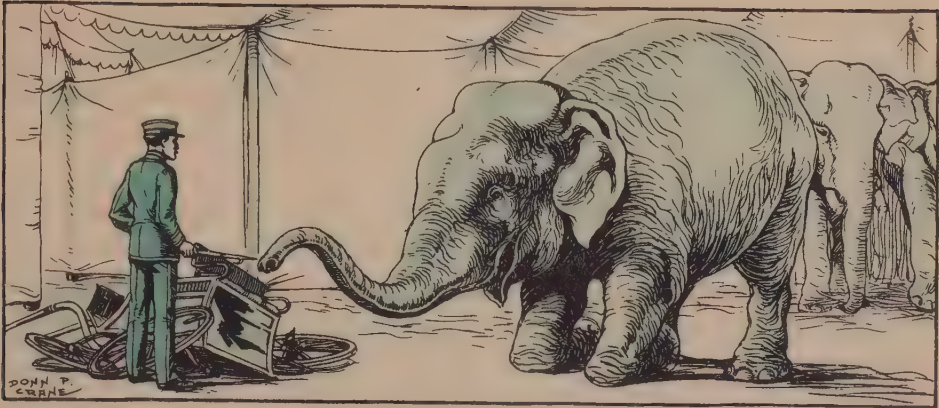
with a quick thrust of her trunk, cramp it hard, then twist. It never has failed yet to produce a bellowing, howling subject, suddenly brought to his knees and begging for mercy. Another gentle trick is to whirl suddenly, lower her head, and with all her strength butt a criminal in the midriff.

Three years ago, a full-grown male elephant was purchased from another show where the rules of the herd leader evidently had been a trifle lax. For four or five days the new member gave evidences of resenting the stern rule of Old Mom. Then suddenly everything changed. He was the meekest member of the whole herd. All his bluster and rebellion had vanished. Also three inches of his tail. Old Mom had made one swirling dive, caught his caudal appendage between her teeth and clamped hard, while fourteen thousand pounds of elephant flesh trumpeted and bellowed and squealed, and while the whole menagerie force struggled to break the hold. When it all was over, an operation was necessary to remove the crushed cartilage and bone. One of Old Mom's very best boys now is a bob-tailed elephant!

As for punishment for herself, she recognizes but one superior, the superintendent of the herd. To him and him alone she acknowledges the right of punishment; even makes ready for it. In 1914, one of the stars of the shows was William Frederick Cody (Buffalo Bill), and in his employ was a former officer of the Russian Army who, through the nonchalance of the circus, had become simply Rattlesnake Bill.

Rattlesnake Bill teased Old Mom, and the elephant hated him so much that it became almost an obsession with her to "get" him. This she attempted at every opportunity, chasing him when she saw the chance, striving to sneak up on him—she could release any chain tie ever made by human hands—and once almost catching him, and, failing, taking out her vengeance on Colonel Cody's spider trap which Rattlesnake Bill drove, wrecking it. Then suddenly she halted at the sight of the superintendent.

A bull-hook lay on the ground. She reached for it, raised it and



extended it to her keeper, offering it to him that he might punish her.

But before he could raise his arm, she had begun to "talk," chirruping in his ear, curling her trunk around his neck, cooing at him with that peculiar blandishing tone which, in its very softness, seems impossible for an elephant; then finally, whimpering, she went to her knees. If ever an elephant talked herself out of a well-deserved whack across the trunk, it was Old Mom, with the result that she returned to her place at the stake line victorious, while an order went forth that Rattlesnake Bill, in the future, must leave the elephants alone!

In fact, it is such evidences of reasoning power and of quick thinking that make the elephant such a beloved thing to the circus man.

"Want to see the slickest thing in the world?" a bull-tender asked me last spring, as I wandered into the menagerie tent of a big circus. "Lookit here!"

He moved proudly to the stake line and opened the lips of a female elephant. There, crammed tightly against a ragged, broken tusk, was a close-packed piece of rag, so held that it prevented the jagged ivory from cutting the tender membrane of the mouth.

"Thought that up herself!" the bull-tender went on. "You know, Lady—that's her name—she's got bum tushes. They keep bustin' off, and I ain't found any way to harden 'em. Sawed 'em off an' everything,

but they just keep bustin' and gettin' ragged. They cut her cheek. Couple of months ago, I see her pick up a rag and jam it in her mouth, and then she sticks her trunk in her ear and squeals like she was Columbus discoverin' America. Ever since then, I've had to have a rag for her. She does the packin' herself!"

Nor did the elephant man tell the whole story! When feeding time came, and there was danger of swallowing the rag, the elephant carefully extracted it, laid it aside, proceeded with her meal and, that finished, reached again for her dental packing and placed it in its position of protection.

This has its counterpart in the actions of the herd of another circus, which suddenly appeared on the streets of a Canadian town, each waving a gunny sack in very stolid and dignified fashion, as it marched along in parade. The crowds in the street didn't know what it was all about, nor did a good part of the show, for that matter. Behind it was a theft, a fight, the hint of an elephant insurrection, and a great invention. Archimedes accomplished no more when he discovered the principle of the screw!

It was fly time—and hard ground. There was little dust for the bulls to curl into their trunks and throw on their backs, thus ridding themselves of the pests. The herd was becoming fidgety when Old Mom, the leader, noticed something before her, eyed it in thoughtful mien, then reached forth her trunk to seize it. A gunny sack.

She waved it on the right side, and the flies departed. She tried the other side, then straight over her head. Her back was free! Old Mom shimmied with delight, then draping the gunny sack over one ear, she poked her trunk into the other, to announce a squeal of discovery and of happiness. But while she was doing this, the next elephant in line stole the sack!

Immediately there was trouble. The flies had returned, and Old Mom wanted her sack. But the thief pretended not to notice. Whereupon Old Mom whanged him on the proboscis.

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He dropped the sack. But before Old Mom could retrieve it, the third elephant borrowed the fly duster, and when excited animal punks returned with the elephant superintendent, four fights were in progress, while the sack was traveling here and there about the stake line like a football. There was a quick command, then peace. Every elephant was equipped with his own personal fly-swatter, and what is more, they were retained, each being carefully carried to the cars at night when the great, shadowy herd thumped through the semidarkness for its journey to the next town.

Impossible? That an elephant should think of such things? Talk for a while with a circus man who really knows elephants and you'll find it is only the beginning!

A number of years ago, one of the big shows was making the run from Everett, Washington, to Vancouver, British Columbia, when a wheel broke on the elephant car, sending the big conveyance from the tracks and partly capsizing it at a point just above the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Six of the elephants broke their chains and liberated themselves through the smashed roof of the car, but the seventh was imprisoned, secured by an unusually heavy chain and further hampered by a timber which had penetrated a leg.

The car was barely balanced and threatening with every plunge of the frightened beast within to slide into the waters of the sound. When human aid reached the overturned car, an animal wrecking crew was already at its labors!

Five of the escaped beasts, with much trumpeting and tugging, were pulling away the timbers from the top of the disabled car, and seeking to reach the timbers which held the imprisoned elephant a captive, while the sixth bull was banked half beneath the car and half against it, using a great rock for a toe-hold, to keep the conveyance from going into the waters of the Pacific Ocean! When the disabled animal finally was chopped loose and liberated, the great splinter of wood removed, and the wound dressed, solicitous members of the herd surrounded him,

examined his wounds with their trunks, "talked," and trumpeted.

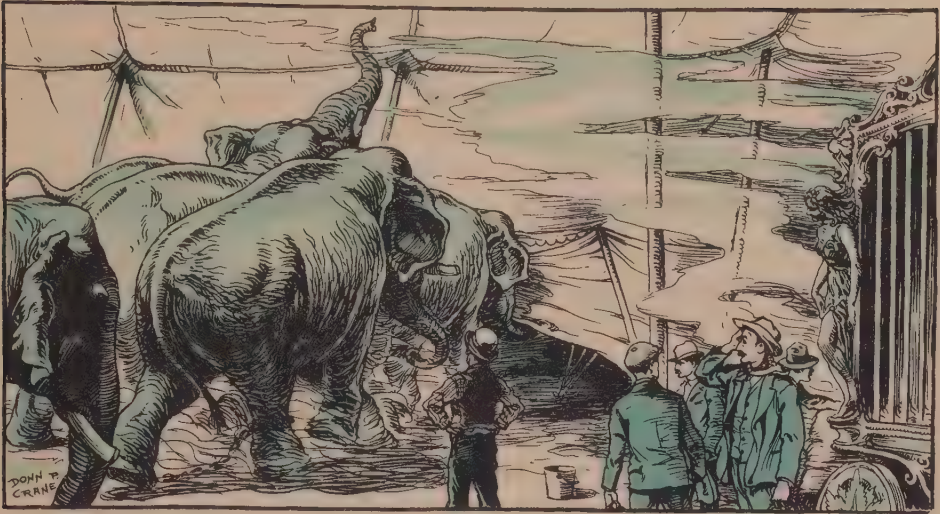
Then, in true elephantine fashion, it struck the whole herd that there had been a catastrophe and that they should be terribly frightened, in spite of the fact that more than an hour had elapsed since the wreck. Wide went their ears, high their trunks. Their eyes rolled, and there sounded the chirrup of a panic. Then away they went, for a half-mile or so up the tracks, finally to be corralled and held quiet on a wide stretch of beach until a new car could be sent for them. It seems elephant nature to become far more excited about a thing after it is over than while it is in progress. The reasoning process functions until there's no more need for it. For which, at least one show is grateful.

The circus strikes for the South in the autumn, following as long as it can the lanes of warm weather, and trailing along in the wake of the cotton-picking season, gathering up the dollars which have been distributed as a result of the harvesting of the crop. So it happened that in late October, six years ago, a big show was "dipping through Texas," showing for that day near a fair ground where a cotton pageant was in progress and where one of the attractions was an airplane flight over the grounds, accompanied by a rather straggling exhibition of fireworks.

It was six o'clock and already dark. On the circus grounds, the chandelier man passed on his rounds and put the sputtering lights in places. The menagerie was deserted of humans; everyone, from the superintendent down, was on the lot, mingling with the few townspeople and staring up at the aerial fireworks. But suddenly a man whirled. His arms waved. A shout came barking forth:

"Into the menagerie, everybody! Something wrong!"

From within the tent had come the high-toned, almost shrieking blast of an elephant, the distress signal, as plain a warning of danger as though it had been shouted by a human. Men raced through the entrance and ducked under the side walling—just in time! One of the chandeliers had flooded, the burning gasoline running down upon the tinder-dry



grass; already the blaze had spread to piles of canvas, bales of straw about the animal cages, and the elephant hay supply. Another minute and the menagerie would have been a seething mass of flame, but owing to the elephant's warnings, there now was a chance.

There was no time to carry water. In the center of the tent was the inevitable "juice joint," ready for the trade of the night and supplied with four barrels of lemonade. A swift command and men seized gunny sacks, soaked them in the lemonade barrels and rushed to the fighting of the fire, while bawling messengers summoned the rest of the circus crew and brought the water wagon, followed by crews equipped with picks and shovels and spades, that dirt might be used to extinguish the gasoline flames. Through it all, the elephants remained passive. But once the danger was past, the leader of the herd suddenly came to herself, let out a chirrup, and led the herd through the side walling! Which hardly brought even a growl from the menagerie crew. They were too grateful for that warning which had saved the show.

In fact, there are many instances where the elephants have done much to allow a circus to make good on its promises.

A show which I happened to be visiting was running from Regina, Saskatchewan, in the prairie country, to Saskatoon, when a brake beam dropped, and four flat cars went careening forth upon a railless journey into the free and open country, though not overturning.

The train was stalled, with a great part of its parade and menagerie equipment off the rails, and with the nearest division point twenty miles away. Out at the telegraph wires, the conductor "connected up," that he might send an announcement of the wreck to the division superintendent, together with the request for a wrecking crew to put the show train back on the rails again. Which wasn't even noticed by the circus itself. Instead, the train boss called for the keeper of the elephants.

"Never get on the lot today if we wait for that wrecker," he announced. "How about puttin' them bulls on the job?"

With the result that "them bulls" were put. An hour later, that portion of the train which had remained on the rails had been pulled out of the way, two cars at a time, ties had been placed for a skidway, the four flat cars had been restored to the tracks, and the circus was rushing onward to keep faith with its promises, arriving at its showstand before the wrecking crew and the "big hook" had even been able to leave the division point!

Incidently, there is one thing about an elephant regarding which there is no uncertainty. He puts everything he possesses into everything he does, except work. And the greatest of this whole-heartedness comes in his likes and dislikes.

There is woe upon a big circus when two elephants, for instance, decide that they want to be chums. When that decision happens, neither fire, flood, pestilence, nor disaster can keep them apart. They will accompany each other when there is work to be done, or there won't be any work. They will break locks, pull up stakes, untie chain hitches and half-hitches, wreck elephant cars, anything to be near the particular elephant which they have selected as a comrade. Nor is this a mating instinct. It happens more often between female and female

and between male and male than otherwise. But when it comes along, there's no doubt as to whether an elephant has a will of its own!

In a circus which plays the Pacific coast, Gladys and May decided that they just must be chums. Being separated by the whole length of the bull line simply broke their girlish hearts. They had the urge as strongly as those strange pairs you've sometimes seen in human life, wearing the same cut and pattern of clothing, the same kind of hat, the same sort of shoes, and walking eternally with their arms about each other. The bullmen decided, just to be obstinate, that Gladys and May could get along very well as they were, and when they discovered that Gladys one day had untied her chain and wobbled over to her girl friend, they promptly took her back, wrapped her chain around the stake again and then secured it with a clevis pin, which worked with a bolt and nut attachment. Then they left her, to go about their labors of the day.

Gladys remained at her stake until the menagerie crew went to the evening meal in the cookhouse. When the menagerie superintendent returned, however, it was to find Gladys down at the end of the stake line again, talking over things with her friend, May. What was more, that clevis pin was missing!

They searched everywhere, but they could not find it. Evidently, by diligent work with the strong, but sensitive "finger" of her trunk, Gladys had unbolted the pin and then hidden it. But where? They searched the straw. It wasn't there. They went outside the tent. No clevis pin. Three days later, it was discovered in the straw of the bull-car. Gladys had hidden it in the pouch of her under-lip, next to the jaw, carried it there all during the evening, and then taken it with her to the bull-car, where she had secreted it in a place which she believed safe from the prying eyes of circus men. An elephant doesn't remain at its stake because it feels itself a prisoner. There is hardly an elephant in America that is not a pachydermic Houdini. Hitches, half-hitches, square knots, slip-nooses, single and double ties, all are the same when

one of the big mammals decides that it's tired of being attached to a stake. With the result that when an elephant takes the notion that its life isn't complete without the company of another pachyderm, it generally wins out, or causes trouble.

On another show one year, this chummy instinct became rampant, the worst of it all being the fact that the elephants had picked out as their pals beasts which worked in opposite rings during the circus performance. The result was that when the big animals were led into the arena, a scramble inevitably resulted, with elephants squalling and trumpeting and squealing in protest, then, becoming rebellious, chasing half across the tent to get into the ring which their chums occupied, until at last it was necessary to make a recasting of the whole herd so that the "friends" might be together. But in the circus, even irritable conditions sometimes become useful. Which brings up again the case of Mom and her friend Frieda— and a toothache.

If there were such things as false teeth for elephants, Mom probably would have had them. Nature fitted her with a poor dental display, and around the menagerie in which she is the herd-head the attendants are almost constantly dosing her for anything from sore gums to cavities. There came a time when Mom produced a tooth which needed pulling.

It caused a conference. The superintendent knew that he couldn't rummage around in her mouth with a pair of forceps and yank out that tooth with a block and tackle. Besides, there was no way to chain her sufficiently for a slow pulling process. In addition, animal men, propagandists to the contrary, are as a rule soft-hearted.

So, the task with Mom was to get that tooth out as quickly as possible, and with a minimum of pain. The elephant superintendent drove a stake deep into the ground before Mom, sent her to her haunches, and then, as tenderly as possible, fastened one end of a piece of bailing wire to the tooth and the other to the stake. Whereupon he walked away, picked up his bull-hook, deliberately approached Frieda and whacked her with it on the trunk.

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Frieda squealed as though her life were in danger, and Mom jerked to her feet, bellowed, stared in goggle-eyed fashion, then, suddenly forgetful of the animal she had sought to succor, jammed her trunk into her mouth, felt about carefully, and squealed happily. The tooth lay on the ground, where it had been yanked by the bailing wire as Mom jumped to her feet! It was the old story over again, of the boy and a piece of twine tied to the door knob. Human remedies work with elephants also, even to the extent of prescribing paregoric when they get the colic.

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It is only when an elephant is sorry for what it has done and realizes that it has committed an infraction of rules that any sort of punishment is accepted. Then, a scolding by the boss of the elephant herd and a few blows of a bull-hook, hardly even comparable to the spanking of a child, are more efficacious than all the tortures in the world. I once saw a big elephant start to lead a rampage in the Coliseum in Chicago, only to be halted by the timely arrival of a favorite keeper.

"Knees!" shouted the attendant, while a crowd of circus visitors gathered to see the "punishment." The elephant obeyed. The bull-keeper shook his hook.

"Now ain't you ashamed of yourself!" he began. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself! A great big lummix like you that ain't got no more sense than to start a break-away in a building like this! I'm offen you for life—yes, sir, offen you! Wouldn't have nothin' more to do with you if it was the last breath of my life. A great big boob like you! See this?" He shook the hook again. "I got a notion to whale the tar outen you! Just what I've got! A great big simp that ain't got any more sense'n—Well, what've you got to say for yourself?"

Perhaps it was the change of tone more than the words. The elephant raised his trunk and began to coax and whine, for all the world as though he were telling his side of the story. For a full ten minutes it continued, the animal man announcing his displeasure, the elephant

pleading. At the end of that time the man asked, in rather a casual way:

"Well, do you think you can be good now?"

Up and down, up and down in an excited affirmative came the answer, as the elephant bobbed his head, not once, but a dozen times. The attendant grinned.

"All right then. Go back to your place in line."

Whereupon a big elephant, head hung low, with every evidence of shame, with every appearance of an abashed, punished child, rose and trotted back to his accustomed spot in the picket line. But had that elephant gained the idea somewhere that he had been perfectly right in his actions, the attendant might be talking yet!

For an elephant wants what he wants when he wants it, and nothing else will do. What's more, he knows what that want is. Seven years ago a circus sold an elephant to the Salt Lake Zoo. Two weeks later, there came a telegram:

"Please rush something from the circus. Alice is lonesome."

The menagerie superintendent looked about for the most available thing and found Meat, a female Chow dog, a canine hanger-on of the menagerie. He knew that, as a rule, elephants do not like dogs, and that Alice especially possessed an aversion for them. But he knew also the workings of animal psychology. Out went the dog by express, and a year later when the circus passed through Salt Lake, in Liberty Park were two inseparable friends, whose story was known to every person in Salt Lake. They had even progressed to the status of a little act, by which they amused Sunday visitors, Alice doing the "sit up," while the dog balanced herself on the elephant's head. Because of the fact that she had saved a pachyderm from death, caused by loneliness, Meat was the possessor of a municipally presented collar, engraved with a perpetual license! While Alice was beaming with elephantine happiness, content in the possession of a comrade which she loved, not because she was a dog, but because Meat typified a thing where the big animal had been happy, a place which had stood truly for home—the circus.



ABDUL AZIZ AND THE PEARL

SADI

ABDUL AZIZ once had a pearl of great beauty and value, which was set in a ring and which he prized greatly. Shortly after he got the ring there came a dry season, the crops failed, and there was great suffering among his people. Moved by compassion the King ordered that the pearl should be sold and the money received for it given to the poor. One of his friends advised him against this decision and said:

"Never again will such a beautiful jewel come into your hands."

With a sigh of regret the King answered, "Ugly is any ornament upon the person of a King at a time when his people are afflicted with want and hunger. Better a stoneless ring than a suffering people."

Moral: Happy is he who sets the welfare of others above his own.

From *Bustan* (The Fruit Garden). Sadi was the pen name or poetic name of Muslih-ud-Din, a Persian poet of the thirteenth century.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER OF ALL! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human Will.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

To thee, whose temple is all Space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all Being raise,
 All Nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE



BY AIR LINE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

FROM his place on the Edgewater bank young Carver looked ruefully out across five hundred feet of racing water. Dimly through the mist he could see an island shore whereon busy figures clustered and spread and toiled like a community of disturbed ants.

Over there was what the city editor of the *New Era* had called "a whooping big story." He had added significantly that it was the chance of Carver's life. The cub reporter appreciated the situation as only he can who has writhed under the "kindergarten" course of petty police items, "three-line" fires and baseless "fakes" which make up the limbo of the newspaper recruit. But the chance seemed to him about as remote as if he had stayed in New York. All his endeavors to hire a boatman had been met with the comment that lives must be cheap where he came from.

Drawing from his pocket the yellow telegraphic slip that had brought the news, he read it again, as if there might be help in its curt words.

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*.

"Roaring River flooding. Edgewater Bridge gone, cutting off Garrick Island. Several lives lost. Garrick Island in danger."

As he crumpled up the paper and tossed it out into the water his attention was caught by a square of flooring, whirling slowly in the silt ice close to shore. In the middle of it a bedraggled cat raised a piteous wail for help.

Carver threw himself down on the bank, caught a shrub in one hand for a brace and stretched the other out toward the distressed seafarer. True to feline nature, the cat hesitated, crouched and shrank back again before she finally leaped for the outstretched arm with so sharp an onset that the rescuer was thrown off his balance. A blackness of terror came over him as he felt himself slipping, when he was violently seized and pulled back by the legs and the next instant found himself thanking a big, raw-boned man who regarded him with a twinkling eye. The cat, having less politeness, fled across country without a word.

"Wal," observed Carver's rescuer, "that's an ongrateful critter you saved. You came near takin' a swim."

"It looks as if I'd have to yet, to get where I want to go," said the young reporter.

"Want to reach the island?"

"Can it be done?"

Carver's heart thumped as he awaited the answer, half hoping to hear an emphatic negative. The man looked at him curiously.

"Well, with two nervy fellers like you and me"—the twinkling eyes looked straight into Carver's—"a boat might be got across, if we could dodge the logs, and if the ice didn't crunch us up." He paused a moment. "And if it was made an object," he added. "I've had a kind of notion that I might be some use over there, but my boat's worth ten dollars, not to mention my valyable life."

Five minutes later excited Edgewater citizens were rushing up the river bank and howling to Mr. Silas Selleck the interesting, if somewhat belated, information that he was plumb crazy and that he and his

passenger were as good as drowned already. The two were too busy to listen, being some twenty yards off shore, making their way amidst a wild whirl of the flotsam and jetsam. Selleck had the oars, and Carver, standing in the stern, used a heavy sweep alternately as a rudder and a fender. Now they paused to dodge a lunging length of timber; now Carver's ready sweep held them off from a farm wagon; again they skirted the edge of an islet of ice upon which a translated barnyard populace clucked and quacked and squealed its dismayed appeal.

So intent was Carver upon his work that before he realized it they had reached the goal and the sharp bump of the boat against a little rocky cape had sent him to his knees. Selleck was out in a moment and was shouting to him:

"Jump, man! Jump!"

Half bewildered, he got to his feet, and at that moment a huge log crashed into the boat. Carver half leaped, was half thrown into the current; he landed waist-deep, slipped, recovered himself, slipped again, flung himself forward with outstretched hands and was dragged to shore by his companion. The boat was whirled away.

"Good-by," remarked Selleck, gazing after it. "There goes ten dollars for some lucky feller. We're here, anyway."

"Much good it's likely to do me," said Carver, shivering.

"Why, what are you kicking about?" asked Selleck in surprise. "This is the place you're looking for, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, "but I didn't come here to admire the scenery. I came here to get a story for my paper; and if you'll tell me how I'm going to send the story in after I get it, I'll be much obliged. Strikes me my lines of communication are cut."

"Does look that way," admitted Selleck. "Say, do you notice the river's rising pretty fast?"

"Then I'd better be getting to work to collect my facts."

"Ya-as," drawled the other. "If you don't get 'em before dark, you'll likely be too busy swimming to do anything else after that. I'll loaf

around and see if I can get some useful information for you," he added as Carver hurried away toward the main street.

It was a serious situation, but the reporter forgot danger and difficulties alike in the excitement of the news that he found on all sides of him. It was the kind of article that makes a young reporter's reputation when he does it right—which is about once in a thousand times. Carver was determined that his attempt should be the once.

As he sat three hours later in a little shop, finishing a job that he felt would earn the approval even of a cynical night editor, two of the village selectmen entered. After them came a heavy-set man with a red and swollen face.

"The timber's given out," said one of the selectmen. "There isn't enough for another raft."

"Anyway, there's enough for the women and children," said his colleague. "With four men to handle each raft, there's a good chance of their getting across. As for the rest of us—"

"We can be thankful we carry insurance," put in the first speaker with a grim smile.

"I don't carry no insurance, and I tell you right now I'm goin' to be on one of them rafts."

"Better not try it, Simon," was the quiet reply.

"I'd like to know what's goin' to stop me," he blustered.

"Jim Crane's double-barrelled shotgun. He's put there a-purpose to look after fellers like you. You can see him now if you look."

The reporter looked up, startled. Already! "Is it likely to be as soon as that?" he asked.

"Can't tell," said the second selectman. "The ice is likely to jam in the bend at Remsen at any minute. The wonder is that it hasn't jammed already. When that happens the water will back up and—well, it'll slacken the current and give the rafts a better show, but it won't be good for the island." He looked out of the door, wet a forefinger and held it above his head, then turned to his fellow official. "Wonder if it

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would be worth while rigging sails on the rafts. The breeze is setting toward the Edgewater shore."

At the words there popped into Carver's mind a reminiscence of boyhood playdays that gave him a clue to the problem.

"How far is Remsen?" he asked.

"Better than three miles down stream."

"Do you know anybody there that you can depend on?"

"Plenty. But what's the use? They might as well be in the moon."

"Write out telegrams telling them to dynamite the ice and break the jam when it forms," said the reporter excitedly.

"Do you think we haven't thought of that?" said one of the men. "If there was a wire on the island, we'd have telegraphed for help hours ago, you may be certain."

"I'm going to reach the wire at Edgewater," declared Carver. "Meet me here in half an hour, and I'll get your messages off."

To find Selleck was the next thing. When Carver came upon him he was helping with the rafts. He drew the big boatman aside and outlined his plan. Together they set out at a run up the street, their journey terminating in a deserted carpenter shop, where they toiled mightily with knife, string, glue and paper for the space of twenty minutes, at the end of which time they came forth bearing a kite. Both were shirtless, but the kite had a beautiful tail of alternating strips of blue flannel and white madras.

Selleck carried the kite to the river side while Carver returned to meet the selectmen. To the messages which they gave him he added one of his own and made the whole into a compact packet. They asked excited and hopeful questions, but there was no time for explanations. He ran to join Selleck with his packet while the selectmen hurried back to the rafts. The two men fastened the packet to the kite and then raised it, Selleck acting as navigator while Carver paid out a spool of stout thread which seemed to be a sort of auxiliary line, and the purpose of which puzzled the onlookers not a little.

"Here," said Carver to an idle bystander, "you can help by acting as lookout on that point, where you can keep track of the rise of the river and keep us posted after we go back to the rafts. And if you see a red lantern over there, let me know."

"What's the lantern for?" asked Selleck as the man hurried away.

"The lantern? Why, besides the telegrams to the Remsen folks I put in my report to my paper and a to-whom-it-may-concern telling them to get the whole thing on the wire—the Remsen part first—and to flash a red lantern when my despatch was started."

By this time the kite seemed to be well over the farther bank. In the gathering gloom they could just make out the people clustering together and gazing up at it.

"Is it time to try it, do you think?" asked the reporter anxiously.

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"Every minute counts," said Selleck.

"Here goes, then," said Carver, and, gathering in the slack of his thread, he gave it a sharp twitch.

From the point where the lookout had taken his station came a yell of surprise, for a strange thing had happened to the kite. The thread had split the paper from the corners to the center and the little ship of the air went whirling down, a mass of wreckage, to the ground, where it was at once surrounded by the crowd.

"Landed just right," said Carver exultantly. "We've done all we can. The rest lies with them. Come along to the rafts. We may be of some help."

At the spot where the rafts had been built they found the crowd of women and children in a state bordering on panic, despite the efforts of the two selectmen and other cool-headed men to encourage them. Slowly but with deadly certainty the river was gaining. One of the selectmen took Carver aside.

"Did you get the message to the wire?" he asked. "There isn't much time."

He pointed to the rafts, which, built well up from the flood in the beginning, were now straining at their hawsers as the water swayed them. When the last one should float clear it would be time to take the forlorn chance that they afforded. Carver hastily explained what he had done. Just as he concluded a voice was heard hailing from downstream.

"There's our lookout," said Selleck. Then, raising his voice: "What's up?"

"The current is slackening here and the water rising faster," came the reply.

"That means that the jam has formed at Remsen," said the selectman in Carver's ear. "May the Lord give us courage for what's coming! Hear that!"

From out of the gathering darkness came a hideous groaning and

gritting and shrieking, like the voice of living things in torment and terror. It was the crushing of the ice and timber in the fierce eddies formed as the current was thrown back on itself.

"All ready for the rafts," shouted the selectman. "Get those women aboard that one furthest downstream quickly."

"You're not going to cut them loose yet?" said Carver anxiously.

"We've got to be ready," was the reply. "At this rate we haven't quarter of an hour left. Unless our messages have reached Remsen by this time there won't be any Garrick Island tomorrow."

It seemed now that fifteen minutes would be the extreme limit. The stream was encroaching with formidable steadiness. Huge masses of ice and debris ground the shores of the diminishing island. Two of the rafts had already been involved in the floating wreckage. The terror-stricken women and children were being hurried aboard the others. The selectman in charge held his watch up in the light of a lantern.

"I'll give you five minutes," he called. "You must all be in your places. Keep edging over to the other shore, you steersmen, when you—"

He stopped short as the man who held the lantern let it drop. Down the river a great flash of light had sprung up to the zenith. Long seconds afterward a deep, thunderous cough smote the straining ears of the listeners.

"The dynamite!" The word passed from mouth to mouth: then the question of life and death, "Did it break the jam?"

The answer came in a wild yell from the man on the point.

"She's gone! The water's going out."

The hiss and grinding of the troubled eddies gave way to the deep, thrilling roar of the freed current as it dashed on its tumultuous course. The water sucked harshly from under the rafts. A great shout arose from the island people; the jubilation of those from whom the great weight of the fear of death has been suddenly lifted. The selectmen were wringing Carver's hands and jubilantly telling the crowd that they all owed their lives to him.

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But the reporter's whole mind was now absorbed in his paper. His professional fate was still in the balance. His eyes were fixed on the Edgewater shore when—

"Hey! Hello! You kite-flyer, ahoy!"

It was the lookout's voice again.

"Yes?"

"There's your signal 'way down stream."

Carver leaned out and gazed. A sudden choking sensation clogged his throat, for there on the far bank a red spark bobbed and swung briskly.

The *New Era* was sure of its "beat."

ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,
 Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says:
 Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
 Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
 Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
 But most beware of those who come to praise.
 O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
 Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
 Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
 Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.
 They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

From *The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich*. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



THE ANT NEST: WHAT MAY BE SEEN WITHIN IT

ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK

ANT anatomy becomes a very interesting study when we note the vigorous way the ant uses it—even to the least part. The slender waist characterizes the ant as well as the wasp; the three regions of the body are easily seen, the head with its ever moving antennae, the slender thorax with its three pairs of most efficient legs, and the long abdomen. The ant's legs are fairly long as compared with the size of the body and the ant can run with a rapidity that, comparatively, would soon outdistance any Marathon runner, however famed. I timed an ant one day when she was taking a constitutional on my foot rule. She was in no hurry, and yet she made time that if translated into human terms would mean 16 yards per second. In addition to running, many ants when frightened will make leaps with incredible swiftness.

The ant does not show her cleverness in her physiognomy, probably because her eyes seem small and dull and she has a decidedly "retreating forehead"; but the brain behind this unpromising appearance is far more active and efficient than that behind the gorgeous great eyes of the dragon fly or behind the "high brow" of the grasshopper. The ant's jaws are very large compared with her head; they work sidewise like a pair of shears and are armed with triangular teeth along the biting edges; these are not teeth in a vertebrate sense, but are like the teeth of a saw. These jaws are the ant's chief utensils and weapons; with them she

From Handbook of Nature-Study. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Comstock Publishing Co.

seizes the burdens of food which she carries home; with them she gently lifts her infant charges; with them she crushes and breaks up hard food; with them she carries out soil from her tunnel, and with them she fights her enemies. She also has a pair of long palpi, or feelers.

Although her eyes are so small and furnished with coarse facets, as compared with other insects, this fact need not count against her, for she has little need of eyes. Her home life is passed in dark burrows where her antennae give her information of her surroundings. Note how these antennae are always moving, seeming to be atremble in eagerness to receive sensations. But aside from their powers of telling things by the touch, wherein they are more delicate than the fingers of the blind, they have other sense organs which are comparable to our sense of smell. Miss Fielde¹ has shown that the five end segments of the antennae have each its own powers in detecting odor. The end segment detects the odor of the ant's own nest and enables her to distinguish this from other nests. The next, or eleventh segment, detects the odor of any descendant of the same queen; by this she recognizes her sisters wherever she finds them. Through the next, or tenth segment, she recognizes the odor of her own feet on the trail, and thus can retrace her own steps. The eighth and ninth segments convey to her the intelligence and means of caring for the young. If an ant is deprived of these five end-joints of the antennae, she loses all power as a social ant and becomes completely disenfranchised. Miss Fielde gave her most interesting experiments in detail in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, July and October, 1901.

It is natural enough that the ant, depending so much on her antennae for impressions and stimuli, should be very particular to keep them clean and in good order. She is well equipped to do this, for she has a most efficient antennae brush on her wrist; it is practically a circular

¹Adele Marion Fielde, born in New York in 1839, and for many years a missionary in China and Siam, on her return to America became a lecturer in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Mass., from 1901 to 1907. She also worked in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, where she did the work on ants here mentioned.



comb, which just fits over the antennae; and to see the ants using these brushes is one of the most common sights in the ant nest and one of the most amusing. The ant usually commences by lifting her leg over one antenna and deftly passing it through the brush, and then licks the brush clean by passing it through her mouth, as a cat washes her face; then she cleans the other in a similar manner and possibly finishes by doing both alternately, winding up with a flourish, like a European gentleman curling his mustaches. Her antennae cleaned, she starts promptly to do something, for she is a little six-footed Martha, always weighed down or buoyed up by many duties and cares. Keeping her antennae on the qui vive, she assures herself, by touch, of the nature of any obstacle in her path. If she meets another ant, their antennae cross and pat each other, and thus they learn whether they are sisters or aliens; if they are sisters, they may stand for some time with their antennae fluttering. One who has watched ants carefully is compelled to believe that they thus convey intelligence of some sort, one to the other. The ant is a good sister "according to her lights"; if her sister is hungry, she will give to her, even from her own partially digested food; the two will often stand mouth to mouth for some minutes during this process; if she feels inclined, she will also help a sister at her



toilet, and lick her with her tongue as one cow licks another. The tongue of the ant is very useful in several ways; with it she takes up liquids, and also uses it with much vigor as a washcloth. Sometimes an ant will spend a half hour or more at her own toilet, licking every part of her own body that her tongue can reach, meanwhile going through all sorts of contortions to accomplish it; she uses her feet to scrub portions of her body not to be reached by her tongue.

But it is as infant nurse that the ant is a shining example. No mother instinct is hers, for she has yielded the power of motherhood to the exigencies of business life, since all workers are females but are undeveloped sexually. She shows far more sense in the care of her infant sisters than the mother instinct often supplies to human mothers. The ant nurse takes the eggs as soon as laid, and whether or not her care retards or hastens hatching we know not; but we do know, that although the queen ant may not lay more than two eggs per day, a goodly number of these seem to hatch at the same time. The eggs are massed in bundles and are sticky on the outside so as to hold the bundles together. Miss Fielde says, as the eggs are hatching, one ant will hold up the bundle, while another feeds those which have broken the shell. The larvae, when young, also hang together by means of tiny hooks on their bodies.

This habit of the eggs and young larvae is a convenient one, since an ant is thus able to carry many at a time.

The larvae are odd looking little creatures, shaped like crookneck squashes, the small end being the head and neck and the latter being very extensible. The ant nurses, by feeding some more than others, are able to keep a brood at the same stage of development, and in a well ordered ant nest, we find those of the same size in one nursery. I have often thought of a graded school as I have noted in ant nests the youngsters assorted according to size.

The ants seem to realize the cost and care of rearing their young; and when a nest is attacked, the oldest, which are usually in the pupa stage, are saved first. When the larvae are young, they are fed on regurgitated food; but as they grow older the food is brought to them, or they to the food, and they do their own eating. In one of my nests, I placed part of the yolk of an egg hard boiled, and the ant nurses dumped the larvae down around the edges of it; there they munched industriously, until through their transparent bodies I could see the yellow of the egg the whole length of the alimentary canal. The ant nurses are very particular about temperatures for their young, and Miss Fielde says they are even more careful about draughts. Thus they are obliged to move them about in the ground nests, carrying them down to the lower nurseries in the heat of the day, and bringing them up, nearer to the warm stones, during the evenings. This moving is always done carefully, and though the ant's jaws are such formidable nippers, she carries her baby sisters with gentleness; and if they be pupae, she holds them by the loose pupal skin, like carrying a baby by its clothes. The pupae look like plump little grain bags, tied at one end with a black string. They are the size of small grains of wheat, and are often called ants' eggs, which is absurd, since they are almost as large as the ant. Ants' eggs are not larger than pin points.

The ant nurses keep the larvae and pupae very clean by licking them; and when a youngster issues from the pupa skin, it is a matter of much

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interest to the nurses. I have often seen two or three of them help straighten out the cramped legs and antennae of the young one, and hasten to feed her with regurgitated food. When ants first issue from the pupa skin they are pale in color, their eyes being very black in contrast; they are usually helpless and stupid, although they often try to clean their antennae and make a toilet; but they do not know enough to follow their elders from one room to another, and they are a source of much care to the nurses. In case of moving, a nurse will lock jaws with a "callow," as a freshly hatched adult ant is called, and drag her along, the legs of the callow sprawling helplessly meanwhile. If in haste, the nurse takes hold anywhere, by the neck or the leg, and hustles her charge along; if she takes her by the waist the callow curls up like a kitten, and is thus more easily moved. After moving them from one chamber to the next, I have noticed that the callows are herded together, their attendants ranged in a circle about them. Often we see one ant carrying another which is not callow, and this means that a certain number of the colony have made up their minds to move, while the others are not awake to this necessity. In such a case, one of these energetic sisters will seize another by the waist and carry her off with an air that says plainly, "Come along, you stupid!"

Ants are very cleanly in their nests, and we find the refuse piled in a heap at one corner, or as far as possible from the brood.

If we are fortunate enough to find a queen for the nest, then we may observe the attention she gets; she is always kept in a special compartment, and is surrounded by ladies in waiting, who feed her and lick her clean and show solicitude for her welfare; although I have never observed in an ants' nest, that devotion to royalty we see in a bee-hive.

Not the least interesting scene in an ants' nest is when all, or some, are asleep and are as motionless as if dead.





THE QUALITY OF LOYALTY

EARL REED SILVERS



JIM GALLAGHER tore open the envelope of the letter he had just received and read the contents eagerly:

MY DEAR SIR:

In reply to yours of the 17th inst., I beg to advise you that there is a possible chance for you with the Purdy Construction Company. I need a young man with the proper training to be assistant engineer in our La Torre bridge project; the Resident Engineer will be on the ground for general supervision, but the actual field work will be directed by his assistant who must, above all things, be able to handle men. It is a position which demands courage, initiative, a technical knowledge of engineering, and the utmost loyalty.

By the college record that you have sent me, I should judge that you are possessed in abundance of the first three characteristics. Courage is one of the essentials of the captaincy of a successful varsity football team; your position as a leader in the college body convinces me of your initiative; your professors speak well of your technical ability. There remains then only the question of loyalty. The man who goes down to Mexico as my representative will be met with intrigue, with deception; every possible effort will be made to hinder the completion of the bridge. Loyalty to me and to my firm is, therefore, an essential characteristic of the man who will get the job.

Your own loyalty I have, of course, no reason to doubt; but it is possible that I shall require some tangible evidence of it before giving you more definite word. In the meantime, you will understand that the matter is being held in abeyance, and that at the proper time I shall either communicate with you or arrange for an interview.

Very truly yours,

J. JUDSON PURDY,
President.

For a long time after he had finished the letter, Jim Gallagher sat at his desk in the dormitory room, his elbows upon the mahogany surface, his chin cupped in his hands. The news which the missive contained was better than he had permitted himself to expect, approached

From *The Boy Scouts Year Book*. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



even his fondest hopes. The Purdy Construction Company was one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country; its senior engineers were leaders in their profession, and the new men who were admitted to the field staff of the firm were selected only after the most careful investigation. Gallagher knew that if he could once secure a foothold with the company, his future would be assured. Of his own ability to make good he had no doubt whatever.

As long as he could remember he had fought for the things that he wanted. In his fifteenth year his parents had died, leaving him little more than a splendid physique and a deep-rooted determination to get ahead. For sixteen months he had worked as a laborer in a road construction gang, hoarding his savings until he had amassed a sum large enough to insure his first year at a preparatory school.

After his money had been exhausted he had won a scholarship, had earned his room and board by doing odd jobs about the school. Graduating, he had acted for a year as assistant to a county surveyor, had decided that he wanted to be an engineer, and had entered Rumson Tech. Through an assignment as waiter in the college dining-hall, he had taken care of his meals, had secured the agency for a certain brand of chocolates which brought him in another ten dollars a week. For three years he worked and studied, finding time in the interim to make the varsity football team, to win his coveted letter in track. It was a hard fight and a grim one; but he enjoyed every moment of it, as a natural fighter should. And now, with approaching graduation, he was eager to accept the fruits of his labor—to find the job for which he had fitted himself. And the Purdy Construction Company offered him his chance.

The president of the concern, the great J. Judson Purdy himself, had indicated that the acceptance of his application depended upon his quality of loyalty. Loyalty! Gallagher smiled grimly.

"I'll show him!" he said.

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The watch clicked. Gallagher, sweeping across the finishing line in his last desperate drive up the homestretch, continued easily to the turn, slowed down to a walk, wheeled, and trotted toward the keen-eyed trainer.

"How was it?" he panted.

Jenkins, coach of the varsity track team, nodding briefly, slipped the watch back into his pocket.

"Four, twenty-five and a fifth," he answered. "You've got the Rumson record eating out of your hand."

Draping a crimson sweater over his shoulders, Gallagher found a place on the wooden bench on one side of the track. It was a perfect June day, and the athletic field was alive with activity. Before him, two men, Rumson entries in the quarter-mile run, waited nervously for

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the crack of the starter's gun which would send them off on their trial dash around the circuit. Jenkins turned to them stolidly.

"I want you to give everything you've got to this trial," he announced crisply. "This is the last heavy work until the Edgeworth meet."

The gun barked, and the runners leaped from the mark. But Gallagher did not follow their progress. He knew what they could do, knew that Ainsworth would win by a clean ten yards. Back of him, the varsity baseball team pranced eagerly around the turf of the diamond; farther down the field, the candidates for the weights—discus, shot, and javelin—were whirling in narrow circles, while perspiring freshmen raced hither and thither and tossed their implements back to them.

Gallagher smiled. For four years now he had spent the afternoons of spring upon the field, with the warm sun beating down upon him, with the crack of the baseball bat or the bark of the starter's gun ringing in his ears. He knew, as he sat watching the play of life about him, that in after years, memories of those days would always be with him. They were, in a sense, the best part of his college course.

Everyone was serious about it, deadly in earnest, as if success on diamond or track was the beginning and the end of all things. But Gallagher told himself grimly that he knew better; that athletics were, after all, only a minor issue. What really counted was the bigger game of life. If he should win the mile run against Edgeworth, it would, of course, be a fine thing; but compared with the necessity of getting the right kind of job, of landing with the Purdy Construction Company, for instance, the race itself paled into insignificance. For he had come to Rumson, not to win glory upon the cinder path, but to prepare himself for future leadership. And that job—

"Turk" Gardner, captain of the team, strolled over to the bench, seated himself casually beside the varsity miler.

"We'll beat Edgeworth by twenty points on Saturday," he said. "Nothing can stop us."

Gallagher nodded.



"We've got it over them like a blanket," he answered.

"And you're a clean twenty yards better than Purdy in the mile," Gardner continued. "He can't hit under four-thirty to save his neck."

Gallagher started. Purdy, of Edgeworth, was the man he would have to defeat in the mile event.

Purdy! The same name, but there could be no connection, of course! Nevertheless, his lithe muscles grew tense.

"I'll beat him," he said grimly.

On Friday afternoon a second letter came from the Construction Company. It was only a brief note announcing that the president of

the concern, who would be at Rumson for the track meet, desired an interview with Gallagher on Saturday morning. Definite word concerning the application for position would probably be given at that time.

Gallagher waited, eager-eyed, his mind a chaos of conflicting thoughts. But when J. Judson Purdy himself entered the room, there was no hint of nervousness in the younger man's attitude. He shook hands grimly, relapsed into questioning silence.

"I like your looks," the visitor announced abruptly. "Think you can handle the job?"

"Yes, sir."

Gallagher's keen eyes took in the man before him. He looked just about as he had imagined J. Judson would look. Large, with sloping shoulders, and immaculate dress. A square chin, thin-lipped mouth, and steady, gray eyes. Success was written all over him. He was, Gallagher decided, a man who would demand loyalty of his subordinates.

"If I decide to give you the position," he announced, "it will mean at least two years in Mexico; in a country where lawlessness prevails, where you will have to combat the forces of both men and nature, where eternal vigilance is essential, and where you'll have to be on the job from morning until night. Do you still want it?"

"Yes, sir."

"The men you will work with will be a worthless lot of uneducated half-breeds whom only the fear of God can induce to do any work at all. The local government is against our project; there will be attempts to bribe you, to coerce you, to make you quit. Someone may even take a pot shot at you in a last desperate attempt to scare you away from the job. Do you still want it?"

Gallagher nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said again.

"The days will be so infernally hot that you'll be baked to the color of an Indian; living conditions will be wretched, your opportunities

for recreation practically nil. Are you willing to face all that?"

"I'll take the chance," Gallagher answered, "if it means that making good will give me a permanent place with your company."

"That's just what it means. The salary at La Torre will be twenty-five hundred dollars; but that, of course, is only a beginning."

"I'd like to try it, sir."

For a time the older man was silent. Suddenly his lips tightened and the suggestion of a glitter crept into his blue-gray eyes.

"You remember," he said, "that I wrote you regarding the matter of loyalty. Every engineer upon my staff must possess this quality to a superlative degree. The Purdy Company is a one-man firm, and that man is its president. If you become one of us, you must, without question, without hesitation, blindly if necessary, work for the interests which I myself represent. You must be loyal to me."

"I am prepared to do that," Gallagher answered quietly.

"Good!" The hard light departed from the older man's eyes. "I will give you your answer at the Eagle Hotel this evening," he announced. "You will find me there at eight o'clock."

"Thank you, sir."

"No need to thank me yet." J. Judson Purdy rose from his chair and walked over to the window. When he turned again, there was a change in his manner, something about him that was almost apologetic. "Do you know," he asked suddenly, "that the man who will run against you in the mile this afternoon is my son?"

Gallagher's eyes opened wide.

"No, I didn't know it," he answered.

"I myself am an Edgeworth graduate," the great engineer continued. "Thirty years ago I ran my final race against Rumson—and won. And now, although it may seem a bit childish to you, I want my son to duplicate the feat."

Gallagher's face was impassive, but the eager light died from his eyes.

"You would naturally want him to win," he said.

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"It is more than just wanting him to. I have told him that I *expect* him to." The older man spoke quietly, but his square jaw stuck out aggressively. "Generally," he added, "he does what I tell him."

Gallagher was silent. He could, at the moment, think of nothing to say. But he knew as clearly as if the proposition had been put point-blank to him, that J. Judson expected him to "throw" the mile race. Already he was demanding his measure of loyalty.

The visitor stood up, extended a calloused hand.

"Drop in to see me tonight—after the meet," he said evenly.

Gallagher nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

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Five thousand persons cheered lustily as the four runners took their positions for the mile. Unexpectedly, the meet had developed into a hard, grim battle for supremacy. Ainsworth had been defeated in the quarter, Gardner himself had lost out in the shot put. With a single event remaining, the score was a tie; with forty-eight points for each team. Upon the winning of the mile depended the final result.

Jim Gallagher crouched low on his mark. The stands stirred restlessly.

"Go to it, Jim!" some one called loudly.

The starter took his position behind the runners.

"On your marks!" he rasped.

The four men dropped to their knees.

"Get set!"

Gallagher leaned forward, his muscles tense.

The gun barked.

Purdy swept into the lead, and at once set the pace around the first turn. Gallagher, running easily, adjusted his stride to that of the other man. Somewhere in the indistinguishable mass of spectators, J. Judson Purdy was watching the contest. Of all the five thousand eager watchers in the stands, J. Judson was the only one who would know the true inside story of that race.

For Gallagher, although he had not as yet made a definite decision, was inclined to the belief that he was going to lose. He had thought it all out, had wrestled desperately with his problem throughout the long hours immediately preceding the meet. For ten years he had prepared himself, with a striking singleness of purpose, for the profession of civil engineering. For this he had made countless sacrifices; tended furnaces, cut lawns, waited on table. For this he had, figuratively, burned the midnight oil, crammed his mind with facts and theory. It was the one main object of his college course.

Miraculously, the big opportunity had been offered to him at the end of his period of preparation; it was a chance which would not come to him again in years, possibly in a lifetime. It was an offer he could not afford to turn down; and instinctively he knew that the position was his—provided he lost the mile race.

He told himself grimly, as he pounded around the track, that a victory over Edgeworth, while greatly to be desired, was, after all, only a minor issue. For a brief day he would be the hero of the college, the idol of his fellows; and then he would drop out of the campus life, and people would forget. The passing glory of a day, or the chance of a lifetime! Surely, there could be but one decision.

They completed the first lap, while the stands roared thunderously, and Jenkins, the Rumson coach, hoarsely rasped out an order.

"Hit it up!" he snapped. "Run him to the ground!"

But Gallagher did not take the lead; instead, he continued to follow the pace of the Edgeworth runner. Already, the two other contestants had fallen behind and the race had resolved itself into a battle between him and young Purdy.

In spite of his knowledge of the success which the father of the man before him had attained, Gallagher found himself wondering vaguely if, after all, J. Judson was the type of man he wanted to tie himself up to. He had always believed that prominence in any profession was synonymous with square dealing, with rigid application to certain set rules of

business ethics. But there had been no ethics in the proposition which the head of the construction company had indirectly laid before him; Purdy had, in fact, stooped to a method of vague implication, of hinted bribery. If *that* was the way he did things—

But Gallagher shook his head angrily. J. Judson Purdy was a big man, a successful man, with a stainless reputation and a high standing in the technical world. And the future of every engineer on his staff was assured.

They finished the second lap with positions unchanged. Jenkins, his eyes flashing, raced along the side of the track.

"What's the matter?" he called hoarsely. "Are you dead? *Get out and run!*"

Gallagher met the flashing eyes of his mentor, felt his own face coloring. But he did not go into the lead; something held him back. For the first time during his four years at Rumson, he was placing himself before his college. He had to do it; it was too big a chance to lose.

On the back stretch, he heard dimly the wild yelling of the stands; and suddenly, as he rounded the third turn, the sharp staccato of a concerted cheer struck upon his straining ears. It was the "long locomotive" of Rumson sounding for him.

"Gallagher, Gallagher, GALLAGHER!"

Instinctively, he responded to the challenge, swept around the other runner, assumed the lead. His fellow students leaped to their feet, waved their arms hysterically.

"He's off!" some one boomed.

Only a single lap remained, and the Rumson entry was making his bid.

Pounding down the home stretch, Gallagher turned his head slightly, regarded the shifting mass of people on the stands. And then, as clearly as if a spot light had been thrown upon him, his brooding glance fell upon the figure of J. Judson Purdy. Impulsively, not knowing why he did it, the Rumson runner dropped back, relinquished his lead. He noted, subconsciously, that J. Judson was smiling.

Gallagher ran in a daze, incapable of consecutive thought. Through the din of thunderous cheering, only one thing stood out clearly. The great engineer, watching with eager eyes the progress of the race, expected him to lose, would give him his job if he finished second. Nothing else mattered—the job, the thing for which he had labored ten long years, was all that counted.

Rounding into the backstretch, he found Turk Gardner, the Rumson captain, awaiting him. Gardner's eyes blazed into his own.

"For God's sake, Jim!" he rasped. "Go out!"

Gardner fell back, and Gallagher continued his running. He was vaguely conscious now of a dim sense of shame, as if he were doing something he would never quite forget. But still his resolution remained unshaken. He would show J. Judson Purdy whether he could be loyal or not.

Something of what the older man had said came back to him. "If you become one of us you must, without question, without hesitation, blindly if necessary, work for the interests which I myself represent. *You must be loyal to me.*"

Gallagher smiled, grimly, with a sort of helpless resignation. It would be hard on the college, of course—but J. Judson Purdy was demanding his measure of loyalty.

They rounded the third turn, two hundred yards from the finish. In front of the seething stands, the tape stretched tautly.

Suddenly, striking across the sun-bathed field, rebounding from the rolling hills on the far side of the river, sounded the Rumson cheer again. And at the end, pleadingly, urgently, yet withal carrying a note of grim confidence, echoed the name of the Rumson runner:

"Gallagher, Gallagher, GALLAGHER!"

With the sound of that cheer, somewhere within the muscled body of Jim Gallagher, something snapped. It was his college cheering for *him*, an expression of undaunted courage, of unwavering confidence. He had heard it before on the football field when, grim-lipped, he had

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battled for the varsity eleven. It was the last time he would ever hear it—for *him*.

One hundred yards away, the slender tape awaited the touch of a runner's breast. Figures danced crazily along the side of the track, the stands were in uproar.

For the first time during the race, Jim Gallagher found himself thinking clearly. Quickly, concisely, he weighed his job against his college—and decided for Rumson. With parted lips and straining muscles, he called upon the reserve of his strength, shortened his stride, leaped into the lead. Purdy, attempting to respond, discovered that he was unequal to the task, shook his head helplessly, staggered toward the finish line. Chin held high, eyes shining eagerly, Gallagher pounded down the stretch, raised his arms in a gesture of victory, and felt the snap of the tape against his heaving chest.

His teammates, lifting him joyfully to their shoulders, carried him in triumph to the dressing-room.

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J. Judson Purdy nodded briefly, indicated a chair to one side of the center table. "Sit down," he said.

But he did not offer his hand.

Gallagher seated himself wearily. He did not look forward with any pleasure to the approaching interview, had, in fact, been tempted to stay away altogether. Only his promise had held him.

"I've come because I told you I would," he said. "But I understand, of course, what your decision will be."

"Possibly you do." The older man drummed idly upon the table with a stubby forefinger, his eyes averted. "What is it?"

Gallagher winced.

"That I don't get the job," he said.

"What makes you think so?"

"I won the race, and you said—"

J. Judson Purdy stood up, walked once across the room, leaned heavily

against the arm of a mahogany rocker. Gallagher, watching him, found it hard to reconcile the honest ruggedness of his face with the incident of the past few hours.

"I knew, of course, what the winning of the mile would mean to me," the younger man blurted out. "I meant to do it at first, but all of a sudden, coming down the home stretch, I realized that the college, my college, was depending on me to give all that I had. Those fellows in the stands had faith in me, were yelling their heads off for me to win—and I *had* to do it." Gallagher paused doubtfully, surprised at his eloquence. He had not meant to say anything. "I'll be going now," he finished.

The older man held up his hand commandingly.

"Sit down!" he said. "I told you," he continued evenly, "that whether or not you landed the position would depend upon the quality of your loyalty. And loyalty, in my mind, consists of sticking to the job on hand. Your job was to win that race, and you won it. Any man who can do that in view of the temptation you were facing is good enough for me. *When can you start for Mexico?*"

Jim Gallagher leaped to his feet, his eyes wide with surprise.

"But—but I wasn't loyal to you," he stammered. "And you said—"

"You weren't working for me, were you?" J. Judson Purdy spoke crisply, but there was kindness in his face, something closely akin to admiration in the tones of his rumbling voice. "If you had let my son win that race," he said, "I wouldn't even have *seen* you tonight, would simply have left word that you hadn't measured up to the job. But you faced the test like a thoroughbred, and you're the kind of man I want. Do you understand now?"

Gallagher nodded wonderingly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Any man who is loyal to the cause he represents will be loyal to me." The President of the Purdy Construction Company held out his hand. "Shake!" he said grimly. "And congratulations!"

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
and the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better
than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof
than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies: and all the things
thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left
hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths
are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon
her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Proverbs 3:13-18



SEA OTTER

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.



THE short Arctic summer had flung its flower fields among the glaciers of the Siberian coast, like many-colored jewels set in crystal. Flocks of skuas, jaegers, and little auks circled and screamed above the smoky green waters of the Straits; and far out from shore a bed of kelp writhed and tossed like a mass of golden-brown sea snakes.

There, cradled on the swaying stems, a water-baby was born. He had a funny little nose, with a padded cushion on top which made it look like the ace of spades, and his round, blunt head was of a dingy white color, while the rest of his fifteen inches was covered with a loose, kinky, gray-brown coat. Its harsh outer surface, sprinkled with long white hairs, covered a velvet-like inner fur that gave promise of the glory that was yet to be.

In spite of his insignificant appearance, the little cub was of blood royal, of the lineage of the sea otter, that king of fur-bearers, who wears a fortune on his back and is dogged by death every moment of his life. Vitus Behring and his shipwrecked crew discovered them in 1741, in the surf and shallows around a barren island, in the sea which now bears his name. When they won their way back to Asia, sly, wise Chinese merchants paid their weight in silver for the new furs, so lustrous, silky, and durable, which the sailors had been using for coats and blankets. In Russia they came to be worth their weight in gold, outranking even the royal sables, which none but the Tsar and his nobles might wear. Today the pelt of a sea otter is worth its weight in platinum or palladium.

This last-born princeling soon learned how to float on his back, with his round little head just showing above the kelp. For the most part, however, he lived clasped in his mother's arms and wrapped in the silky

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folds of her fur, while he nuzzled and fed against her warm breast, making happy little chirps and grunts of satisfaction, quite like a human baby.

Today, as they rocked back and forth in the swinging water, the kelp carpet in front of them parted, and a great, blunt, misshapen head thrust itself into the air a few yards away. It had little eyes set high in the skull, while the ears showed below the grinning mouth filled full of blunt teeth like white water-worn pebbles—the hallmark of a sea otter.

The newcomer was none other than Father Otter, come to look over his son and heir. He did not come very close to his family, for mother otters do not permit even their mates to approach too near a new-born cub. As the old dog otter stretched himself out on the kelp raft, his cylindrical body, all gleaming ebony and silver in the sunlight, showed nearly as long as that of a man, and weighed perhaps a hundred and twenty-five pounds. It was the great otter's pelt, however, that stamped him as the sea king that he was. Lustrous as light on the water, the inner fur had a close pile like velvet and, frosted with long white hairs, showed a tinge of silver-purple gleaming through its long loose folds.

For some time the old dog otter gravely surveyed his mate and his new cub, approvingly. Then he scanned sea and sky and kelp, listening the while with a pair of the sharpest ears that ever guarded the life of one of the wild folk, at the same time winnowing the air through a pair of nostrils that could smell smoke—that danger signal to all wild people—a mile away. There was no sign of danger anywhere, and a moment later he disappeared under the water, after the food which his vibrant body unceasingly required.

For long after his disappearance the mother otter anxiously studied the horizon for the tiniest danger signal. Convinced at last that all was well, she stretched herself out on the slow-swinging kelp, for one of those periods of quiet happiness which come even into the lives of the hunted. While her cub snuggled against her soft fur, she tossed a kelp



bulb high into the air, catching it like a ball, first in one bare little palm, then in the other, while she sang the cradle song which all little sea otters know. High and shrill she chirped and twittered like a bird, in the midst of that lonely sea, clasping her sleepy baby closer as she sang.

There seemed no living thing near, yet death is never far from the sea otter. From mid-sky what seemed a dark wisp of cloud drifted toward the sea. Driven down by hunger from the North, an eagle owl, all buff and gray and brown, was crossing from Asia to America; for, unlike most of his fierce clan, he hunted by day. Larger than that death-in-the-dark, the great-horned owl, or that fierce white ghost of the North, the snowy owl, he skimmed down toward the kelp-bed, his round, fixed eyes gleaming red and horrible in the sunlight. Muffled by the softest of down, his great wings, although they had a spread of nearly five feet, were absolutely noiseless.

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Not until the shadow of the bird, like the shadow of death itself, fell upon her cub, did the otter have the slightest warning of any danger. By that time it would have been too late for any other creature to escape. No animal, however, on land or sea can dive with the sea otter. Just as the crooked talons were closing, she slipped through the kelp into the water, without a splash, like something fluid, her cub clasped close, while overhead the baffled owl snapped its beak like a pistol shot, and flew on toward the Alaskan coast.

Down through the swaying tangles she twisted her way like an eel, until she passed clear through the floating bed of this strange growth of the sea, which grows with its roots in the air. There the water darkened, and as she neared the bottom a shape flashed ahead of her, lighted with that phosphorescence which all dwellers in the northern seas seem to acquire. The otter recognized the glowing figure as that of a sea bass, a bronze-green fish hardly to be distinguished from the small-mouthed black bass of fresh water. The bass was no mean swimmer, but the long, oar-like, webbed hind legs of the sea otter twisted over and over each other like the screw of a propeller, and drove her through the water with such tremendous speed that, in spite of the handicap of the cub, she soon swam down the fish, following its every twist and turn, and in less than a minute had caught it in her blunt teeth. Then, with the plump fish in her jaws, she swam up again through the kelp, and fed full, never for a moment, however, loosening her grip of her cub—for the babies of the sea folk who wander only a few feet from their mothers may never return.

The meal finished, the great otter climbed out on a pinnacle of rock just showing above the kelp. Immediately from a miracle of lithe, swift grace, she changed into one of the slowest and most awkward of animals. The webbed flipper-like hind feet, which drove her with such speed through the water, were of very little use on land, and her tiny forepaws were so short that they seemed to have no wrists at all. Slowly and painfully she waddled up on the rock, and there preened and cleaned

and combed and licked every inch of her fur just as a cat would do, until it shone in the sunlight like a black opal.

As the weeks went by, the cub was trained in the lessons of the sea. He learned to enjoy salads of kelp sprouts, and to dive with his mother to the bottom of the shallows, and watch her grind her way through the great clams of the northwest, whose bivalves are a foot in width, or crunch with her pebble-like teeth into the white meat of the vast, armored crabs of those seas. Another one of her favorite foods was the sea urchin—that chestnut burr of the sea. Protected by a bristling hedge of steel-sharp spines, it would seem safe from any attack. Yet, just as the squirrel on land opens without injury the real chestnut burr, so the sea otter had learned the combination which unlocked this little spiked safe of the sea, and devoured with much relish every one she could find.

As the weeks went by, the larder of the kelp bed began to empty. The clam beds had been stripped, the sea urchins were gone, and the fish had learned to keep away. Little by little, the mother otter hunted farther and farther from the safety of the kelp, until there came a day when, driven by hunger, she followed a fleeing pollock out into the open sea. The big gleaming fish, with the black line along its silver sides, swam far and fast. Yet, if the otter had not been hampered by her clinging cub, the chase would have been a short one. As it was, she did not overtake the fugitive until it was fully a quarter of a mile away from the kelp. In desperation it swam down into the lower depth until the dull green of the water changed to black; but always the weasel of the sea was hard on its track, following the phosphorescent trail which the fleeing fish left behind.

Suddenly, as the pollock dived to even lower depths, in the hope that the water pressure might drive back its pursuer, a grotesquely horrible head thrust itself up from the darkness right in its path. Dark, and shining like wet rubber, the shape resembled nothing so much as that of a great, double-headed sledge-hammer. From either of the living

hammer-heads gleamed a greenish, malignant eye. Before the pollock could dart aside, the great hammer-head shark turned partly over, there was a flash of sharp teeth, and the fugitive fish disappeared.

A second later the ridged, gray, fifteen-foot body shot toward the otter with such speed that the water fairly hissed from the scimitar-shaped side-fins. The sea otter is among the swiftest swimmers of the mammals, but no air-breathing creature can compete in speed with a shark. Almost instantly the hammer-head was upon her. The jaws of all the sharks are so undershot that, in order to grip their prey, they must perforce turn over on their sides. This peculiarity of their kind was all that saved the otter. For a second the grim head overshadowed her. Then, with a twist of its long tail, shaped like the fluke of an anchor, the shark turned over and the vast mouth swung open, armed with six rows of inch-long, steel-sharp, triangular teeth, whose edges were serrated like a saw. Each separate tooth was curved back toward the gullet, so that for any living thing caught in their dreadful grip there was no more chance of escape than there would be from the interlocking cogwheels of a stone-crusher.

As the jaws of death gaped for the sea otter, with a writhe of her swift body she flashed to one side, while the little cub whimpered in her arms and the fatal teeth of the shark just grazed her trailing, flipper-like hind legs, so close they snapped behind her. Swerving beneath the great bulk, the otter began a desperate flight for life. Every foot of the shark's gaunt, stripped body was built for speed. There was not a bone anywhere under his drab and livid skin—only rings and strips and columns of tough, springy cartilage, which enabled him to cut through the water like a blade of tempered gray steel. With the rush of a torpedo the grim figure shot after the fleeing otter, who had but one advantage and that was in length. It takes a six-foot body less time to turn than one that measures fifteen feet. In a straightaway race, the fish would have overtaken the mammal in a few seconds; but when it came to twisting, turning, and doubling, the sea otter had an advantage, albeit

of the slightest. Again and again the desperate sea mother avoided death by an inch. More than once the ringing jaws of the great fish snapped together just behind her, and only the tiny tick of time which it took to turn over saved her. Desperately she sought to win the refuge of the kelp bed; but always the gray shape thrust itself between her and safety.

At last an ally of the sea folk joined in the hunt. Water was claiming her toll of oxygen from the alien within her depths. A sea otter can stay under for half an hour at a pinch—but not when swimming at full speed, with the laboring heart pumping blood at capacity; and this one realized despairingly, that soon she must breathe or die. Little by little she shaped her course toward the surface, dreadfully fearing lest the second she must spend in drawing one deep breath would be her last. She flashed upward through a whole gamut of greens—chrome, cedar, jasper, myrtle, malachite, emerald, ending with the pulsing, golden sap-green of the surface. Swim as she would, however, the monstrous head was always just at her flank, and the slightest pause would give those fatal teeth their grip. Once again she avoided by a hair's breadth a snap of the deadly jaws, and struggled despairingly toward the upper air.

As the great fish turned to follow, out from the sunlight, through the gleaming water, shot a long dark body. Away from the safety of the kelp to the head of horror with its implacable eyes came the old dog otter, for the creed of the sea otter is unchanging—one mate for life and death. With his round misshapen head bristling and his snaky black eyes gleaming like fire, this one crossed the vast back of the shark like a shadow. As the great fish turned to follow the fleeing mother, the blunt pebble-teeth of the dog otter, which can grind the flintiest shells to powder, fastened themselves with a bull-dog grip just behind the last fin of the shark, where its long, sinuous tail joined the body. With all the force of his tremendous jaws, the great sea otter clamped his teeth through the masses of muscles, deep into the cartilage column, crushing one of its ball-and-socket joints.

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Like a steel spring, the shark bent almost double on itself. Just as the gaping jaws were about to close, with a quick flirt of his body the otter swung across to the other side, without relaxing for an instant the grip of those punishing teeth. The undershot jaws of the great fish could not reach the head of its tormentor, fixed as it was in the central ridge of the shark's back. Again and again the hammer-head bent from side to side; but each time the old dog otter evaded the clashing teeth and ground to bits joint after joint of the shark's spine, while the lashing tail-strokes became feebler and feebler. Not until the mother otter and her cub were safe on their way to the kelp bed, breathing great life-saving draughts of fresh air at the surface, did the grim jaws of the old otter relax. Then, with an arrowy dive and double, he shot under and over the disabled fish, and sped away to join his mate in the hidden thickets of the kelp.

The swift Arctic summer soon passed, to be followed by the freezing gales of an Arctic winter. With the storms would come an enemy from the land, fiercer and more fatal than any foe that menaced the otter family by sea or sky; for these sea otter were among the last of their race, and there was a price upon their pelts beyond the dreams of the avarice of a thousand murky Aleuts and oily Kolash and Kadiakers, to say nothing of a horde of white adventurers from all the five continents of earth. Only in storms, when the kelp beds are broken and the otter are forced to seek the shelter of beaches and sea caves, do hunters still have a chance to secure these rarest of all the fur-bearers.

At last came the first of the great winter gales. Day after day the wind howled up from the southeast, the storm quarter of that coast, and the air throbbed with the boom of breakers, while all the way down the Straits the white-caps foamed and roared among a tangle of cross currents.

Out at sea, the great kelp raft on which the otter family had lived since spring was at last broken and scattered under the pounding of the gale. Otter need sleep as much as humans, and like them, too, must

sleep where they can breathe. Battered and blinded by the gale, the little family started to hunt for some refuge where they might slumber out the storm. Along all the miles of coast, and among the myriads of barren islands, there seemed to be no place where they could find a yard of safety. At the first sign of bad weather every strip of beach was patrolled and every islet guarded.

To lonely little Saanak the dog otter first led them, hoping to find some tiny stretch of safe beach among the water-worn boulders piled high along the shore. A mile to windward he stopped, thrust his blunt muzzle high up into the gale, and winnowed the salt-laden air through the meshes of his wonderful nostrils. Then he turned away at right angles, toward another island. A little band of Indian hunters, starved with cold, had built far back among the rocks a tiny fire.

Smoke spells death to a sea otter. Beyond Saanak the wary veteran visited other beaches, only to detect the death-scent of human footprints, although they had been washed by waves and covered by tides. In far-away Oonalaska, he sought the entrance of a sea cave in whose winding depths, many years before, he had found refuge. As he thrust his head into the hidden opening, his sturdy breast struck the strands of a net made of sea-lion sinews, so soaked and bleached by salt water that it bore even to his matchless nostrils no smell of danger. With a warning chirp, he halted his mate following close behind, and backed out carefully, without entangling himself among the wide meshes.

Agonizing for sleep, the little band turned back and journeyed wearily to the far-away islet of Attoo, the westernmost point of land in North America. In its lee was a sheltered kelp raft never broken by the waves, although too near shore to be a safe refuge except in a storm. There, in the very center of the heaving bed, with the waves booming outside, the otter family slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, their heads buried under the kelp and their shimmering bodies showing on the surface.

At the foot of a high bluff on Kadiak Island crouched Dick Barrington, on his first otter hunt. Dick was the son of a factor of the Hudson's



Bay Company, which, in spite of kings and parliaments, still rules Arctic America. With him as a guide was Oonga, the chief of a tribe of Aleutian hunters.

"Stick to old Oonga," the factor had advised. "He knows more about sea otter than any man in his tribe. At that there's only one chance in a thousand that you'll get one."

The old chief had allowed the rest of the band to slip away one by one, each choosing the islet or bit of shore where he hoped to draw the winning number in this lottery of the sea. Hour after hour went by, and still the old man sat huddled under the lee of the cliff. At last, he suddenly stood up. Although the gale seemed still at its height, his practiced eye saw signs that it was about to break, and in a moment, with Dick's help, he had launched the triple-pointed, high-sterned *bidarka*, a little craft made of oiled sea-lion skins, and as unsinkable as any boat could be.

A few quick strokes of the paddle, and they were beyond the breakers. Then, straight across the bay, through the rush and smother of the

storm, they shot toward Attoo. Steering by unknown ranges and glimpses of dim islands, old Oonga held his course unfalteringly, until, just as the gale began to slacken, they reached the kelp bed in the lee of the little island. Across the hollow tendrils the old chief guided the bidarka silently, in a zigzag course. Suddenly he stretched out his paddle, and, touching Dick on the shoulder, pointed to a dark spot showing against the kelp a hundred yards away.

With infinite care the two edged the canoe along, until there before them lay asleep the mother otter, her cub clasped tight in her arms. Even as they watched, the little otter nuzzled its small white nose against its mother's warm breast. As she felt its touch, without opening her eyes she clasped the cub tighter in her arms, with a curiously human gesture, and wrapped it close in her long silky fur, which had a changing shimmer and ripple through it like watered silk—a pelt with which a man might ransom his life.

As Dick gripped the short heavy club which the old chief had placed at his feet at the beginning of the voyage, and looked down upon the pair, it seemed to him as if the great sea had taken him into her confidence and entrusted the sleeping mother and child to him. Suddenly, in the silence, with sea and sky watching, he knew that he could no more strike down that mother sleeping before him with her dear-loved cub in her arms, than he could have killed a human child entrusted to his care. With a quick motion, he splashed the water over the sleeping otter with the end of his club. So swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow her motion, the great otter flashed out of sight under the kelp, with her cub still held close. Once again, mother-love had been too strong for death.







